

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

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October 23, 1963

PRICE

1/-

HAIR

New colors, switches,
perhaps a wig ... page 7

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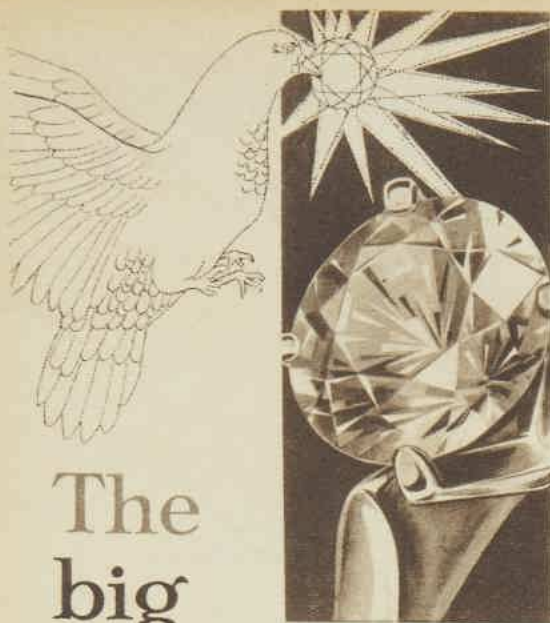
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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The story about the latest news in hairstyles (pages 7-9) aroused a rather proprietary interest in our office.

WE have a bewigged colleague who is currently wearing the pleased expression of a woman who can send her hair to swelter under the dryer and who has written about "The Wig and I" on page 7.

She has had some hair-raising puns to put up with, though.

One colleague greeted her with, "Your wig! It's hair apparent!" And another commented, "Oh, your own hair today—wig tomorrow?"

But wigs are, of course, an enormous success overseas; 500,000 American women bought them last year.

Meanwhile, in Australia... "The boom for cover-up wigs is just beginning," says Mr. John Lark, who has wig salons in Sydney and Melbourne.

"My father first suggested I study this business after he'd covered up his own bald head in America," Mr. Lark told us.

"Today he looks 10 to 15 years younger, and no one ever sees him without his toupee, so it has become quite accepted.

"It's so realistic that when he went to have the back of his own hair trimmed recently, the barber asked him if he'd like some off the top, too.

"Dad had a hard time convincing him that the top hair wouldn't grow again once it was cut."

★ ★ ★
YOU'LL find a new personality on page 93 of this issue. She is "Trudy," a (cartoon) wife and mother whose day-by-day adventures will appear each week.

Trudy was created by American cartoonist Jerry Marcus.

He sold his first cartoon when he was a schoolboy and later — after serving in the U.S. Navy during World War II — went on to study at the Cartoonists and Illustrators' School.

Nowadays Marcus is rated one of America's top ten cartoonists. He is married, has two children, and says (with a wry smile) that many of the Trudy gags originate right in his own home.



Our Cover

Skimmer shifts are summer fashion news — and you can make this look-alike mother-and-daughter twosome from Butterick Patterns.

● 2920. Adult shift (sketched above) comes in four lengths and in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2920. Price 5/9 includes postage.

● 2924. Child's shift, in one length only, is available in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 for 23, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32in. chest. Butterick Pattern 2924. Price 5/- includes postage.

Address pattern orders to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) Please state clearly pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

MELBOURNE'S Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Leo Curtis, personally designed the cabana by her swimming-pool (page 29), and arranged everything for the preparation and serving of meals in the easiest possible way.

The efficient kitchen section is shielded from the main part of the cabana by a curved bench table. It is big enough to seat 19 people, and there are storage cupboards along its entire length.



Don't put up with **HAY FEVER** sniffles & sneezes any longer

Bethal TABLETS will give you the relief you want — quickly!

Over the years many thousands of people have obtained quick relief from the irritating symptoms of Hay Fever, simply by taking Bethal Tablets. Bethals act fast through the bloodstream to reduce congestion, so you soon breathe easy again. Get Bethal Tablets today, from your family chemist. Bethal Tablets have been tried and proved for Asthma and Hay Colds, too!





SAD-EYED Lyndhaze Laverock, a champion basset hound at Lang-reyra Kennels, North Croydon, Vic., and her six puppies, 4½ weeks old.

Pup-pup-please, don't think me dogmatic . . .



BASSET HOUNDS are of old French lineage and were bred low-slung ("bas" means "low") to trail quarry such as badgers, going underground after them if necessary. Mature hounds have long ears. In domesticity they are friendly, and good watchdogs.

. . . But I could write a letter on my litter (see us in the picture above, and you'll realise just how I feel).

If you can show me a mother with more worries, I'll eat your hat.

My problem is: How to get the family out of bed for breakfast?

I don't know whether to use brute force and turn the whole lot upside down or toss the entire game in as a dog's life.

Now look at us below. Just when I was going to say I'd give my ears to avoid a dogastrophe, I find they're out and about — and simply lapping it up.

Pictures by Jonathan Evetts.



NEXT WEEK:

STORY BOOK PARTIES . . .

... eight-page cookbook

● Story book characters and themes are translated into novelty sweet and savory party goodies to delight children—and they are entertaining for you to make, too.

There are plenty of cakes and tarts and pastries, and—

tasty morsels like (from left) Little Nigger Boys, Tom Piper's Pigs, Rupert Rabbit, Ugly Ducklings, and the Three Blind Mice.



● Stencil make-up kit

With the artful help of make-up and our two-page color guide, you can show a new face to the world.

We'll give you new shapes for eyebrows and lips and tell you how to make them into beauty stencils.

Voila! You simply experiment to find the ones that suit you best—and imagine the morale boost of a "new face." It's easy; for example, just draw on a pert little mouth and peaked eyebrows . . .

● Crochet goes modern

Crochet is enjoying a new lease of life as a practical and decorative feature of the modern home.

Dramatic new designs in a four-page color section include a lampshade cover, cushion trim, delicate lacy edgings, and table runners.

And, for the collector—

● Shells worth framing

When Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, visited Australia two years ago she took back to England hundreds of beach shells.

Impressed with their coloring and unusual shapes, she outlined a mirror with the shells. Next week, see color pictures of the Duchess' mirror—and how to copy her idea.

● The all-Australian terrace dress

The skim-to-the-floor terrace dress is holding sway for at-home entertaining.

Color pictures show the feminine allure of this new length of fashion for the terrace and patio. (All models photographed were designed and made in Australia.)

Fashion editor Betty Keep describes the terrace dress as "smashing in its simplicity" and adds, "It's not a moment too soon to include one in a summer wardrobe."

The saga of Elsa made her a literary lioness

By WINFRED BISSET

● Joy Adamson, the friend of lions, had her mind on much more feminine matters when she arrived in Australia for a four-week lecture tour.

"DO I have to have my picture taken with my hair looking like this?" she asked.

"Can I have my hair set before each lecture? Will you come and look at my wardrobe to see if my dresses are all right for the lectures?"

Her lectures will raise money to establish game reserves in Africa for the preservation of wild animals.

Wife of Kenya game warden George Adamson, Joy befriended the now-famous lioness Elsa as a cub.

Royalties from the 2,600,000 sold copies of her "Elsa" books, "Born Free," "Living Free," and "Forever Free," have been given to the Wild Life Fund.

"Born Free" told how the Adamsons found Elsa in the bush as a four-day-old cub and reared her to a full-grown lioness at their Kenya home.

The sensational success of "Born Free" inspired Joy Adamson to write a sequel, "Living Free," telling the story of Elsa and her pride—Jesphah, Gopa, and Little Elsa.

We published the book as a serial in October and November, 1961.

Both "Born Free" and "Living Free" have been published in 15 different languages.

Her third book, "Forever Free" (the third instalment appears in this issue), tells of Elsa's death and the Adamsons' efforts to help the cubs, after taking them to the Serengeti Park, Tanganyika.

When I met Joy Adamson at four o'clock in the morning at Perth Airport she was gay and excited about her first glimpse of Australia.

There was nothing of the celebrity in her attitude as she waited in the Customs hall. She watched her fellow passengers with interest, and smiled at a small child who looked bewildered and unhappy.

I took her in covertly; the thumbs that Elsa would chew when she was unhappy and disturbed, the finger that Jesphah split open, the skin tanned by the Kenya sun, her blue eyes and warm smile.

But when she discussed the purpose of her tour she was businesslike and practical.

"There are not enough



JOY ADAMSON, author of the three "Elsa" books. A film is to be made about Elsa's life.

game reserves in Africa," she said. "We must raise money to establish them."

All the proceeds of her lectures will be devoted to this.

"The interest in the Elsa books cannot last forever, a few more years perhaps," she said.

"My husband and I have made several amateurish films of Elsa, but next December Jaffe Radin Film

Company starts on a professional presentation, and this, we hope, will bring in much more money for the fund. I have the contract with me."

She did not know who was going to play her part.

There had been talk of Vivien Leigh, but she thought perhaps Miss Leigh was too sophisticated a person to portray Joy Adamson.

Actually, there is no lack of sophistication about Joy Adamson.

Born Frederika Viktoria Gessner in Troppau, Austria ("Please say I'm Austrian," it will explain my accent"), her family owned several estates of forests, timber from which was used in paper manufacture.

She studied music in Vienna, gaining the Staatsprüfung for piano (a diploma) when she was 17. Afterwards she studied sculpture under Professor Frass, mostly wood-carving, then went to an art and craft school and learned metal-work. She also has a diploma in dressmaking.

From the cultural life of Europe she went to Africa to share with George Adamson, to whom she has been married for 20 years, the love and understanding of wild animals.

The Adamsons have a home about eight miles from Isiolo and a 100-acre wattle farm near Nairobi.

Joy is planning a new book on the African in Kenya, and hopes to start work on it soon.

She is a woman of 100 memories — of Elsa, who always sheathed her claws in play with her; who took her afternoon nap spreadeagled on a tree, rump in the air with her tail hanging down; Elsa, who loved their friends and always came in to be introduced, only occasionally sweeping all the tea things off the table with her swinging tail; Elsa spreading herself on the roof of the Land Rover to travel in comfort, nose catching the breeze as the vehicle bumped along; Elsa the mother; and Elsa sick and dying, for whom Joy chartered a plane to rush supplies of antibiotics from Nairobi, in vain.

Elsa's death in January 1961, was recorded in newspapers all over the world, and the Adamsons received many letters of sympathy.

Pin-up girl

An American from Jonesboro, Arkansas, even wrote to the Prime Minister of Great Britain, expressing deep regret at Elsa's death and asking Mr. Macmillan how he could obtain "pin-up" pictures of Elsa!

Here is the letter: "My dear Mr. Prime Minister,

"The story of Elsa, the lioness of fame in 'Born Free' by Mrs. George Adamson, has captivated the hearts and minds of many people in this area. It is currently appearing in serial form in the Memphis 'Commercial Appeal.' An additional story was carried yesterday in the Tennessee paper of Elsa's death on Tuesday, January 24, 1961, at her Kenya home.

"Although we are thousands of miles from the scene of the tragedy, there are several of us in Arkansas who would like to have glossy photographs of Elsa during her lifetime and would, therefore, thank you to ascertain and advise us the mailing address of her mistress. No other animal's death in memory has caused such an emotional upset of the population as has that of the lovable lioness.

"We thank you in advance for your courtesy in this matter.

Very truly yours, (signed) W. R. Cunninghamham."



JOCELYNE JOHNSTON-BELL, of Sydney, is at extreme right in this snapshot of the passengers on the England-India bus trip last year.

A BUS (WITH 70,000 MILES TO GO) WILL BE THE BRIDE'S FIRST HOME

By BARBARA BUTCHART

● After Sydney girl Jocelyne Johnston-Bell marries in December she will travel 70,000 miles through 322 cities in 14 countries in 18 months—and never push a vacuum-cleaner or arrange a vase of flowers.

JOCELYNE, 22, who lives at Potts Point, will marry the co-owner of the original, and now the only, overland bus tour from England to India.

Her fiance is Norman MacLeod, a graduate of Sandhurst Military College in England.

After the wedding they will leave Australia to start a new life—a home on a bus, putting up at night at roadside inns.

While spending a two-year working holiday in London and Europe, Jocelyne decided to return overland to Australia via India, to see Bombay, the place of her childhood.

"Sitting in a coffee shop in London one night, I noticed a pamphlet on a Penn Overland Bus Tour and it looked fascinating. A couple of days later I booked on the next trip," she recalls.

Norman was the courier-driver on the bus.

"It was a marvellous 54-day trip," said Jocelyne.

Starting in London, we travelled about 10,000 miles through France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, India, and finally, by train and ferry, to Ceylon.

As the trip progressed, our romance developed. When I came back to Australia I had a long-distance telephone call from Norman. He proposed, and, of course, I accepted.

"I was so thrilled. And two agonising weeks later a

lovely sapphire engagement ring arrived with a friend.

"But," she added, "living on the bus is not going to be as glamorous as it sounds. At first we thought I'd live in London and see Norman between trips. But when we started calculating how many days he'd be away each year, the only way I'll see him is to travel on the bus with him."

Jocelyne and Norman plan about seven trips in the next

18 months. Then they'll settle in either London or Sydney.

With such a mile-logging romance, Jocelyne isn't worrying about her roving future.

Born in China while her father served with the British Army, she spent the first ten years of her life in India. In 1950 the family moved to Australia, where her father began to write and publish trade magazines.

At present she works as an interviewer in a Sydney employment agency, but she has spent most of her working days in television advertising in Sydney.

Descended from Dame Flora's branch of the MacLeod clan, he was born in Bagdad, where his Scottish father served in the Royal Tank Regiment.

But perhaps his spirit of adventure comes from his great-uncle who, because British cavalry authorities wouldn't ship his horse back home, rode it from India to England last century.

In her new role, Jocelyne will usher travellers to their seats and be their Girl Friday. She'll point out places of interest, help in changing money, and guide them to souvenir shops.



AT HOME in Sydney with her boxer Cindy Lou. Home is a 130-year-old converted stable at Potts Point built by convicts.

And there will be time off for sightseeing. She'll visit busy bazaars, watch children weave carpets in Persia (their small hands are the right size to work the fine threads), see pottery being thrown, and watch copper cooking utensils welded.

"Unfortunately," said Jocelyne, "we won't be able to buy much for our future 'real' home, because everything has to be carried on the bus."

Her trousseau problems

will be different from other brides'.

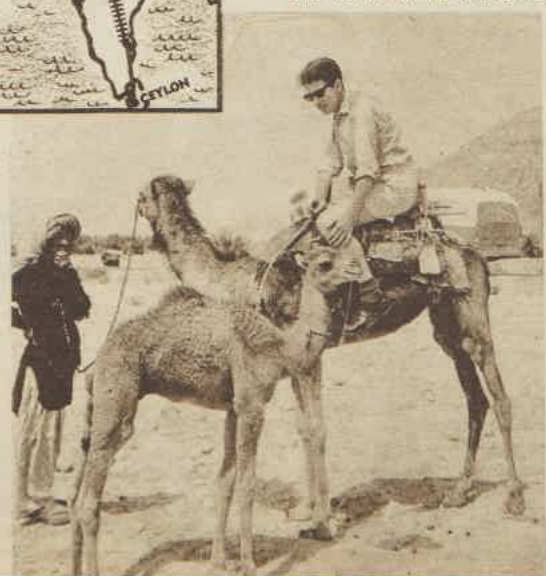
"I'll need lots of drip-dry things and warm clothes," she said. "Sometimes you can go from summer in India to spring and cooler weather in England in the one trip."

"Although I'll need only slacks and a few casual clothes during the day, I'll need some feminine, dressy frocks for dinner at night."

The bus stops when the sun sets, and in each city there are fascinating spots to dine, including open-air cafes where locals serenade visitors under the stars.

And on the day, December 14, she'll wear an elegant brocade wedding dress made from fabric Norman sent her from Damascus.

After a short honeymoon they'll fly to India to pick up their first busload as Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacLeod.



FIANCE Norman MacLeod, who is part-owner of the England-to-India bus fleet. He met Jocelyne on one of the trips and they plan to go seven times over the same route together when they're married. At left: Norman takes a ride on a camel on one of the stops in Asia.

New **Le Gay** Hair Spray highlights hair beauty...holds so gently

At last—the hair spray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair **and** holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hairspray a delight to use!



AVAILABLE ONLY
FROM YOUR CHEMIST

toujours!
le Gay
hair spray

FOR HAIR CARE WITH SAVOIR FAIRE

Hair style by Charles Coppa

Hair more alluring than ever...beautifully held by **Le Gay** Hair Spray



● The Wig and I are just about the two greatest friends you'd ever meet. We've only been going around together for a few weeks, but we wouldn't be parted for all the diamonds and minks in Australia.

AN exaggeration, you think? Well, maybe, but I'm firmly convinced that a wig these days is a girl's best friend.

After all, a girl can be the belle of the ball if she can't a piece of fur to her name, but she hasn't much hope if her hair looks like a bird's nest.

Some months ago I had lunch with an old friend whose hair normally looked like some blond mess that no self-respecting bird would be seen nesting in.

On this occasion, however, she looked as though she'd just stepped out of the best hairdressing salon in town.

Before lunch was over she'd confessed it was a wig, but the only "head" she'd taken to the hairdresser's for

a fortnight had been in a box.

I thought of the times I'd sat and sat and sat at the hairdresser's when I really couldn't afford the time, and I thought of the mess my hair usually looked three days after the most expensive shampoo-and-set.

And suddenly I knew I couldn't live without a wig.

Headache

I told my mother. "But you're not going bald..." she said in horrified tones.

I told my best friend. "Ugh. It sounds creepy," she said.

I told my boy-friend. "You've flipped your lid," he said, and sounded as though he meant it.

Then I told myself that I was still going to buy that wig, because I was tired of my hair being a headache.

I was tired of trying to fit hair appointments into a crowded schedule, and I was



WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1963



The Wig and I

By a staff reporter

just as tired of finding that my hair was anything but my crowning glory for most social occasions.

So I got a wig. And it's already been worth every penny of the £50 it cost.

In fact, it's been worth double the amount for what it's done for my morale. If I get a sudden invitation I can be the best-groomed girl within cooee — and all at a moment's notice.

Also, it's saved hours and hours of time, because I now have my own hair set every fortnight instead of at least once a week, and as my social life no longer rules when I have my hair done I can choose days when the hairdresser isn't busy.

I feel quite light-headed at the sheer luxury of dropping my wig off at the salon on my way to work, leaving it (instead of me) to the boredom of sitting under the dryer.

And what I save on having my own hair set more than pays for cleaning and setting the wig.

This costs about £2 a time. But because I wear my wig only when I'm going out at night, or occasionally during the day at the weekend, it needs a trip to the hairdresser's only about once every three weeks.

My wig is made of light brown human hair exactly the same color as my own.

Though it's machine-made (I felt I couldn't afford

double the price for a hand-made one) it's so life-like that no one has even twigged it's a wig. In fact, I'm all the time receiving compliments about my lovely hair.

The wig and I have shared many a joke.

For instance, a few nights ago at a party, I met a man I used to go out with a couple of years ago. At first he insisted we'd never met.

When I introduced myself, he looked embarrassed and said: "Good heavens! I didn't recognise you. You look so young. It must be that wonderful hairstyle."

Then there was the night of my wig's debut. My boy-friend called to take me to a ball and told me how pretty I looked.

I told him I had a wig on, and at first he wouldn't believe it. Then he looked a bit horrified, but I convinced him there was no danger of it falling off.

"Well, it LOOKS all right," he said doubtfully, and off we went.

All through the evening he kept asking me solicitously how my head was. Everyone thought I must have a headache, and kept offering me glasses of water and pills.

Recently The Wig and I flew interstate to visit friends.

I carried The Wig in a cardboard hatbox, clutching it carefully as I boarded the plane.

The hostess tried to help by taking the hatbox. "No,

no, thank you, I can manage," I said frantically.

She looked at me kindly, as though I were on my first flight, and said: "But I'll put your hat in the rack. You'll find it much more comfortable, madam."

The next thing she had the box, the lid had fallen off, and The Wig had crashed into an astonished passenger's lap.

Needless to say, I kept my head buried in a magazine for the entire flight.

Today there's no chance of this embarrassment being repeated because I've invested £7 in a leather wig tote, which looks like a smart hatcase, and is fitted with a foam headblock to save The Wig getting knocked about.

"The Thing"

At the office, one of the colleagues I'd confided in was extremely anxious to see "The Thing." Each time I saw her, she'd look hopefully at my head.

Then one day she grinned broadly and said: "Oh, I think it's wonderful. It looks so real."

"And so it should," I said. "It's my own hair. I've just had it set."

Actually my own hair is healthier since I bought the wig, because I don't keep it plastered under a stiff coating of lacquer.

The Wig is much lighter than a hat and is set on mesh which allows your scalp to breathe, so it doesn't harm your hair even if you wear it constantly.

It has an elastic band inside so that it can be adjusted, and once you've spent a minute or so putting it on there's no chance it will move.

Though at present I keep my wig for special occa-

sions, I'm saving to buy another so that I can wear one while the other's at the hairdresser's.

My wigger tells me there are hundreds of Australian women becoming bewitched by wiggery.

Already he's finding it difficult to keep up with the demand, and he expects sales to boom during the swimming season, when women find it hardest to stay well groomed.

His clients include names from the social register, fashion models, actresses, businessgirls, and "just ordinary housewives."

"Most buy wigs as glamorous accessories—not because they're going bald," he said.

"And most buy wigs in their own coloring."

"Some, however, buy a couple of wigs—one to match their hair; one a contrast."

"And the cost isn't as frightening as it sounds. Wigs (good ones last six to eight years with care) can be bought on easy terms, and can be money-savers because women can wash their own hair and just send their wigs to the hairdresser's."

He doesn't have to convince me. The Wig and I already know that two heads are better than one!

Overleaf: London hair fashions.



WIGDRESSER Mrs. Rita Leonardi, manager of a Sydney salon, places her "client" under the dryer (left). After the shampoo and set, the wig goes back on its foam plastic headblock, fits into the case without disturbing the set.

London hair fashions

New switches, new colors for new headlines

● "Beatnik hairstyles and teased topknots are OUT," said Mr. Gordon Clarkin, Australian manager of a famous hair-dressing salon in London's West End. "Color is IN — ash-haze-blond, mushroom-pink, and gold and silver tints."

A QUEENSLANDER from Rockhampton, Mr. Clarkin, 40, recently returned to Australia for a short visit after 15 years overseas.

For the past six years he has been manager of the Phyllis Earle salon in London, and is also technical director for a world-wide hair-coloring manufacturer.

He is visiting Australia to give hairdressing exhibitions in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane, promoting new hair colorings.

"Those high-teased styles and bleached-to-the-roots looks are definitely out," said Mr. Clarkin. "Hairdressers everywhere will try to keep it that way."

"The trend is toward soft, feminine styling; pastel colorings; and a healthy, well-groomed look."

"Hair is going to be hair again."

"Hair coloring is really big overseas. Muted shades of ash, haze-blond, mushroom-pink, and subtle gold and silver tints are popular."

"Hair length is very short, with brush-out styles for daytime and false pieces of hair to give elegance for evening."

By
KERRY YATES

"Switches are still fashionable, but the new wire-cluster hairpieces are taking their place."

"They are much shorter lengths of hair joined to a round honeycomb base with a comb attached to slide into your hair."

"They cost from 15 to 35 guineas and can be used to give height and fullness instead of by teasing. They are

much easier to handle than long switches, and you can do so much more with them."

It took Mr. Clarkin a morning to create the hairstyles on this page for The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I would usually take about a day to prepare a perfect one exhibition hairdo," he said, "but this is like straight-out salon work on a really busy day."

He has seen hundreds of changing hair fashions since he joined Phyllis Earle 15 years ago.

"Although we keep close to the latest crazes, I have variations," he said. "I tell my staff to avoid repeating in their hair-sets."

The salon is an 18th-century mansion which retains its grandeur.

The ballroom has its original chandeliers and mirrors and the roof garden has been glassed in and is used for tinting to make use of the natural light. There is also the garden room, an open salon with a glass roof.

"Many of our clients prefer one particular salon and insist on being placed there each time," said Mr. Clarkin.

"Sometimes it nearly drives us crazy."

Mr. Clarkin is in charge of a staff of nearly 100 hair stylists and manicurists, who haven't time for many regular clients. He is usually called in as a consultant before other hairdressers do the actual job.

"Sometimes I spend 20 or 30 minutes discussing a hairstyle or hair coloring with a client," he said. "It depends on where she wants to wear it, if it's easy to manage, the life she leads — and also if her husband would approve."

His V.I.P. clientele includes Deborah Kerr, Vivien Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Sara Miles, and Valerie Hobson.

"No smart women want spectacular hairdos," said Mr. Clarkin.

"The more famous the clients, the less exaggerated styles they choose — usually they don't wish to be noticed."

"We create styles for the full casts of film, television, and stage productions," he said. "We often have to cater for stars who have to change their hair color twice a day."

"Some stage people, especially dancers, do not change their hair color twice a day."



SUMMER SIMPLICITY. Natural blond hair is given a light silver rinse and styled with straight side bangs and lightly teased on top. High teasing is OUT; just a light hair spray is used in the new styles.



BEFORE

MODEL wears her natural honey-blond hair in a French twist — always in fashion because it is neat and a practical style for long hair.



AFTER

DAWN LIGHT. A cyclamen rinse gives more color definition to the hair, which Mr. Clarkin styled in soft waves — a little more exaggerated than is currently fashionable in London.

HOW TO FIX A HAIRPIECE



GORDON CLARKIN demonstrates two different styles using a false hairpiece. The model's black hair has been given a violet rinse. Above right: He attaches the hairpiece to the crown of the head. To make it really secure he plaited the hair from a square inch at the crown of the head, wound the plait in a pincurl, and pinned it firmly in place. Then he tucked the end of the hairpiece into the pincurl, pinned it securely, then wound the hairpiece into place. At left: Hairpiece is wound around top of the head to add height, the natural short hair is left down. Right: Hair is drawn up to back of head before hairpiece is attached to centre back and wound over a double doughnut shape. The model's own hair is drawn back from the brow to cover the false hairpiece.



like to wear wigs — they say it restricts their movements.

"They may be filming all day as a blonde and have to appear in a stage show the same night as a brunette. This routine may go on for weeks.

"We have to use every trick of the trade to match the coloring every time," said

Mr. Clarkin. "Any change in hair tone would be picked up immediately on color film."

Mr. Clarkin has also "worked" on the famous heads of Peter Finch, Alec Guinness, and Gregory Peck.

"You may remember the grey streak I put in Gregory Peck's hair for his role in 'Moby Dick,'" he said.

"But our male clients are not all actors. Many businessmen have tints to camouflage grey hairs and make them look younger.

"And there are also young executives who want their hair tinted with grey streaks to look older. They think they miss business opportunities if they look too young."

Mr. Clarkin was delighted to be back in Australia again for a visit, but he'll probably settle in London for the next few years.

"I've just rented a new flat at St. John's Wood," he said. "I'm looking forward to redecorating it with the antique furniture I've collected over the years."

Pictures by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

BEFORE

MODEL'S blond hair is held in place with a band (left). Severely drawn-back hairstyles are giving way now to softer and more flattering styles.

AFTER

SUMMER GIRL. Muted ash-and-beige rinse subtly highlights the hair, which is shaped into a becoming, feminine style (at right).





KEEN SPECTATORS. Mr. Michael Wolfer and his fiancée, Miss Margaret McDonagh, at the Cumberland Jumping Club's final meeting for the year, which was held at "Taboona," the Castle Hill property of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Benn. Many city and country competitors took part in events at the meeting.



FROM ENGLAND comes this picture of Mr. Geoffrey Jackson and his bride, formerly Miss Pamela Smyth, at the reception at the Dorchester Hotel which followed their wedding at Our Lady of the Assumption Church, London. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smyth, of Tamworth, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. Jan Jackson, of Premier, and of the late Mrs. Jackson. They will make their home in London.



AT LEFT: Miss Penelope Sutherland and Mr. Robert Wilkinson dined at Nanook, Edgecliff, to celebrate the announcement of their engagement. Miss Sutherland is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sutherland, of Bathurst. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson, of "Cherrytree," Cooma. They will marry next year.

AT RIGHT: Trio (from left) Mrs. David Thompson, Mrs. Richard Marshall, and Mrs. Norman Hing at the morning tea party held at Mrs. James McKeon's Elizabeth Bay home. They helped make floral decorations for "A Night of the Lotus Blossom," which the Eternal Childhood Foundation will hold at Greystones on October 30.



AT RIGHT: At reception, Mr. Robert Noss, of Elizabeth Bay, and his bride, formerly Miss Gay Ducker, daughter of Dr. Lyall Ducker, of Lindfield, and of the late Mrs. Ducker, at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, after their wedding at St. Martin's Church, Killara. They will spend their honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise.

BELOW: Fellow officers from the R.A.A.F. Base, Richmond, formed a guard of honor for Flying-Officer and Mrs. Robert Nicholson after their marriage at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. The bride was Miss Robyn Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Varley Jackson, of Castle Hill. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Nicholson, of Collaroy.



Sir John Gielgud

● Sir John Gielgud once said, "I look like a man who sees ghosts all the time." There is almost a haunted quality, both in voice and movement, in many of his famous roles. His finely hooded eyes and brooding Slav face intensify the quality.

IN public these attributes give him a remoteness and reserve which would discourage the brashest reporter from introducing himself.

When the news of his Australian tour with "Ages of Man" gave me the opportunity to ask for an interview I was delighted and a little overawed. He has been called "the greatest speaker of Shakespearean verse in the history of the English theatre."

His Richard II was world-famous while he was still in his twenties; he has played "Hamlet" more than 500 times; he has carried on the classical tradition of his family (Ellen Terry was his great-aunt) and yet could make me rock with mirth in Noel Coward's "Nude With Violin."

He played Romeo when he was 19 and King Lear when he was 26, and was a fable from the front stalls to the gallery at an age when most actors are struggling with their spears.

All this led me to expect an artist apart, cut off from the rush and bustle of the twentieth century.

When he answered his own telephone in a brisk, business-like voice I found it hard to believe that the graceful, elegant, and apparently languid Sir John was at the other end of the line.

Yes, he would be happy to see me. But please, only at the theatre. His curtain went up at 7.30 p.m. Would 7 p.m. be all right?

It was unheard of. An interview before a show! A show in which he plays Thornton Wilder's Caesar, a complicated part which keeps him constantly on stage and demands enormous concentration — a costume production of "The Ides of March." He couldn't be serious. But he was, and our conversation fixed the appointment in ten seconds flat.

The early bird

I arrived at London's Haymarket Theatre 20 minutes early, being sure that he would need the last half-hour to himself.

"Sir John's not here yet," the stage doorman told me. "Might be in any minute."

At 6.55 p.m. he strode through the stage door, refreshed from an evening walk and looking a decade younger than his 59 years.

"I'm terribly sorry. Am I late?" I assured him I was early.

"Oh, then I hope you didn't miss the sunset. It was quite magnificent. Glorious sky. Do come up. I'm

afraid it's rather high," and he tackled the five and a half flights to the star's dressing-room like an athlete.

I reached the top breathless. Sir John laughed and said, "You get used to it," and ushered me through a door which bore his name on a thick brass plate.

While he got into his make-up gown I admired pots of cyclamen, a miniature Chinese garden, a bowl of wildflowers and roses, and an Australian staghorn on the inlaid antique desk.

"Oh, is that an Australian plant? How apt! I didn't know. Someone gave it to me on the first night. Rather splendid, isn't it?" He was seated at the mirror and had started on his make-up.

"Fire away. It doesn't take me long to do this. We can talk as I go."

Because his "Ages of Man" is now the most famous one-man show in the classical theatre I asked him how it had been devised.

Poetry and lute

"Oh, that's rather an interesting story. Years ago the Arts Council asked me to give a night of poetry-reading and music. I said, 'I don't know anything about poetry other than Shakespeare so you'll have to have that,' and worked out some extracts which I did with Julian Bream on the lute.

"It went surprisingly well, so they asked me to do it again at the Festival Hall.

"A short time later I read George Ryland's anthology which he so cleverly called "The Ages of Man." I was very impressed, and thought I might borrow the idea. Ryland happily agreed.

"At this point I never thought of it as a commercial piece of theatre. I just read the extracts, between which I had written linking passages, and did it for Festivals and the like. The joke was that people actually seemed to be held by the idea and I was asked to do it more and more.

"Before long I knew it all by heart and had done it all over Europe, at festivals and in theatres in Berlin, Zurich, Rome, Milan, Amsterdam, Bologna, Trieste, Paris, and goodness knows how many."

(Sir John modestly forgot to mention that he was made Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur in 1958 after his "Ages of Man" recital in Paris the previous year.)

"In Canada and America I did 81 performances in 61 different places in 13 weeks.

"I really think I know it now. We opened the new Queen's Theatre with it here in London, and I've done it here at the Haymarket since.

"Of course, Shakespeare is the most marvellous text, but I was astonished that such a recital would hold so many different kinds of audiences for a whole evening.

"You see, audiences are composed of different people in different moods.

"If some have had a bad dinner, or were caught in a traffic jam coming to the theatre, it can put them off.

"This goes for critics, too, of course," and a teasing smile flashed at me.

"But, for me, the magic of the theatre has always been the way in which so many different people can, if the work is good enough, achieve the new being of a communal audience.

"It is harder to achieve alone than with a good company, of course. In this show I have to rely entirely on myself for all discipline, all speed, all criticism. There is no impetus from other actors. I must not let my memory or my imagination slip for an instant because nothing goes unnoticed when you are alone on the stage.

...A legend in the theatre

"It is up to me to jump on to each character right at the beginning of each piece. I must dash at it each time so quickly that the audience knows immediately exactly what kind of character it is. Most of the extracts last only three minutes, so there is no time to build up to the point slowly. You must hit it straight on the head or it is gone."

He was speaking so quickly that I could hardly note it all down. Yet at the same time his make-up was going on with sure, deft strokes.

The call boy gave a quarter of an hour through the door, and I made a half-hearted gesture to go.

"What else?"

"Don't worry, it doesn't take me a minute to change," Sir John said. "Now what else do you need?"

Breathlessly I asked how he maintained the mystery he has always insisted is important for an actor.

"Well, you see, I live very quietly now. I loathe parties, public appearances, and all that poodle-faking.

"Not that I used to. Once I loved to be asked out by rich people. I was most impressed if I met a lord, and adored a big fan success.

"But I had all that when I was very young."

By BETTY
BEST,

of our
London staff



"Wasn't that a good time to have it?" I asked. "When it seemed important?"

"Yes, I think it was. It was so glamorous just to come into the theatre every night, to make up, to get into costume, to go onstage." He smiled with pleasure at the memory.

"Now I feel that I have a terrible responsibility to the theatre. One must be careful that the responsibility does not become irksome.

"You see, all of us brought up in Edwardian homes were imbued with a hypocritical code of politeness. My parents and their generation used to spend hours and hours with people they didn't like at all, just because it was the thing to do. A sort of cutlet-for-cutlet conventional hospitality.

"My generation has revolted against this. I can't be bothered wasting time with people I don't like because it would shorten the time I could spend with my friends."

"And why, when you so love travel, have you never before been to Australia?" I asked dutifully, half fearing the customary "Of course I've always longed to go there, etc., etc."

But Sir John's revolt against that old hypocrisy is absolute.

"No reason really. Except that there simply hasn't been time. And I hate having to make decisions and arrange things too far ahead.

"You see, if an actor plans to do a play a year ahead he is tied to it in such a way that he might miss a wonderful opportunity to do something he has always longed to do.

"At my time of life it is essential to do at least one good job every year. You must, to keep going.

"I haver"

"Now this trip to Australia was sprung upon me suddenly and I could afford to be away. I had no time to chew it over. This is good because I haver if I have too much time. Very weak of me I know, but I haver.

"In January I must go to New York to direct Richard Burton in 'Hamlet.' Now this is one of the most wonderful invitations I have ever had, and I am wildly complimented by it.

"Richard is a remarkably good actor, but he knows I did not like his 'Hamlet' at the Old Vic in the 'fifties.

"Yet the other day when I did a small part in his film 'Becket,' he asked me to come to America and direct his 'Hamlet.'

"Wasn't that wonderful?" I told him I should like to speed it up by doing the whole thing in rehearsal clothes, just sweaters, skirts, and slacks. That I wanted to use more of the whole text by speeding up and overlapping scenes, just as we do in rehearsals.

"Richard said, 'That's the very way I want to do it,' and it was fixed there and then.

"That's the best way for me to work. And that's why I think that this is the best omen I could have for Australia — that it was all fixed just like that."

Modestly he omitted to point out that J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd. had been negotiating for him for four years.

When he showed me to the door with little more than five minutes to curtain time, he was as unhurried and polite as ever.

"Telephone if you need any more. I'm sorry it was so rushed. I hope you catch the end of that sunset."

Sir John is due to open his Australian tour in Perth from November 4-6; then Adelaide, November 8-13; Brisbane, November 15-20; Sydney, November 22-23; December 7; and Melbourne, December 9-28. He will then go to New Zealand.

At home she's a cheerful mother



MARK DAWSON and Mum—Diana Dors—at home in Beverly Hills.

DIANA COULD FIND AN AUSSIE COUSIN

From PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

● "I simply can't wait to get to Australia," said Diana Dors, greeting me beside her swimming-pool, where her two lively busters, Mark, three and a half, and Gary, one and a half, splashed and swam under the eye of their English nanny.

SIMPLY dressed in true California Saturday-afternoon fashion, with a sleeveless turtle-neck powder-blue silk shirt, skintight slacks, and leather thongs, Diana was hosing the lawn.

"I've been meaning to get to Australia for at least five years and something always happened to prevent it," she told me.

"But this time I was able to get all commitments out of the way and I can hardly believe I'm almost there."

"My only hesitation is leaving Dickie and the boys home for two months without me, but we've just had a wonderful vacation all together in Hawaii."

Dickie Dawson, a loving husband and professional comic, is himself about to start a TV series, "The Newlyweds."

I confessed I was not too familiar with his work. Diana admitted that Dickie as yet is not quite a household word in this country—but "I'm sure he will be soon."

When I arrived, Dickie opened the door and apologized for having a sandwich on one hand and a screwdriver in the other, explaining that their electric fish-pond had a power failure and he was fixing it.

The Dawsons live in a lovely 14-room ranch-style house in Beverly Hills, above the smog, where their two youngsters can imbibe all the good air this place affords.

Diana assured me she wouldn't live anywhere else. This is now their home and they will probably become citizens eventually, although they will always enjoy returning to England for work and short visits.

Diana, whose life revolves around her three boys and her career, isn't athletically inclined, but she told me proudly that Dickie is an excellent athlete and that's where the little fellows get their swimming prowess.

Diana has no one left but her immediate family. She is an only child and the only member of her family ever to become an entertainer.

When she was ten in her home-town school in Swindon, England, she wrote an essay: "I am going to be a film star, have a big house, a big car, and a big swimming-pool."

At 32 (though looking much younger) she has achieved all those things and a cheerful home life besides. Having spent the better part of her life as a straight actress, Diana recently

branched out into a nightclub entertainment act in which she sings ballads and up-tempo tunes and gives impressions of Marlene Dietrich, Lena Horne, Eartha Kitt, and Mae West.

She has done her act all over Europe and America.

Diana will arrive in Sydney on October 19 for one day, spend a week in Perth, return to Sydney on October 25 for a four-week nightclub engagement, then go to Melbourne and Brisbane.

She will end her tour at Surfers' Paradise—a name that intrigues her no end, particularly since surfing has recently become such a popular local sport.

She takes 30 ultra-chador dresses for the act, plus plenty of Californian sportswear for daytime comfort.

Her pianist, guitarist, and manager will go with her.

Curious to meet Australians, whom she doesn't know at all, she told me she is sure she has relatives living there, although she doesn't know where.

I can't help feeling that when the blond star starts shining in the warm Australian scene her long-lost second cousin will smartly come to the fore.

Diana would thoroughly enjoy such a family-type experience so far from home.



ABOVE: The Dawsons watch baby Gary take a nap. Father Dickie is in show business. BELOW: Diana has a Saturday-afternoon rest beside the swimming-pool with the family cat.



ROMPING with the family dog, Mark shows himself to be a robust and good-natured youngster. His mother, English-born Diana Dors, has given her current act—ballads and impressions of other singers and actresses—across Europe and in night-clubs in New York, Chicago, Las Vegas, and Lake Tahoe.

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STH 11

Let's go to the zoo

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Zoo shows head the TV fashion cycle for the young at present. This week's new offering is "Zoorama," a 30-minute visit to America's San Diego Zoo on TCN9 on Saturday, October 19, at 2 p.m.

"ZOORAMA" lasts for 39 episodes, and I am told it is excellent. I hope so.

I am depending on it to restore my faith in the entertainment zoos offer, following the recent premiere of the local "Wonderful Zoo."

"Wonderful Zoo," made by ABC-TV at Taronga Zoological Park, Sydney, didn't live up to its title. It was 30 minutes of the dull TV I've ever seen, and lacked an expert zoologist. Mr. Bob Sanders and Sir Edward Hallstrom didn't even know the answers to some of the things they chatted about.

Do giraffes ever use their horns? I don't know yet. All I know is that neither do Mr. Sanders nor Sir Edward.

"Wonderful Zoo" was strongly reminiscent of the early days of TV.

Standing slap-bang in front of the Zoo Aquarium, loudly identified in letters a foot high, Mr. Sanders, one of our most seasoned TV men, said with simulated excitement: "Why, here we are at the Aquarium." In the next shot Mr. Sanders was inside the Aquarium, and told viewers about that, too.

Feeling that the A.B.C. made a monkey of me by that "wonderful" in the title, I am deserting Taronga for San Diego.

Ace writer tells how

MOST American TV series shows presented a distorted view of American life—an untrue, exaggerated picture, particularly of America's people.

Rod Serling, famous American writer-producer and winner of five "Emmy" awards for his show, "Twilight Zone," said this on his recent visit to Australia.

"American husbands are not all dominated oafs," he said. "Their sons do not call them 'sir,' neither do they become emotionally disturbed when their fathers don't take them fishing."

Domestic and comedy situations distorted "at the life level," Mr. Serling said. "The Untouchables" at "the crime level."

He quoted as one of the truest series on TV—true as to fact and human behaviour—Jack Webb's "Dragnet," one of the favorites of the early days of TV.

All domestic-situation shows and comedies were distorted to untrue pictures of life, he said.

"They contain some truth," he said. "For instance, the living-room you see will be furnished exactly as a middle-class American living-room would be; the father would wear a suit of the quality and cut an

American in his income group and position would wear; they would eat the right sort of food.

"But that is where the truth ends. There is no drama in the true picture.

"Write a true picture of American family life, and the father in the show would be doing exactly what viewers do—come home tired out, eat dinner, and sink into a chair and watch TV. That's too dull for drama.

"What is there in watching a woman mix a cake and bake it perfectly? Nothing—but have her drop the cake as she takes it out of the oven and you immediately have drama."

Mr. Serling, 39, is a pocket-sized, deeply suntanned American, who looks like a Sicilian. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd burst into "Santa Lucia" instead of talking about TV.

He tells me Sicilians always greet him with open arms, although he has no Sicilian blood. His father was born in Detroit; his mother was Lithuanian.

Serling is so brown that the white shirts he favors look like a TV ad for the whitest wash, and his fingernails look unhealthily pale against his brown fingers.

He has very black hair like a smooth, well-fitting cap, very heavy black brows, black eyes. He wears a wide gold wedding ring, a wide-banded gold wristwatch, large gold cuff-links, and a

heavy-linked silver identity bracelet.

Mr. Serling came to Australia on a two-week visit for the A.B.C. for lectures and what he called "bull sessions" with A.B.C. writers, producers, and directors.

The A.B.C. asked him because they felt their writers would get a general view of the taste and preferences of the American TV audience and extra insight into TV writing and production.

I spent a lot of time talking and listening to Mr. Serling while he was here.

I couldn't help thinking of his story of the woman cooking.

Mr. Serling is a brilliant scriptwriter who is said to earn 80,000 dollars a year (about £A36,000) from TV alone. He also writes film scripts. I went to see him, fired with the idea of getting his recipe for successful scriptwriting.

Like a chef

But as a scriptwriter he is like a brilliant chef. He doesn't use a recipe. Anyone who has made words his business knows no recipe is possible, but always hopes somebody will produce one.

Serling says he may take a character, a plot, or a message to write a script round. He may take two days to write it or two weeks. He may get his original idea from a news item or just an interesting character.

"I cannot teach creativity," he said. "Better writing simply comes from more writing."

Here are some things he said about scriptwriting.

● It's a truism that a play is never written, it is rewritten.

● Don't get entirely preoccupied with the TV camera when you write, but "remain damned aware of it."

(If you get preoccupied with directions for the TV camera you'll end up, he says, with a skinny script and a bulky volume of directions for the TV camera that reads like a William Faulkner novel.)

● If you become a successful TV scriptwriter "get yourself hyphenated." (This means, get yourself made a producer/director-scriptwriter with authority on the set.)

● Watch the inflexion with which your lines are read or spoken. "TV writers suffer most from bad inflexion, mostly from actors and actresses," he said.

"I trust a director's reaction to inflexion and his understanding of my writing more than I do an actor's."

"When an actor says he doesn't like the script he means he doesn't like his lines. He doesn't think of them as part of the play, but the director does."

Rewarding

There's money in scriptwriting for U.S. TV if you can crack the market.

"In America now the TV writer is a Fat Cat," Mr. Serling said. "He eats high off the hog."

"He averages 2500 dollars (£A1125) for a half-hour script and keeps many rights. "The minimum payment for a network script is 1100 dollars (about £A490)."

"It wasn't always so. Back in 1949-50, when TV was only two years old, payment for all rights was 100 dollars (about £A45)."

During his lectures and talks with A.B.C. writers and producers, Mr. Serling watched the Australian play "The Right Thing," by Raymond Bowers.

Serling didn't care for the script at all, but he praised the professionalism of Ray Menmuir's production and the consistently professional performance of all the actors involved.

I found "The Right Thing" an infuriating play that gave a very distorted picture of Australian life and people. Mr. Serling was amazed that I thought it distorted.

"The Right Thing" has been videotaped and will be shown in England.

Mr. Serling dropped that perfectly baked cake when he said that videotaped

shows were no longer acceptable in America; that there was no longer any live drama.

"Everything must be filmed," he said.

(Filming is economically impossible for Australian TV. It simply eats money.)

Mr. Serling is a queer mixture of cynicism and optimism.

He talks about the quality of TV cynically, but his optimism and excitement over-weigh it.

"The American TV you are looking at now is the level of production you will see for the next 25 years," he said.

"I don't think there will be any great improvement. There will be cycles of fashions, medical shows, Western shows, anthology shows, which I expect to lead the coming TV season."

"But there will be no increase in quality, except that every now and then some bright young man or woman will do something and all we others will realise that TV has not yet reached its greatest horizons."

Serling really does love



REMEMBER Robert Horton, the original Wagon Train scout, Flint McCullough? You'll meet him again this week in "The Red Skelton Show" on TCN9, Tuesday, 7.30 p.m., singing pop songs.

TV. Talking about filmed TV material and full-length motion pictures, he said: "The motion picture can take us across 3000 miles of ocean with Moby Dick, but not one frame of the picture can equal or beat a close-up on the TV camera of the human face."

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REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

***** With WINIFRED MUNDAY *****

*** A CHILD IS WAITING

In this film about mentally retarded children, Judy Garland takes on the onerous task of looking after and teaching them. Burt Lancaster is sensitive and sympathetic as the psychiatrist in charge of the institution. Scenes showing how the children are taught to speak, write, and even to make necklaces and baskets are moving, since the children in the scenes are actually mental defectives.

The film is not altogether sad, and there is a happy climax when Judy Garland, as their music-teacher, organises a play in which the children take part. This film should give a glimmer of hope to parents of retarded children.—Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . **POIGNANT.**

★★ PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT

Tennessee Williams' first comedy is not as funny as you might expect. Amid the slapstick is much wise

philosophy pointing out that marriage isn't always a bed of roses. Jane Fonda and Jim Hutton, after fighting on their wedding night, descend on another married couple, Tony Franciosa and Lois Nettleton, who are still going through problems even after six years together. There are some good laughs, and Jane Fonda has a knack for comedy.—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . **SNAPPY.**

★ PRIZE OF ARMS

Stanley Baker is an embittered cashiered major who enlists the help of crooks Tom Bell and Helmut Schmid to help him steal the payroll of an army battalion en route to the Middle East. The minute-by-minute action of their entry, disguised as soldiers, into the camp and their escape builds up to considerable tension. The acting is competent and the film is a good example of army cops and robbers.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . **TENSE.**

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said (after my sister and I had come into our grandparents' farmhouse grumbling because Grandpa wouldn't let us ride the pony at the same time): "He's right, my dears, both of you would be too heavy. You might hurt his little back, and you wouldn't want that to happen, would you? Just go back out and take turns." And Momma said (my sister and I didn't understand why all the grownups laughed):

Momma's moral: A racehorse is the only animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time . . .



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DID YOU KNOW?

"THE JOAN SUTHERLAND SHOW," made in England for TCN9 in Sydney, has been sold to an American network for several thousand dollars, according to TCN9's New York agent. It will be broadcast in the U.S. in October.

JUDY GARLAND'S ill-health is worrying producers of her weekly TV show. She has entered hospital for what has been called "her annual checkup," but she has lost a lot of weight, and with the air-time of her show imminent only five instalments have been taped.

BOB HOPE, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., and Dean Martin — any one of them in a television show would make it a "special."

The N.B.C. network in America is preparing a "Salute to the Recording Industry," a one-hour programme with all five stars, made under the auspices of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

It will not be the usual awards-type show — it will be solid variety entertainment. It is due for broadcast in the U.S. on November 24.

PEGGY ANN GARNER and Howard St. John will join Charlton Heston in major roles of "The Patriots," a Broadway play which will be "Hall of Fame" first presentation of the season.

A NEW round of high-price television quiz shows is starting in the U.S. Some years ago quiz-show scandals produced the greatest embarrassment television has ever faced. Last time, it was the C.B.S. and N.B.C. networks who were bitten and are now the With a prize of 100,000 dollars

Television

(£A50,000) the A.B.C. network claims a "fix-proof" show, and plans to show the rival networks how they should have run their quizzes.

WOMEN will join the professional golfers to be featured on "Wonderful World of Golf" next season. Americans, and women from other countries, will be matched in the series played over courses throughout the world.

"THE DEFENDERS," which has won nine Emmy awards and quite a few other honors, is now filming for its third television season. E. G. Marshall and Robert Reed return as the defense lawyers.

PERRY COMO, who has declined the rigors of a weekly show for next season, will present the occasional "Music Hall" variety shows, to be telecast live. The first show stars June Allyson, George Burns, Cyd Charisse, and Allen (My Son, the Folksinger) Sherman.

TOMMY RETTIG, the first boy "co-star" of the "Lassie" TV series, is now a freelance actor. He is 21 years old.

A HOLLYWOOD theatre is being completely remodelled to house the weekly "Jerry Lewis Show," a live two-hour variety programme. Included in the furnishings and facilities will be red carpets and blue divans, a gold stage curtain, a new stage, gold-painted seats with 350 loudspeakers (one for every two people in the audience). There will be a paging system for 20 dressing-rooms, an old-fashioned marquee containing 3000 light bulbs, and an outdoor rehearsal area on a patio.



● Veteran Australian actress Ethel Gabriel plays the part of a postmistress in the new British science-fiction TV serial "Emerald Soup."



● Producer of the new serial, Australian Bill Bain (right), talks over the script with British actor William Dexter (left) and Hungarian director Georges Roman. The writer of the serial is an American.



● Blond Sydney actress Annette Andre is one of the Australian stars of "Emerald Soup." This is Annette's first TV role in Britain.

TV serial a multi-nation affair

From BARBARA LAWSON, in London

● "I never know whether to think of ourselves as a small United Nations or a Tower of Babel," said Australian Bill Bain, who is producing and helping to direct a new science-fiction serial for the A.B.C. in London.

THE serial "Emerald Soup," which has just begun in England, has been offered for sale to Australian TV.

Said Bill: "By sheer chance the cast is chiefly Australian and, apart from about five English actors and an Irishman, we have an American story editor, Norman Bognot, and a Hungarian director, Georges Roman."

The Australian cast is made up of that sprightly 74-year-old actress Ethel Gabriel (who scored again here recently with two Armchair theatre plays for the A.B.C., London — "Hear the Tiger, See the Bay" and "The Wednesday Caller"), good-looking character actor

Frederic Abbott, and lovely newcomer to England Annette Andre.

Blond, brown-eyed Annette walked straight from success on Sydney television into a part in the Taylor-Burton epic film "Cleopatra" when it was being filmed in Italy last June.

Admires Liz

"I play only the tiny, tiny role of a handmaiden in the film," Annette said. "In fact, I had so much make-up on I don't think anyone will recognise me."

"But what a thrill working in a production like that!"

"I used to just sit and watch Elizabeth Taylor at work, and, honestly, you can learn so much just by watching a star like her."

"The two things which impressed me most about Miss Taylor were that she had freckles all over her face and that she was always on time for filming — making absolutely no fuss whatsoever."

Another actor in "Emerald Soup" who has worked hand-in-hand (literally) with the top stars is 15-year-old Greg Phillips, the boy star of Judy Garland's much-talked-about film "I Could Go On Singing."

Greg fingered his college-boy hair style back into place after a strenuous judo practice with Frederic Abbott and talked about his latest role of Tim Maxwell in "Emerald Soup."

"It's the sort of part I like to play," he said. "Tim's

a pretty wild fellow with lots of adventure in him. And his life isn't entirely centred on other children."

"That's how I am. Personally I'd much prefer to act with adults all the time."

"Kids can be so precocious — especially actors."

Without doubt, Greg and his "sister" Jo and "friend" Gally, played by Janina Faye

out producing that Rock show, I could do ANYTHING," said Bill.

On his arrival in London, he went almost immediately into producing an episode of the A.T.V. "Harper's West One" — an extremely topical serial which is unlikely to be seen in Australia.

New job

Then came this A.B.C. offer to produce "Emerald Soup."

When he finishes that, he has an excellent offer lined up to direct an episode of the popular A.B.C. series "The Avengers" — which will be a New Year show on ABN2.

Frederic Abbott was everyone's idea of the perfect Lee in the serial.

Lee is a big and powerful gunman who is a member of a gang of "crooks" who turn up every now and then in the serial to torment the children.

Frederic, who is also from Sydney, has been acting successfully in England for almost five years. With his broad shoulders and angular build, he looks even taller than his 6ft. 3in.

"It's great to be acting with Ethel Gabriel again," he said. "My very first acting role at the Independent Theatre in Sydney was in a play with Ethel."

Frederic has appeared in one other serial — a "Biggles" production for Granada studios, which has already been seen in Australia, but he mainly appears as guest star in most of England's TV series.

Film role

His next commitment after this serial will be a spot in a comedy series which Miriam Karlin ("Rag Trade") is making for Granada later in the year.

Annette Andre has had some TV offers, too, but at the moment she has contracted for one of the major roles in the new Rank film "This Is My Street."

Young Greg Phillips, who is studying at the Italia Conti school of drama in London, has other things besides acting on his mind. This month he's off for a holiday to America, and can hardly wait to see his good friend Judy Garland — and Judy's teenage daughter, Liza.

"Oh, I like Liza very much," he said, blushing a little. During filming of "I Could Go On Singing," he stayed with Miss Garland and Liza in their flat at Hyde Park.



Television



and Karl Lanchbury, steal a lot of the limelight in this serial, which is about dions and radioactivity, set in present-day England.

"The young ones lead the action throughout the serial," said Bill Bain. "But don't for a moment think this is a children's show just because children star in it."

"Emerald Soup" is for the children, too, but it is essentially a family show."

Sydneysider

Thirty - three - year - old bachelor Bill Bain is experienced in handling children. He began working with the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Sydney seven years ago producing school programmes for radio, and continued the programmes in television when that medium began.

His experience in between was strengthened by a variety of productions, including many TV plays and the regular "Six O'Clock Rock" show.

"I reasoned if I could last

"I'm more than pleased about this chance, because if there's one actress I'm mad about it's Honor Blackman," he said. He's not on his own, for Honor Blackman, who stars in "The Avengers," is probably the most admired woman on television in Britain today.

Bill went on to speak about the Australians in "Emerald Soup."

"It's not a very big part for Ethel Gabriel, so we were delighted when she very kindly accepted it," he said.

"There are not many actresses as capable as Ethel around these days."

"And girls like Annette Andre, who can play 'straight, pretty roles,' are also hard to come by."

"Annette has just finished a film in Italy with Maurice Chevalier called 'Panic Button,' and this is her first television show in England — though she was one of the top young actresses on Australian TV."



● Teenage stars of the serial "Emerald Soup" are (from left): Greg Phillips, Janina Faye, and Karl Lanchbury. Greg Phillips was the child star of the Judy Garland film "I Could Go On Singing," still to be seen in Australia. He has the principal role in the serial.

Is your baby BREAST FED?



Soon it will be time to wean baby. When the time comes for bottle feeding you should know what type of teat to choose so that baby is weaned without difficulty. Most baby authorities recommend a teat with similar softness to mother's breast. Maw's Teats are made by a "dipping" process which gives every teat a unique softness. Because Maw's Teats are soft, baby is able to control the flow of milk itself. Maw's Teats, in 4-hole sizes, fit any bottle with the new Maw's adaptor. Maw's make a full range of baby feeding needs. Ask your family chemist about the Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's "little" drinks... Maw's Milton Sterilization Unit that keeps bottles and teats germ-free.



IN THE DUMPS YESTERDAY



On her toes today

Based on a real life story.

Anne stole the show with her solo from Swan Lake. "I'm so proud of her today," says Anne's mother.

"But yesterday she was a different girl. Wouldn't eat her dinner and was so cranky. Then I remembered Laxettes. Today she's really on her toes."

When childhood constipation upsets your family, Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Only 3/3.

CORN PAIN STOPPED



End corn pain instantly with these world-famous, super-soft pads. Soothe, cushion, protect. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Calluses, Bunions. 3/6 packet at Chemists and Stores.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS
For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Husband does the family knitting

LIKE Mrs. Sedgewick's husband (Qld.), my husband is the knitter in the family.

He prefers to knit patterned socks. But once one sock is done he never gets round to finishing the set, and there are about ten odd socks in his knitting basket.

He did, however, finish a layette when I was expecting my first child, who is now grown up and married. She used it for my granddaughter when she was born.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Thomas, Wollongong, N.S.W.

MY husband knits for our six children and his specialty is their school jumpers as well as a knitted Mickey Mouse for various friends' babies. He also excels as a dish-washer!

£1/1/- to Betty J. Cartledge, Esperance, W.A.

MY father was an old sailor and he did the most beautiful knitting, darning, and fancywork. While at sea, he would knit away and would never join a new skein of wool to the old with a knot, but always spliced the join, so neatly you could never tell where it was. His darning was very neat and always in the shape of a diamond.

£1/1/- to Margaret Wigg, Deniliquin, N.S.W.

MY husband learned to knit while spending a long period in hospital. When we were expecting our baby he knitted a complete layette, and he has since kept our little boy well supplied with jumpers and cardigans. Besides this he does all the odd jobs about the house and keeps the garden in perfect order.

£1/1/- to "Grateful Wife" (name supplied), Clearview, S.A.

MY brother knits his own socks. One night last winter, while he was watching TV with his three daughters, wife, and mother, who were all industriously knitting, he expressed the wish that he, too, could knit. My mother quietly cast on the stitches for the first sock and handed the needles across to him. Not wanting to back down, he set about learning from his willing tutors. Now he has several pairs of socks to his credit.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Charles, Grong Grong, N.S.W.

Should she work?

HAVING reached the age of 43 and with a 17-year-old son and 13-year-old daughter, I am now wondering whether I could become a "working wife." The only thing holding me back from taking a job is the thought that the children might still have a real need for the anchor of having "Mum at home." I have faith in my children and do not fear that they would slump into delinquency, but I always feel that schoolchildren should not come home to an empty house. Are any other readers at the same crossroads as I am?

£1/1/- to "Workless Wife" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

Getting to know her new hat

RECENTLY visiting a friend, I was stunned to find her doing the housework in baggy slacks, a sweater — and wearing a fabulous new hat fit for a garden party. I have worn new shoes about the house to break them in, but she, it appeared, has to be on friendly terms with a hat before wearing it out.

£1/1/- to "Mrs." (name supplied), Cygnet, Tasmania.

The ever-cheerful butcher

IN years of shopping for the family, I have been served by snappy assistants in shoe stores, grumpy grocers, crabby chemists, and high-and-mighty haberdashers, but I have yet to meet a butcher who isn't polite, cheerful, and obliging. It makes me wonder if there is a satisfaction in his trade which is sadly lacking in the others.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. V." (name supplied), Glenahilty, Vic.

The figures of yesteryear

MOST older women I knew 50 years ago had the neatest, trimmest figures you could hope to see. Even fat women kept their figures well corseted. But today's older women do not seem to care about getting fat. I think if there was a general survey of neatness of figure and fashion style, we would find much more casualness today than half a century ago.

£1/1/- to P. L. Robinson, Rockley, N.S.W.

After the wedding

LIKE other women, I love to catch a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom as they leave the church for the reception. I used to wonder what romantic things they said to each other as they sat in the car. My own wedding supplied the answer. We calmly discussed my husband's shoes, then the state of the traffic through which we passed, and the variety of birds to be seen in the park opposite the house where the reception was held.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. J. Ryan, Caulfield, Vic.

THIS WEEK IN VERSE

When allies meet

• The American Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk, and the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, conferred in New York over breakfast. They discussed Africa and Malaysia.

Porridge, perhaps? Or orange juice? Just so. What were we talking of? Well, yes and no. Now, Africa, we must evaluate...

Excuse me, is that SYRUP on your plate?

Dear me, the Yankees, curious people, what!

No, no, I didn't mean it. Really not.

I say, old man, no kippers? Heavens! Well, We can't have everything, and, truth to tell, As I was saying, we must note, perhaps, Malays and Africans and other chaps

Have different viewpoints. Not like you and me.

Oh PLEASE, some BOILING water for the tea!

— DOROTHY DRAIN

Grandad plays the violin again

AT 64 Grandad has taken up the violin again. (He hasn't played for 30 years.) He is as excited as a schoolboy and our house is filled with music. What does it matter if his performance is not polished? It is such a delight for us to rediscover all the old tunes, and such an interest for a man who was feeling gloomy at the thought of growing old.

£1/1/- to "Polished" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Wandering toddlers

DO mothers notice that their children, round about the age of two, wander off on their own? As the daughter in a large family I have noticed this particularly, mainly because I am always in the searching party. Is our family an exception or is this fairly common?

£1/1/- to "Wander Bug" (name supplied), Hampstead Gardens, S.A.

Square-eyed dog

MY dog simply loves TV. As soon as it is turned on he sits in front of the set and gazes at it until it is turned off. If anyone tries to take his place in front of the set he growls fiercely.

£1/1/- to "TV Fan" (name supplied), Townsville, Qld.

Pointed park notice

FROM an overseas national park comes a notice which I think should be in all parks throughout Australia. It reads: "Take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Vida Lyons, Burwood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"CAN'T I have a cardie?" said Baby Pip.

"No, you don't need a cardie today. It's quite warm," her mother replied.

"But my arms are cold!" The springtime cardigan dispute was on.

Pip is more fond of cardigans than anyone else I have met.

Though cardigans are handy garments, they are not particularly chic. Many people will wear them only when playing golf. But with Pip the problem is to stop her from wearing cardigans.

This is the more remarkable because she has not learned how to do them up.

It is tricky, certainly. If you start at the top button and put it in the wrong hole, you get to the bottom and find there is a button left over. Or a hole. In my opinion the only safe way to do up a cardigan is to start at the bottom and work up.

A much-debated point is whether

SPRING FASHION

Pip's cardigan should be worn under her overalls or on top.

Her mother prefers it underneath, because this makes it easier to take the overalls off in a hurry. Pip wants it on top of the overalls because "all my friends have their cardie on top."

Her desire to wear cardigans out of season causes much irritation. Yet it is only part of the general contrariness of the young about clothing.

My wife summed it up once in a statement that could be called Mrs. Campbell's Law: "The silly little goats always want to put on warm things in hot weather and cool things in cold weather."

Silly or not, Pip does her best to "promote" cardigans, as they say in the business world. The Wool Board, at least, ought to be pleased with her efforts.

She even goes to bed in a cardigan. This "sleepy cardie," put on over her nightgown, is an old, worn one with buttons missing. The Wool Board might not be proud of it, but at our place it is important — in fact, indispensable.

To go back to the dispute I mentioned above: my wife tried to influence Pip by another line of argument.

"I'm not wearing a cardigan today," she said. "Daddy's not wearing a cardigan. Nobody is wearing a cardigan."

"I wish I could have a cardie," Pip said.

Her mother stressed the absurdity of this attitude.

"Just think what it would be like on a hot day if all the men building houses wore cardies, and firemen wore cardies, and bakers wore cardies running round with the bread."

That was when Pip started to cry, and was given her cardie.

Conclusion: **FOREVER FREE** by Joy Adamson

"The cubs' new home"

(and some of their new neighbors)

(From "FOREVER FREE," by Joy Adamson, Collins and Harvill Press, London.)

• The cubs Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa bolted after the death of their mother, Elsa (the Kenya lioness brought up by Joy and George Adamson), and were chased from their territory by an enemy lioness. They raided African villages and were captured. The Adamsons have now taken them by truck 700 miles in three 800lb. iron-barred cages to Serengeti Park, a famous reserve for wild animals, to set them free forever.

THE cubs' new home was a very beautiful place lying at the head of a broad valley some 40 miles long.

On one side, a steep escarpment rose to a plateau; on the other, there was a succession of hills.

Close by was a river which gradually wound its way to the centre of the valley and flowed down it.

But for the mosquitoes and the tsetse flies, it was a paradise—and perhaps we ought to have regarded the tsetse as its winged guardians, for they are the best protectors of wild animals; since they are fatal to men and to their livestock, they cause them to keep away.

Our first thought was to see what we could do to make the cubs more comfortable. We chose a stout acacia tree, attached the block and tackle to one of its branches, and swung the crates to the ground.

It was three days since the cubs had been captured and they had almost reached the limit of their endurance.

Their eyes were sunken and they lay apathetically on the floor of their cages, apparently too tired to take the least interest in their surroundings.

How glad we were that we had decided to bring the cumbersome communal weldmesh wire crate.

Continued on page 65

ZEBRA: just a few taking part in the vast migration the Adamsons watched in Serengeti Park, where they freed Elsa's three cubs.

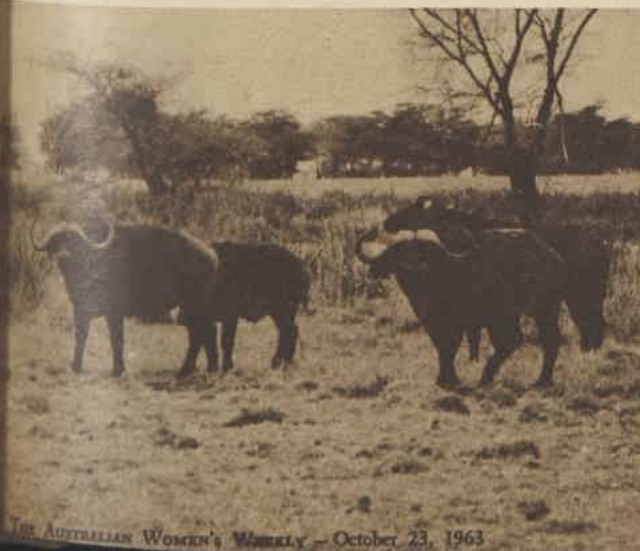
GIRAFFE (left) backgrounded by the escarpment near the cubs' chosen home site.

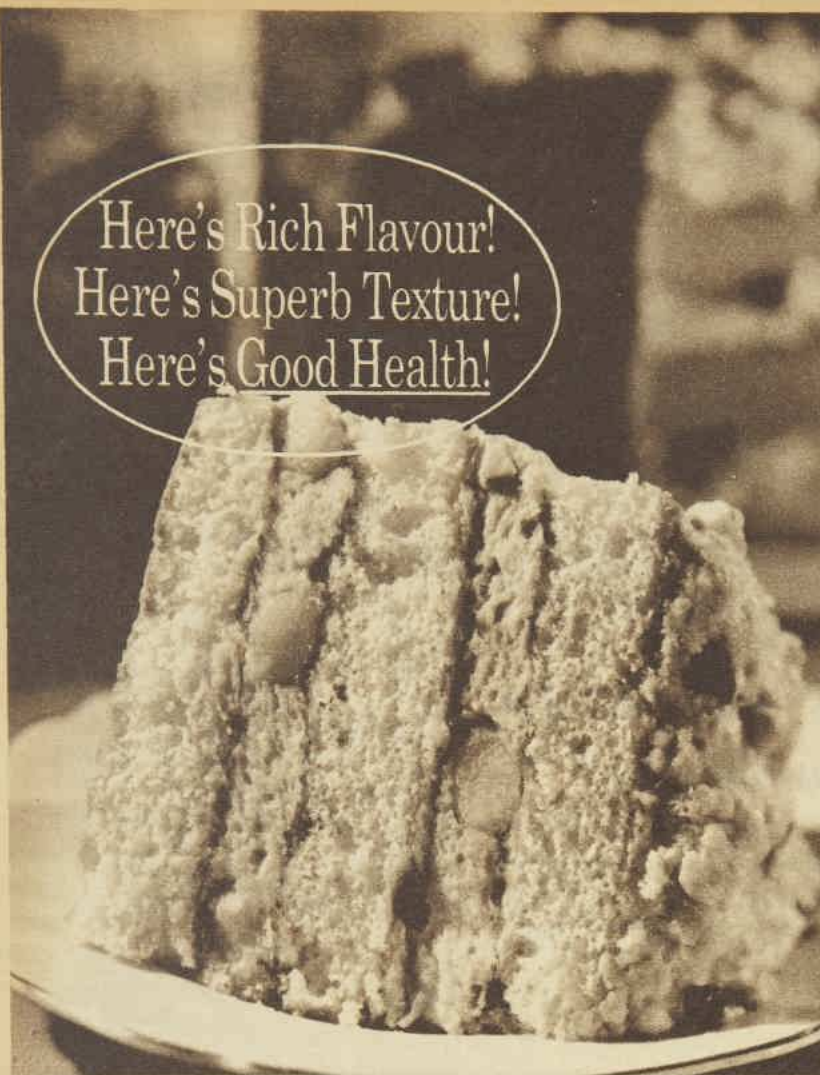
BUFFALO (below) look up unworried.

CHEETAH (right) like a heraldic symbol.

LEFT: Saddle-bill stork and hammer-headed stork seem content together.

CUBS (right) Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa by the ravine where Joy mostly fed them.





Here's Rich Flavour!
Here's Superb Texture!
Here's Good Health!

Here's how to get all 3 into your cooking—use Bonlac Non-Fat Milk!

Imagine it, to be able to bake scrumptious treats like this fluffy layer cake and know that you and your family will enjoy good eating and good health — when you bake with BONLAC — the health-giving, non-fat milk! BONLAC gives you all the vital protein, mineral and vitamin lift of fresh milk — without the fat!

Cake, puddings, iced-desserts, toppings, scones, sauces, soup or whatever you cook — when the recipe says 'Milk', use BONLAC NON-FAT MILK for glowing good health!

For just 3/6d, a 2lb pack puts 16 pints of milk in your cupboard.

FRUIT SALAD LAYER CAKE

3 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 1 lab. Bonlac, 2 lab. boiling water, 4 ozs. S.R. flour less 1 lab.

Separate egg yolks from whites. Sift flour and Bonlac 3 times. Add pinch of salt to egg whites, beating until stiff. Beat sugar into egg whites, add yolks. Fold in sifted flour and Bonlac then water. Pour into greased 8" tin. Bake 30 mins. in moderate 350° Gas, 400° Electric oven. Turn out immediately and cool. Split into three. Fill and top with the following.

FRUIT SALAD FOAM

1 pkt. jelly crystals and 1 dess. gelatine, 1/2 pint boiling water, 1/2 pint liquid Bonlac, 2 cups well drained fruit salad.

Place crystals and gelatine in basin, add boiling water and stir. Cool. Place jelly in a basin, beat gradually adding the liquid Bonlac. Stand until semi-set. Beat until double its size. Fold in fruit salad. Fill and top cake with jelly foam, decorating top with cherries and angelica.

WIN ONE OF SIX GENERAL ELECTRIC PORTABLE MIXERS!



HERE'S HOW!
Send in an appetising low-calorie recipe for a cake, dessert, sauce or whatever dish you wish—that contains BONLAC NON-FAT MILK. Your recipe could win you one of 6 glamorous G.E. Mixers!

ENTER NOW!

Simply send your recipe and one BONLAC poly-pack "NON-FAT" seal* to 'BONLAC RECIPE' c/- Trufood of Australia, G.P.O. Box 4501, Melbourne, Vic. Entries close 10th December, 1963. Winners to be announced.

*Not necessary where this contravenes state laws.



NEW
2 LB. REFILL PACK
MAKES 16 PINTS
FOR 3/6

AVAILABLE
IN 3-LB AND
14 OZ CANS
AND THE 2LB
REFILL PACK.

WORTH REPORTING



● Baby Grant Davis, parents, and four great-grandmothers.

A BONNY baby like Grant Ashley Davis — just 14 days old when the above picture was taken—is often the centre of an admiring circle. But it's not often the circle includes the baby's four great-grandmothers!

Grant is the first son of Marcia and Ashley Davis, of Bexley, N.S.W. They're looking on with pride as Mrs. R. Davis, 75, of East Hills, shows him to his other three great-grans, Mrs. M. ("Kentucky") Smith, 87, of Umina, formerly of Lockhart, N.S.W., Mrs. A. Corrick, 86, of Collaroy, and Mrs. E. Madden, 78, of Botany.

All four were great-grandmothers before Grant's birth. Mrs. Corrick now has 17 great-grandchildren, Mrs. Smith has six, Mrs. Madden five, and Mrs. Davis three.

They were introduced to their mutual great-grandson at the home of his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Davis, sen., of Penshurst. Mrs. Smith, who travelled more than 60 miles for the occasion, also met Mrs. Corrick and Mrs. Madden for the first time.

Main topic of conversation was (of course!) the family babies.

★ ★ ★
WE'VE found this sort of situation in comic strips and funny cartoons — but never in the news before.

The man who was proclaimed the winner of this year's British Allcomers Sea Angling Championship actually hadn't had a bite all day. He "rang in" three large cod he'd kept on ice all night, smuggled them to the fishing grounds in a haversack.

The judges and 1000 other contestants didn't suspect a thing. He was awarded a cup, a refrigerator, a table lighter, and 500 cigarettes.

Three weeks later rumors began to circulate. He was fined £20 and lost all his prizes (except the cigarettes).

The truth was he didn't even BUY the fish (as in all the best cartoons). They had been caught the day before by a 15-year-old schoolboy.

Who keeps the cobbler busy?

WHOSE shoes are most often at the bootmaker's for repairs—dad's, mum's, or the children's?

We'd have answered "the children's" (most mothers would have said so, too). But the bulk of shoe-repair work in this country is on women's shoes, we learned from Mr. R. T. ("Dick") McPhillips, a Sydney businessman who has been "in the footwear game" for 32 years.

We talked to Mr. McPhillips just before he flew to England to represent Australia at the Third International Congress of Shoe Repairers at Blackpool from October 21-24.

He told us that women's and maids' shoes account for 52 per cent of repair work, against 36 per cent for men's and youths' and only 12 per cent for children's.

It's stiletto heels which bump up the mending of women's shoes, of course. "But they're gradually going out," Mr. McPhillips said. "They're being replaced by a shorter heel, a little broader but still nicely styled."

If your shoes suffered too many soakings this wet year, you probably had to wait a week for them to be repaired.

"This is because there is a dearth of shoe repairers," Mr. McPhillips said. "A boy must be apprenticed for five years before he's a full tradesman, and there just aren't enough boys coming into the trade."

Mr. McPhillips will be the first delegate from the National Council of the Shoe Repair Industry of Australia to attend a world congress.

He hopes to bring back much up-to-date information. And he'll be looking with much more interest than the average male into the windows of women's shoe salons overseas.

"Have you heard of these new 'ring' heels?" he asked us. "I saw them in a shop window when I was in Hong Kong a little while ago..."

A MAN we know left his raincoat on a suburban train. Lots of people do that, of course. But he went to the Lost Property Office to recover it, paid the fee, collected the coat—and left his briefcase.

Airborne orchid

THE mauve-pink up-in-the-air orchid pictured below was grown by Mr. and Mrs. Syd Medcalf, of Wallacia, N.S.W., in a small block of polyurethane foam.

They put the bulb in a slit in the centre of the foam, kept the foam moist, and weekly gave it very weak liquid animal manure.

Mr. and Mrs. Medcalf have been experimenting with orchid-growing in this manner for about two years.

"The foam costs no more than a pot," Mrs. Medcalf told us. "And the orchid is so light and easy to move around. You can hang it up anywhere — indoors or out in the sunlight for a while."

"The foam allows a current of air over the roots the whole time, and the roots grip the foam very strongly."

"You can grow any epiphytes — or 'air-plants' — this way, but not the terrestrial or ground types."

"This orchid took no longer to bloom than ones grown in the ordinary way."



● Cattleya growing in plastic foam.

The Wild Grapes

The past is still shrouded
in deep mystery . . . third
instalment of our serial

By BARBARA
JEFFERIS

RETURNING to Australia and intending to marry shortly, MARY PAGE and CHARLES RUSSEL, who became engaged in London, stay with Charles' family before Mary goes to the country to her own parents. Mary feels Charles' family do not approve of the marriage, and is surprised to find Charles has so many relatives.

When he was nine and his widowed mother died, ROWENA, an elder sister, had given up her university law course to look after the family. MARGOT and HENRY, twins, are partners in their own law firm, and EDWIN is a doctor. Mary at first feels Margot is the main opposition, but after EDNA CRAIG, the eldest married sister, calls one day and speaks well of Margot, she changes her opinion. Edna and her husband, FRANK, tell her Margot has been married and is the mother of HENRIETTA HOLT, who will probably marry their son, LANCE, a twin to their daughter, LORNA.

Edna and Frank infer Rowena is the one who

may be more opposed to the marriage and suggest she ask Charles about Rowena's childhood. When taxed, he tells her, somewhat casually, that at the age of five Rowena had pushed a baby sister through a porthole while the family were returning from England. Still horrified at this revelation and Charles' casualness, she is appalled when Edwin quietly mentions in passing conversation that their father had suicided.

After an uncomfortable week in which the family all manage to refer disparagingly to the fact that Mary has been married twice before — once widowed and once divorced — Rowena surprisingly arranges a party for her to meet their friends. All except Charles are asked to contribute more than their usual housekeeping money, and it is then that Mary discovers Charles never pays anything into the household. As a result she feels she is fighting someone for the right to "own" Charles. NOW READ ON:

OVER coffee one night that week, when they'd gone to the drawing-room after dinner, Rowena was full of a book she'd been reading by an American psychologist. "It's fascinating," she said fervently. "This man has spent years studying the effect on people of their position in the family. You know, whether they're the eldest, youngest, or the middle one."

"He could have had a party with our lot," Henry said rather unpleasantly. Margot was dining that evening with a personable client, which had had its effect on Henry's temper and digestion. "There's not a member of this family who wouldn't say on oath their position was the most unfortunate."

"I certainly wouldn't," Rowena said. "No, but do let me tell you about it—that's not the really fascinating part. The point is that he's made such a study of this thing that he says now that predicting the success or failure of a marriage is no more difficult than counting your brothers and sisters."

Charles laughed. "Even that's not so easy in our case," he said. "We mislaid about half a dozen along the way."

"Mislaid" is a very unpleasant word to . . . Edwin said and then stopped, perhaps feeling that the whole of the sentence would have been better left unsaid.

"That wasn't really funny, Charles," Rowena said with a quick frown. "I do wish you'd let me tell you about this. It is the kind of thing that strikes you as being so crystal clear that when you hear it you can't imagine why you'd never thought of it. First of all, he says, in picking a husband you've got to consider the kind of people he's been living with. The same goes for picking a wife, of course. In other words, whatever the pattern is where he's been, that'll be the pattern where he goes."

"Fair go," Charles said lightly. "You're scaring Mary."

"Oh, come now," Rowena said, turning to her. "The pattern here is not quite so terrible, is it? The point is—I think I've got this right—that if the new relationships are like the old ones, then the marriage is going to be a dazzling success. See? Simple."

"Too simple," Edwin said, turning



"No doubt the day will end in tears," Margot said to Edwin and Mary as Rowena stormed out of the room.

his attention to the argument. "What about all the people who marry simply because they don't like the set-up in their own family? They marry into a different sort of set-up altogether just to get away from what they don't like."

"But Edwin, that's the whole point," Rowena said impatiently. "They can't do it. All these patterns are set and they can't be altered. People who try to make a different sort of marriage altogether, just to get away from something they think they don't like, are doomed to certain failure."

"Rubbish!" Charles said, without heat.

"Now the answer to all this, according to this man, is that you have to marry someone who gives you the

same relationships as you had in your own family," Rowena said, ignoring Charles' remark. "You're all being rather silly. Mary seems to be the only one who can listen intelligently. The best sort of marriage is where the older brother of a sister marries the younger sister of a brother. Or, reverse it, where the younger brother of a sister marries the older sister of a brother."

"Sounds like one of those 'brothers and sisters have I none' things," Charles said.

"Why don't you listen for a minute," Rowena said. "Now take the case of the older brother of a sister marrying the younger sister of a brother. They're getting the same

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To page 80



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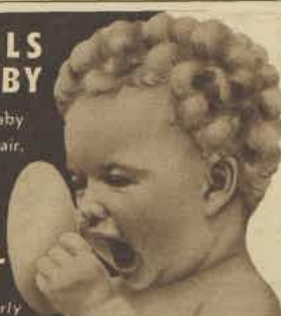
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When the moment arrives for
a shy young man to propose
to the girl he loves, a wise
parent's advice is helpful
... a short short story

By HUMPHREY
KNIGHT



FATHER KNEW BEST

I KNOW I have found the girl I want to marry. She is quick, fair-haired—a bright flame that lights up the shadowy corners of my life. Tonight I am going to pluck up courage and ask her to marry me.

I am a shy man. A dreamer. A man who is always surprised to receive an invitation to a party, or is just a bit astonished when a girl says: "Yes, I'd love to come out with you again."

Don't think I'm wet. I boxed for my university, I was in Cyprus, and at twenty-nine I have a fairly good job as a research engineer. It's just that I'm a mobile ivory tower, and on the occasions when I throw myself off the top into some kind of a relationship I get a bit tongue-tied. I am, alone in bed at night, a brilliant conversationalist.

But I just cannot conceive that Jane could possibly love someone like myself who is so completely her opposite. And as I adore her it makes the possibility of her not marrying me all the harder to take. We're meeting for dinner in an hour's time and I'm going to ask her over the coffee.

It's no good. I can't make it a flip proposal. Something like: "Might as well sign up for life" or "Will you marry my overdraft?" I've got to do it planned and with a degree of dignity—I know I must, because it means everything to me. But exactly what I say, or how I say it, I cannot decide. Suddenly, trying to remember where my last clean shirt has got to, I remember my father.

He would have told me.

He has been dead five years now, although I often hear him talking to me about incidents as I live them now, or else drifts of bygone conversations playing back in my memory like records.

We were such good friends, perhaps because we had similar temperaments, and although I was not a good son—I wouldn't study, in my vague way I got entangled on two occasions with unsuitable girls—he always stood by me.

Lying in my bath now in the warm dream world of steam I can see him seated in his big armchair as clearly as if he were on wide screen. A big, heavy man with grey hair, deliberate movements, smoking a pipe, and with a George Robey manner of speech and joking.

You always knew when he was going to make a joke, because he would clear his throat in a kind of music-hall manner. His jokes weren't awfully funny, but he got immense pleasure out of them, and when my mother and myself didn't laugh inordinately he would sigh and say: "Well . . . I thought it was quite funny."

Of course, to tell jokes to someone like my mother (I don't mean that they were ever risqué stories) was ludicrous. In a way, temperamentally, she is like Jane. But my mother had so many comments, deductions to make about life, charlatans, and neighbors, she had no need of the humorous anecdote that was not based on reality. Besides, telling jokes I am certain is essentially a masculine pastime. They were such opposites. You could say that my mother was a fast sports car and my father a rather stately limousine and prone to run out of petrol at that.

His eternal worried cry: "Has anyone seen my tobacco pouch?" and my mother's always prompt reply: "You left it in the dining-room," and all the variations of places and objects that my father mislaid make up the mosaic of my youth.

I remember the electric feeling, almost of sickness, when on patrol in Cyprus. I know I'll get the same, only much sweeter, when I meet Jane tonight.

What shall I say to her?

My father told me once how he had proposed to my mother—a matter that had often puzzled me, since he was so hesitant and doubtful of himself except in his work as an architect.

"You have," he explained, "to be slightly underhand. Women use all kinds of tricks." He paused because he'd lost his matches and then, finding them down the side of

the chair, continued: "I was in hospital in World War I," and he gave his preliminary joke-cough, saying shyly, "that was before your time, of course, and I fell in love with your mother, who was nursing me."

"Love at first sight?" I asked.

My father was a very judicial man; you'd never get a snap answer out of him, only a considered one.

"I think," he said, "it would be fair to say second sight. My leg was slung up and I was pretty helpless. But I could kick my handkerchief down to the bottom of the bed with the other leg. Then I would call your mother to rescue it for me."

"Finally, one afternoon she got really exasperated. I may tell you, my boy, that I asked her to rescue it at least seven times. Deliberately, because it occurred to me that she might finally lose her temper. She did. 'Why do you keep on doing this?' she said. And she was very cross."

My father smiled a slow, reminiscent, satisfied smile.

"I just took her hand and told her, 'Because I want to marry you.' She burst into tears and I knew that meant yes."

But how had he known? I would never have known. I wouldn't know now. If Jane burst into tears I couldn't for the life of me tell you whether she meant yes or no. I wish he were here now. It's not that I leaned on him when he was alive, or that I followed his advice with the blind devotion of a spaniel on heel, it was just that he was so easy to talk to.

Dressing now and thinking of Jane (after all, she must like me, because we have been seeing each other regularly over the past three months) I feel almost as if I am going off on my very first date with a girl.

I vividly recollect that one. What man doesn't? Most of the chaps I knew when I was seventeen were much more precocious than I. I used to listen to their stories of kisses after dances and their, to me, sophistication was quite awe-inspiring. Man or mouse? Well, lots of mice are men, it just depends in which field of action you're called upon to act.

This moment now feels like that first date, and I remember the advice my father gave me. And I remember the next morning when I came down to breakfast with a bruise on my lip. My father was methodically eating his kidney and bacon. He used to build up each mouthful on his fork, just as if he were erecting a building.

He looked up at me and lifted an eyebrow high as a bridge. "I see," he said gravely, straight-faced as a Mississippi poker player, "that you took my advice."

Then looking at the bruise on my lip: "Didn't you overdo it a trifle?"

I'd asked him before going out with that long-ago girl: "How do you know when a girl wants you to kiss her good-night?"

"Well," he had answered carefully, "you don't always. You just go ahead and kiss her firmly. After all, it is supposed to be a compliment."

I'd done that, but too quickly, and our heads had collided. It hadn't been a very successful good-night kiss. But I was grateful to my father then. And I am grateful now.

Tonight I'm going to go right ahead and tell Jane: "I want to marry you." I am sure my father would have told me to do just that . . .

Now it is midnight and I am alone back in my flat, which has been transported, magically, to the seventh heaven. Jane is going to be my wife!

We had a delightful dinner, and, buoyed up by a fine claret and an excellent brandy, I came right out with: "Will you marry me, Jane?"

And she said yes, just like that. Only Jane had to pay for the dinner as I had mislaid my wallet. In that, I suppose, I'm a bit like Father.

I can just imagine him clearing his throat to comment on that!

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1961



A romantic short story

By **MEL HEIMER**

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

YOU couldn't really have called Jessie Moore a stage mother. She didn't push her child into producers' offices. She didn't tell her child that she was to be an actress. There was only one thing she told her, and that was that she was beautiful. "You were born with the gift of beauty, my dear little one," the statuesque dark-haired mother said again and again. "You will find there are many women in the world who are attractive, but you are beautiful."

THE BEAUTY

To little Hattie Moore, it sounded somewhat different from the way her father had talked. He'd been killed in a train accident when Hattie was nine, but she could remember his saying to her, "Look, Hattie baby, you're a very pretty girl. You're going to grow up to be a very pretty woman."

And then he had taken a little framed sign from behind his back. He had read it to her slowly. "The most beautiful things in the world are the most useless; peacocks and lilies, for example. John Ruskin." He had looked at her then and asked, "Does it mean anything to you?" But before she could answer he had shaken his head and smiled. "No, of course not. You're only six. But, Hattie?"

"Yes, Daddy," she had said.

"Keep the sign. Don't ever lose it. When you're older, look at it often. It will remind you that having a pretty face is — well, it really isn't anything at all. It's nice, but it isn't important. Don't lose the sign, Hattie," Ralph Moore had said, his voice a little tight and strange. "Promise me?"

She had promised, and, truthfully, she had kept her word. She never did lose the sign. It was just that after her father died and her mother took over completely it was harder and harder to remember what he had meant. She'd kept the sign on her dressing-table ever since; more often than not, though, it was covered with dust.

When she was eleven, she won a most-beautiful-child contest sponsored

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"I'm going to walk in the sun and get freckles on my nose," Harriet said to her husband, Ted, as he put his arms tightly around her.

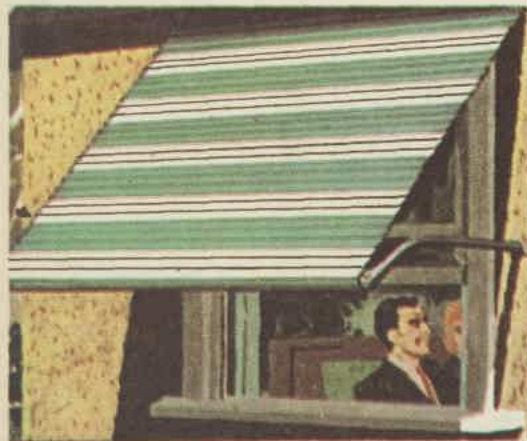


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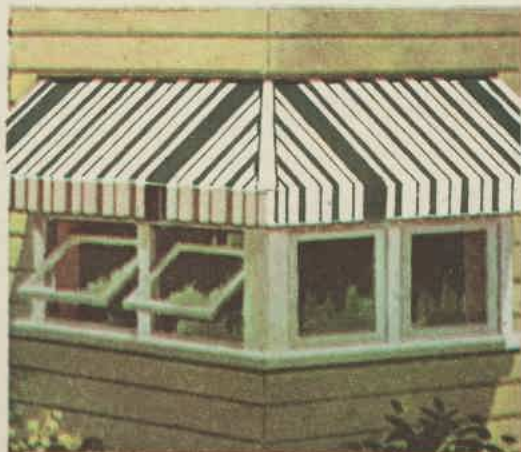
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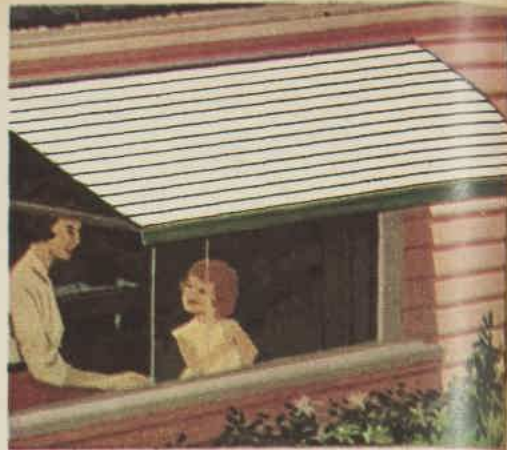
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**The simple words of a child
can sometimes solve life's
stern realities . . . a story**

SOMETIMES I wonder if it were all true. If it all really happened. If I were to go back to that outpost of civilisation, would the children still be there? Would I once again feel that swift, choking upsurge of compassion and love I had thought dead within me these many years, but which I know now can never die? Would they remember me, those waifs of the wilderness, as I remembered them?

I would not blame them if they've forgotten. I was not like them — then. Their world of desert sand was not mine. I came from this other world, where the grass is green and the trees grow tall. Where the great white clouds pile high about the mountain crests, and the wind blows in from the sea, clean and sweet with the promise of rain.

This world, this good green world of growing things, is something those children have never known. Perhaps, in my forty years of blind subjectiveness, I've never really known it either.

There was always so much for me to do, so much that seemed important. What if the rain fell, and the earth breathed forth its fragrance, and the trees whispered to the caress of the night wind? They mean little, belonging as they did to the all-familiar pattern of existence. They were the unimportant things, engulfed with so much else that seemed trivial then, in the swift ebb-tide of time.

But Jeanette, my daughter, knew the truth, as children always do. She made me pause to watch the sky and the sunsets, to wait and listen to the earth sounds. I was all she had, you see, and she wanted so much to share her childhood world with me. I remember how swiftly my impatience vanished when she pleaded with me at such times. I soon discovered that it was enough just to be with her, and watch her radiant, intent face, her eagerness and all her pretty ways.

Jeanette always reminded me of a rose unfolding its petals to the sun. Every day saw a difference in her, some new and endearing quality that took me by surprise and made me wonder at my own lack of perception. I soon came to know the meaning of adoration, and the strange, sweet pain it brings.

My heart overflowed with love for her, until I became almost frightened by this intensity of feeling. Many and many a time I wondered at it. I did not know myself as well as Jeanette did.

All too seldom does happiness attain fulfilment. Blind fool that I was, I had accepted childhood as a state of immortality. When Jeanette's broken body died in my arms on a city street, part of myself died with her. It was as simple as that. From that day I shunned the things we had loved together, and tried to live in forgetfulness.

In a way, I succeeded. But only because I never allowed myself to think of her as a child. To me she became someone else, the "grown up lady" she so much wanted to be, so that, as she explained, she could take care of me! It was an illusion, a pitiful fantasy, but it saved me from myself, and the haunting dread of loneliness.

I fell into the habit of measuring time from the day she died. This is something many of you do when your loved ones have gone, so you will understand. It was in the sixth year that my friend John Morley asked me to accompany him on a long trip into the Queensland Outback, or, as he called it, the Back of Beyond.

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The four children were paddling in the shallow water from the new bore.

THE AWAKENING

By R. A. MONCRIEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS





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A swimming-pool rates high as a status symbol — but modern building methods are bringing the initial costs within the reach of thousands of home-owners. In this five-page feature we show you a variety of beautiful Australian pools with owners' favorite recipes for pool-side entertaining.

A SWIMMING-POOL FOR SUMMER PLEASURE



COOL KIDNEY-SHAPED POOL (above) belongs to Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Vote, of Burraneer Bay, N.S.W. Its leafy tree-lined surrounds overlook the waters of the bay and are the scene for many a relaxing luncheon in the hot days of summer. Below is the recipe for one of Mrs. Vote's most popular lunch-beside-the-pool dishes.

THE advantages of a pool in the backyard are numerous.

Quite apart from its glamorous appearance and the added value to your house, the convenience of an "instant dip" and the saving in fares to the beach soon compensate for the initial cost of installation.

Entertaining at home becomes a carefree and luxurious occasion. Poolside barbecues with informal dancing are popular with both teenagers and elders on summer evenings.

New materials cost less

Modern building methods with pre-cast concrete blocks or pneumatically sprayed concrete have cut time and labor costs and reduced the installation price.

A reliable construction company can now build a pool about 24ft. by 12ft. for a little over £1000.

And, with the new materials and methods, free-form and kidney-shaped pools cost the same as conventional rectangular shapes.

Finance is available from some pool-building companies provided they have sufficient security, and it is occasionally possible to get a bank loan.

The most important single item to consider is the filtration system. It pays to buy the best you can afford. Cost of filtration plants ranges from about £200.

The filtration plant must be cleaned out and re-use removed to keep it working efficiently.

Once the pool is built, maintenance will take a certain amount of time each day. The floor of the pool has to be vacuumed, the top skimmed, the filtration system switched on, and chemicals added to the water to maintain the correct amount of chlorine. The water must be tested, daily if possible, to check the chlorine content and the water's alkalinity or acidity.

You can cut costs considerably by building the pool yourself and letting out contracts for the heavier jobs—earthmoving, cartage, cement mixing.

One Sydney home-owner built his own pool and filtration plant for less than £150. He used rock from the excavated site for walls and did all the work himself.

It takes only a few hours to excavate the site with an earthmover, and you can save on cartage if you use the soil for building up terraces or gardens.

Once the sides and bottom of the site have been levelled the formwork can be made with old timber or hardboard. Ready-mixed cement is quickly poured with the help of a couple of neighbors or members of the family.

It is also possible to have concrete pneumatically sprayed on to your own formwork.

More pools overleaf

JELLIED ASPARAGUS

One large can asparagus spears, 2 sticks celery, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 big tomato (or 2 small), 1½ cups cooked cauliflower, 1½ dessertspoons gelatine, water, salt and pepper.

Drain liquor from asparagus. Make up to ¾ pint with water. Add salt, lemon juice, pepper, and part of the celery cut into small pieces. Bring to boil, cool, then strain. Add gelatine dissolved in 4 tablespoons hot water. Mix well.

Line a wet mould with asparagus spears dipped in the jelly mixture. Cut up remaining spears and arrange in mould with pieces of cauliflower, diced celery, and sliced tomato. When jelly mixture has thickened slightly add it to mould. Leave in refrigerator to set. When set, turn out easily by dipping quickly in and out of hot water.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 23, 1961

Swimming-pools

... continued



ABOVE: Roses, rhododendrons, shrubs, and trees set in smooth green lawns make a charming surround for the 42ft. x 20ft. swimming-pool in the garden of "Heymount," home of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, Councillor and Mrs. Leo Curtis, of Toorak, Vic. Two old lamps cast a soft glow at night.

RIGHT: A cabana designed by Mrs. Curtis is equipped with electric stove, stainless-steel sink, refrigerator, espresso coffee machine, and mobile barbecue. The Curtis family like cold dishes to serve round the pool. A favorite is fried rice — a specialty of younger daughter, Elizabeth. Sometimes she serves it hot, but more often cold with slaw and salad. "It's lovely cold," says Elizabeth. Her recipe is given below.

FRIED RICE

Two cups rice, 2 rashers bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil, 1 small onion, salt and ground pepper, juice 1 lemon.

Cook rice in large saucepan of boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Drain into colander and stand over saucepan of boiling water 5 minutes, for steam to separate grains. When steamed, squeeze lemon juice over rice. Blanch almonds and mix with rice.

Put olive-oil in fry-pan. When blue smoke is coming from it, add chopped onion, saute 5 minutes. Remove onion. Add finely chopped bacon, finely sliced green pepper, celery, raisins, salt and pepper. Cook until slightly soft—about 5 minutes. Take these ingredients from oil; replace with rice and almond mixture, adding more oil if necessary. When texture of rice is right, add previously cooked ingredients and saute gently 10 minutes.



LOVELY STATUARY from Florence gives an elegant air to the big pool at Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Sleigh's country home, "Bayunga," Nagambie, Vic. The entire pool area is surrounded by a high cypress hedge; pansies and hyacinths make gay patches of color between the flagstones. Curved seats stand behind carved figures at each side of the curved steps leading down to the pool; a shady bay tree grows from the centre of a circular fixture flanked by more seats.

GRILLED SPATCHCOCK

Favorite barbecue dish of Mrs. Hamilton Sleigh, whose husband is the Consul for Finland, is grilled spatchcock served with bananas grilled in the skin, lettuce salad with french dressing, and long bread loaves scattered with poppy seeds. The spatchcock is first split in half. The halves are then cooked over the barbecue flame for eight minutes on each side. "I like them burnt a little," said Mrs. Sleigh, "so perhaps other people might like them done a little less." The bananas she puts straight on to the barbecue grill, allowing two and a half minutes each side.

More pools on pages 31, 33, and 35



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Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets of almost £600,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

Swimming-pools

... continued



LOOKING FROM THE HOUSE, across the formal garden to the stone-wall-enclosed heated pool and entertainment area at "Netherplace," the Frankston, Vic., home of Major Robert Lindsay, M.H.R. for Flinders, and Mrs. Lindsay.

Mrs. Lindsay gave us her genuine Italian recipe for spaghetti sauce, a great favorite with her children.

SPAGHETTI SAUCE

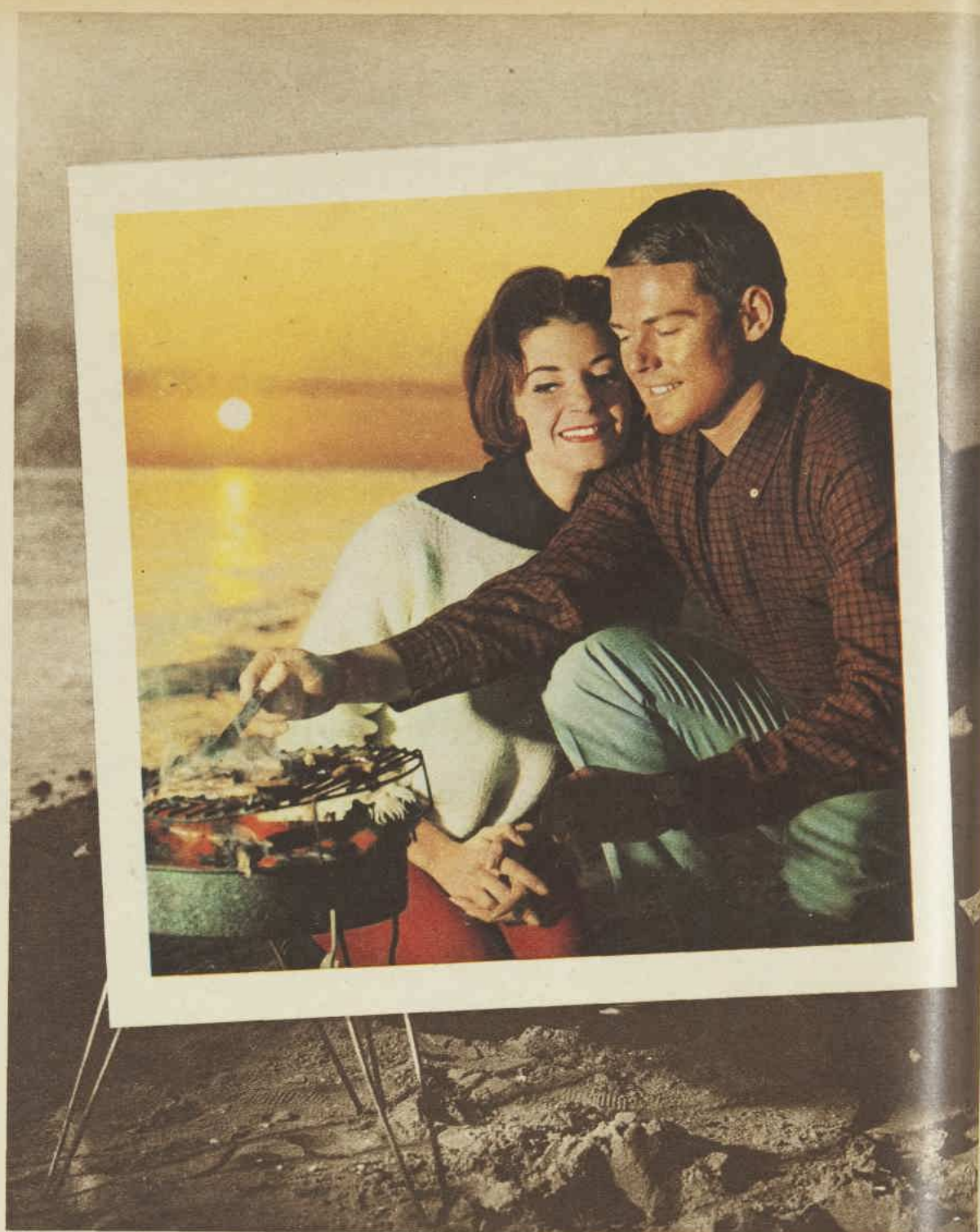
(To serve 10 people)

One white onion (chopped very finely), two table-spoons butter, three tomatoes skinned and cut into small pieces, 1lb. bladebone steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, salt and pepper, 1lb. spaghetti, grated cheese.

Remove fat from steak, chop meat finely. Melt butter in saucepan. Add finely chopped onion, cook until just brown. Add meat slowly, then half-cup boiling water, finally tomatoes. Cook very slowly 1 hour.

Cook spaghetti in usual way. Put in serving-dish. Add sauce, mix well. Cover with grated cheese.

Scene for a summer idyll: pool and poolhouse set in a garden flanked by a row of fragrant lilies.



Your camera takes colorsnaps of springtime fun with
KODACOLOR FILM

Colour is all around you . . . so why not capture it in the pictures you take. Plenty of people with cameras just like yours take colorsnaps with Kodacolor Film. You can do it. Your camera can do it. It's just as easy as shooting in black-and-white . . . but lots more fun when you have big, brilliant colorsnaps to show around, to send to distant relatives and friends, even to use as "special" Christmas greeting cards. Your Kodak Dealer has sample prints to show you. Call and see them . . . and while you're there, pick up a roll of Kodacolor Film and start shooting colorsnaps *now* before the beauty of spring escapes you.



If you're thinking of a new camera to shoot colour pictures, ask your Dealer to show you the popular Kodak-made Brownie Starflash. It's a neat all-in-one unit with in-built flash — ideal for indoor or outdoor colorsnaps as well as black-and-white. Takes colour slides, too. The price is only £4.17.6 for the camera or £5.17.6 for the camera outfit, complete with camera, flashbulbs, batteries, and films, in an attractive presentation box.



Good news for 35mm. colour-slide enthusiasts. New fast (ASA64) Kodachrome-X Film is now available. Try it soon.

From Kodak Dealers everywhere.

KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. Branches in all States.

Kodak

Swimming-pools

... continued



SALT-WATER pool filled from Sydney Harbor by means of a small pump measures 30ft. x 33ft. and has a simple raised mosaic-tile border. It belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, of Darling Point, Sydney.

Here is the recipe Mrs. Dekyvere gave us for her favorite by-the-pool hors-d'oeuvre. It is named after one of her two French poodles.

EGGS A LA GIGI

Hard-boiled eggs, butter, cayenne pepper, tomato sauce, worcestershire sauce, curry powder, anchovy sauce, chopped capers, 1 tablespoon cream.

Shell and halve eggs, take out yolks and mash them. Mix mashed egg-yolks and remaining ingredients well together and fill into egg-white halves. Serve on a bed of crisp lettuce on a big platter with drinks and before barbecued meat.

BORDERED by a graceful garden, the pool at right owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Newstead, Bellevue Hill, Sydney, features colorful cement, non-slip paving tiles, and a rubber edging to prevent scratching. A transparent plastic cover attached to a roller protects the pool from falling leaves and other debris. Mrs. Newstead's recipe for outdoor entertaining is given below. It is an original shashlik variation made from canned or fresh fruit.

FRUIT SHASHLIK

Eighteen 15in. wooden skewers (or one per guest), various canned or fresh fruits, toffee (see directions below), one watermelon, grapes or cherries.

Spear several pieces of the canned or fresh fruits on each skewer with a cherry or grape between each piece for color. Cut watermelon in halves. Stick skewers into skin side of each half and coat fruit on skewers with toffee. Toffee is made from 3 parts sugar to one part water. Boil rapidly together to a golden syrup color, then, using a spoon, give a spun effect by quickly looping from skewer to skewer when beginning to cool. Decorate the dish with leaves and flowers surrounding the melon.



WATER to soothe mind as well as body—in a luxurious swimming-pool (far left) and a placid courtyard goldfish pond—is the outdoor living theme for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mainbridge, of Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Below is Mrs. Mainbridge's rice salad to serve beside either pool.

RICE SALAD

Half pound cold cooked rice, 1 crushed clove garlic, sprinkling nutmeg and pepper, ¼ chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 small chopped onion, 6 finely chopped raw mushrooms, ¼lb. chopped prawns, 20 split blanched almonds, 2 sticks chopped celery, 1 chopped red pepper. Combine all ingredients and toss with mixture of 3 tablespoons oil and 1½ tablespoons vinegar. Serve on a big wooden platter. Chill before serving if desired.

More pools overleaf



Give your family more of your time.



spruce up this spring with Reckitt's Household Aids

Save time this spring for better things . . . speed through your cleaning with Reckitt's "household aids." They'll make light work of your "Spring Spruce Up," do every job quicker, easier . . . better than you've ever dreamed. Buy Reckitt's "household aids"—every grocer stocks them!



Oven Stick—the wonderful new oven and stove cleaner—gives a showroom shine in seconds.



Gentle, easy-to-use Silvo gives a quick sparkle to your precious silver.



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Get a lovely, crisp finish every time with Reckitt's Instant Starch—it mixes instantly with cold water!



Oxford White Cleaner will give new whiteness to leather and buckskin—it won't rub off.



Robin Starch makes ironing so much easier—keeps cottons and linens crisper and cleaner longer!

CIRCULAR POOL IS OWNER-BUILT

● The Hardy family, of Victoria, transformed a sunken tank into a luxurious pool. This could be just the inspiration you need to put your family in the swim this season.

AN underground water tank, half-hidden by foliage and used for watering the garden, has been transformed by Dr. and Mrs. Bill Hardy, of Mt. Evelyn, Vic., into a swimming-pool which is a delight to the eye and practical as well.

It all started when the Hardys began to worry in case someone fell through the iron cover of the tank. How to prevent it? First, they thought about a wooden platform underneath the cover, then about platforms in general. From this they evolved the idea of a platform in the water and a swimming-pool.

The outcome of all the stimulating thought is a goodly sized pool, 14 feet in diameter and 11 feet in depth, with a movable platform which can be secured at any depth from the five-foot mark upwards to suit paddlers, children or adults.

Last year, for instance, the Hardy children, John (8), Peter (7), and Christine (6), swam in water 2ft. 6in. deep. This year, now that they're bigger and more at home in the pool, the depth is three feet.

The platform which so ingeniously provides the variations in depth is simply a structure of wooden slats, two and a half inches wide by half an inch thick, bolted to a ten-sided framework of angle aluminium which has three main crosspieces and two smaller ones.

It takes just five minutes to alter the level of the platform. Six bolts fasten it to angle aluminium struts at the sides of the pool (four of the struts go to form the two ladders on each side of the pool) and when it is to be moved it can be unbolted and pushed down to a lower level by two men. Or it can be left to float up to a shallower level.

When the pool has to be cleaned—and this happens only once a year—four men can easily lift the 300lb. platform right out. At cleaning time there are about two or three inches of sludge at the bottom of the pool.

BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

There is no filtration unit. Dr. Hardy simply chlorinates the water every day. It takes about ten rather large squirts of chlorine solution from a plastic container.

The pool, filled from the normal water supply, is emptied with a stopcock, which allows the water to siphon downhill to the bottom of the Hardy's acre of garden, where the level is lower than the base of the pool.

In winter, when the pool is not in use, about four or five feet of water are emptied out and the platform brought to the top to dry.

Six tons of concrete were used to form the concrete surround of the corrugated-iron tank and a flagged, curved "step" diverts garden run-off and gravel from washing down into the pool when it rains.

The tank and platform are painted with pale green water- and -algae-repellent paint.

The pool cost £220 — most of which went into the concrete surround and the manufacture of the platform.

For weekend entertaining, Mrs. Hardy relies on the barbecue with steaks, sausages, and salads, and, to follow, her speciality, pavlovas.

NEXT WEEK: A small-home plan.



SMALL POOL in the garden of Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade's country home at Rye, Victoria, is just the place for a dip for her grandson, David McGlashan. Partly surrounded by rugged rocks, pool runs off a patio.



SUN UMBRELLAS, colorful tables and chairs surround the 40ft. x 15ft. swimming-pool built by Mr. and Mrs. Eric R. Rainsford in the garden of their home at Parkside, Adelaide. Rustic pool-house is made of brush.



TANK with half of the original roof removed.



MOULDING for concrete surround being positioned.



POOL after six tons of concrete were poured.



Mrs. Eric R. Rainsford's favorite salad recipe to serve with barbecue meals around the pool is potato salad with bacon.

POTATO SALAD WITH BACON

Boil potatoes until just firm, dice, then add chopped onion and parsley. For extra flavor, add cold dry-fried bacon, crumbled into little chips. Retain the cold bacon fat, as it gives the mayonnaise a tasty bacon tang if used instead of butter.

BOILED MAYONNAISE (For Potato Salad)

One egg beaten, 2 teaspoons sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon bacon fat.

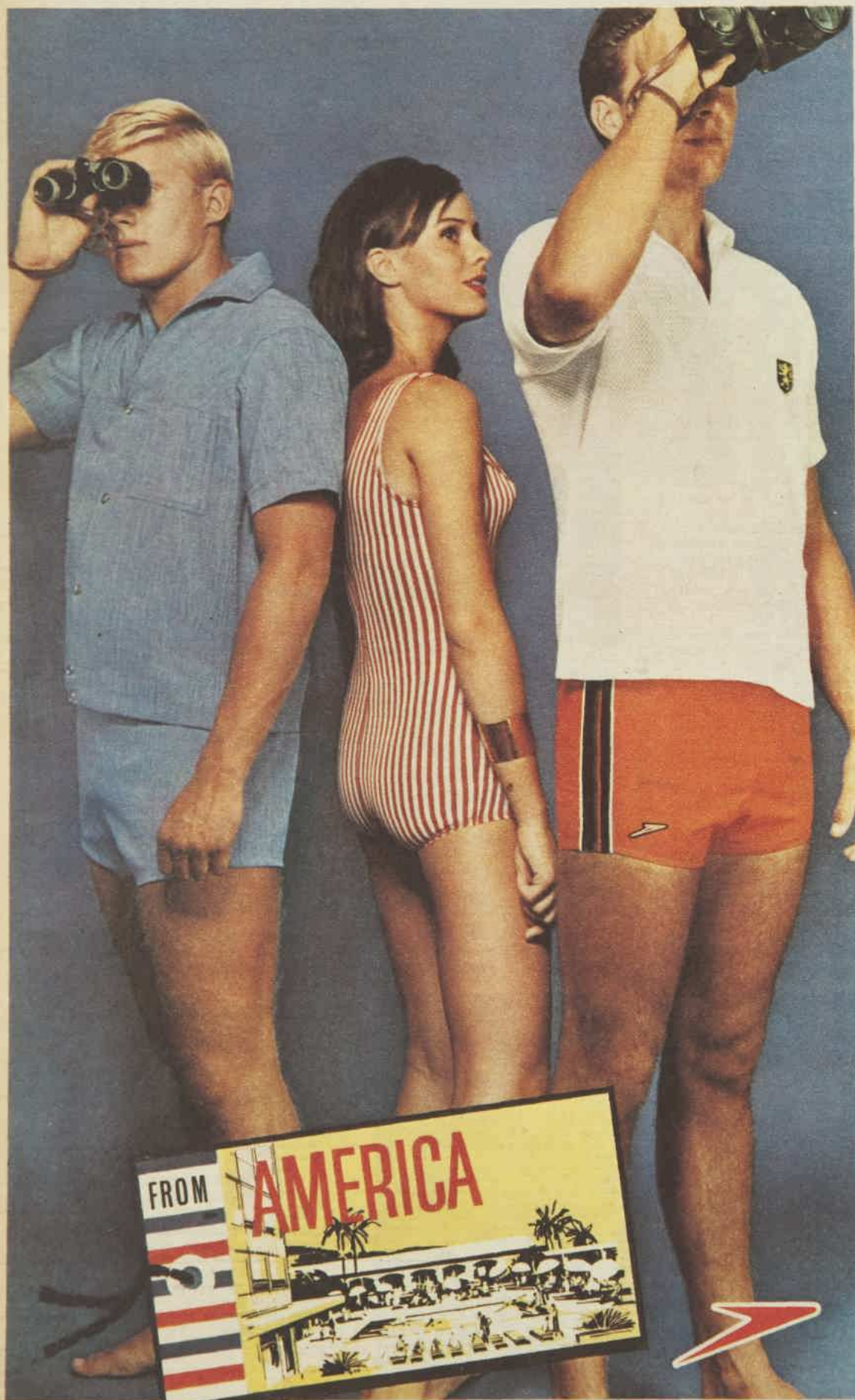
Melt bacon fat in saucepan over gentle heat. Add all remaining ingredients except vinegar and cook, stirring, until mixture thickens, blending in vinegar a few drops at a time.

For best results cook in double saucepan over hot water. Then pour over diced potatoes.

CHARMING swimming-pool in the garden of Dr. and Mrs. Bill Hardy's home at Mt. Evelyn, Vic., is a converted underground tank.

SPEEDO

COAST INTER



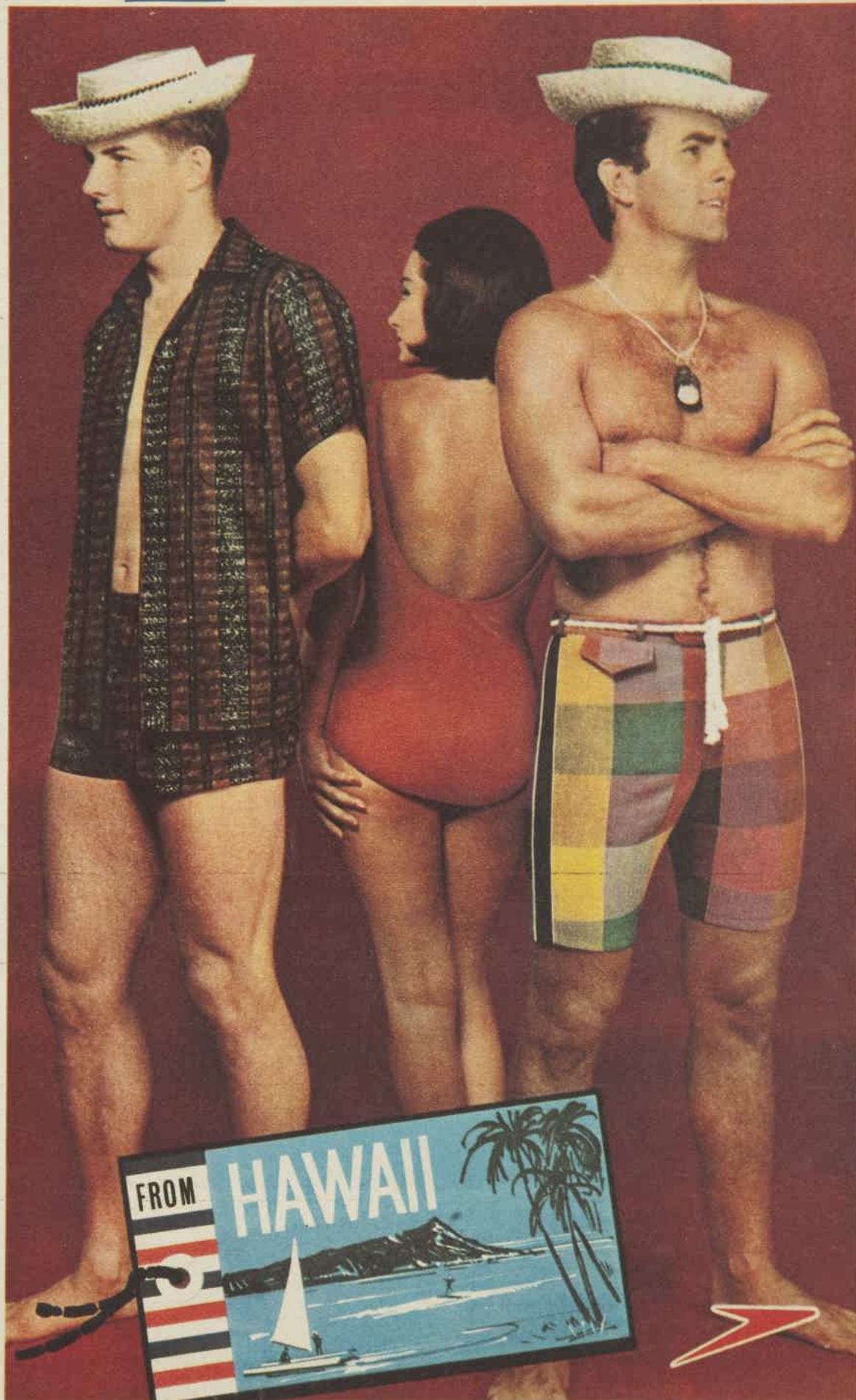
"Nantucket" Shirt 55/-, Short 45/-, Girls "Jetstream" Suit 59/6, Bri-Nylon "Equator" Shirt 59/11, "Sailcloth" Short 39/11 'Lido" Shirt 65/-, Short 45/-, Girls "Fash'n line" Suit 99

WATCHERS NATIONAL



We've scanned the coasts of two hemispheres and found you the styles and fabrics to be internationally observed this summer! Select now from this eye-turning collection. Look for the Speedo label. Every Speedo garment carries it because we're proud of it. It's your guarantee of style that's a season ahead, quality that's faithfully Australian.

ASK AT YOUR MEN'S STORE FOR SPEEDO "COASTWATCHERS"!



89/11, Bri-Nylon "Sorento" Shirt 65/-, Short 45/-

"Hawaii" Shirt 54/11, Short 29/11, Girls "Fash'n line" Suit 89/11, Bri-Nylon "Lanai" 17" Short 65/-



Modess* *because*

Only Modess gives you so many refinements . . . a soft, soft cover . . . an undetectable deodorant . . . a "Magic Channel" of protection . . . and a full-length safety shield.

CHOOSE FROM THE MODESS RANGE!

- Modess with Masslinn* cover
- Modess "Super"—a larger napkin
- Modess with Gauze cover
- VEE-FORM* BY MODESS

Next time you buy Modess napkins, choose a Modess belt, too!



Our Pattern Service from Butterick

● Here, and overleaf, are slick new fashions chosen for the girl who goes holidaying and for the stay-at-home who takes time off in the sun.

The designs are chosen for quick and easy home sewing, and most of the patterns provide variations of the one basic style.

Butterick and Vogue Patterns are available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand. See how to order in panel below.



2675.

2675. — Sleeveless easy-fit shallow-necked shift has side buttoning. Shift (above and right) comes in two lengths, ankle and above knee. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2675, price 5/- includes postage.



2743.—Hip-length hooded overblouse with side slits (right and left). The pattern also includes tapered pants, short shorts, and overblouse with band collar and collarless. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2743, price 5/3 includes postage.



2743.



2742.

2742. — Quick-and-easy-to-make shirt blouse (above and right). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust.

2747.—Pants pattern includes above-knee-length and below-knee-length shorts. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Butterick Pattern 2742. Price 5/- includes postage, and Butterick Pattern 2747, price 5/- includes postage.



Address pattern orders to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O., Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) Please state clearly pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



fashion wise
'TERYLENE'
 does the most
 for you

*They'll be so easy for
 me to wash too
 no ironing —*

Dresses illustrated are 100% 'Terylene'

And does the most for fashion too! 'Terylene' dresses whirl through Summer without a care — easy to wash, quick to dry. No ironing problems either (these pleats are for keeps!). In your wardrobe — or suitcase — 'Terylene' is always ready for Summer fun.



'TERYLENE' IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK

New trends in Vogue patterns

● These three floor-length fashions, designed for terrace and patio wear, show one of the newest trends in summer fashion.



1220.

1220. — New long look is seen (above and right) in a three-piece at-home ensemble. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Couturier Pattern 1220, price 12/- includes postage.



5897.—Patio suit (right and left). The pattern includes box jacket, wide pants in two lengths, tuck-in blouse, and gathered cummerbund. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 5897, price 7/6 includes postage.



5897.



5881.

5881. — One-piece dress (above and right) consists of an ankle-length sweep of cotton. The pattern also includes a design with a street-length skirt and drawstring waist. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 5881, price 7/6 includes postage.



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CREAM LACE and ROSE RUFFLE

Pale new pearls by **CUTEX**

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING NAIL POLISH



The new look is understated elegance. Cool sophisticates wear Cream Lace with its creamy lustre of river pearls. And they wear Rose Ruffle, a delicate rose subtly hinting of lilac. Wear them, change about, to harmonise with Summer white, sand beige, pink, acid yellow, aqua and all the new violet shades . . . you'll soon discover the potency of Cutex Cream Lace and Rose Ruffle at your lovely fingertips!

CUTEX Cream Lace and Rose Ruffle Pearl Polish .. 6/9.
You'll find your harmonising lipstick in the Cutex range .. 5/6 and 6/11.

Cool sophisticates keep a **CUTEX WARDROBE OF COLOURS**

. . . Cutex polishes and lipsticks to harmonise with every outfit. Make a wonderful start with Cutex Cream Lace and Rose Ruffle Pearl Polishes.

NEW FASHIONS BY THE SEASHORE

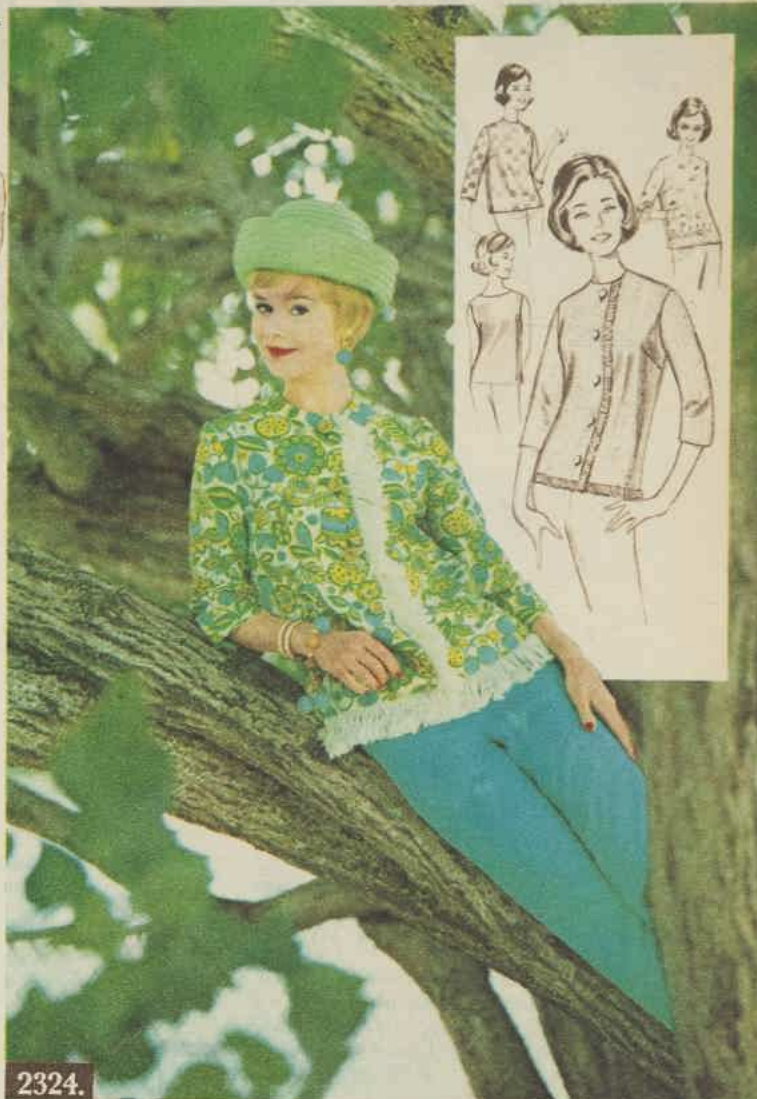
● Five new designs with variations for on and off the beach. The trend is toward an easy fit with the waistline unmarked. Fringes are new again as trimming for summer fashions.

9779.



9779. Long, tapered pants, Jamaica shorts, and short shorts (left and above) designed for the tall, medium, and short figure. Sizes 25, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Butterick Pattern 9779. Price 5/- includes postage.

2324. Hip-length overblouse (right) can be made front-buttoned and collarless with fringe trim, back-buttoned with shallow neckline, and sleeveless. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2324. Price 5/- includes postage.



2324.



2289.

2289. Sleeveless short beach dress (above) has square yoke and two large pockets. Pattern also includes sleeveless design and design with a square-cut neckline. Sizes 12, 14, and 16 for 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2289. Price 5/- includes postage.



2288.

Address pattern orders to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) Please state clearly pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



2326.



2288. Above-knee playdress (far left and above). Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 2326. Dress with attached hood (left and above). Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick Pattern 2288. Price 5/- includes postage. Butterick Pattern 2326. Price 5/- includes postage.



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perfume
from the
house of
Guerlain

CHANT D'ARÔMES (song of fragrance)

Perfumes, Colognes and Talcum Powders also
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Bleue, Ode and Vol de Nuit fragrances.
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"CYCLADE," an advance original creation by René Henri See the shining difference

You can put shining, flashing beauty into your hair
in just one minute with Vitapointe's nourishing care.
At once your hair is easy to manage, frizz and dryness
disappear, dullness vanishes, and your hair shines with
healthy beauty.

Get Vitapointe today and see the shining
difference. A 7/6 tube lasts two months.

Vitapointe
CREAM BEAUTIFIER
and CONDITIONER FOR THE HAIR

Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

● The dress-and-jacket
ensemble illustrated here
is chosen to flatter the
woman 5ft. 4in. or less who
is slightly narrow at the
shoulders and larger at
waistline and hips.

I CHOSE the ensemble for a Victorian
reader. Here is part of her letter
with my reply:

*"Please send me a pattern for a
slim-line belted frock and matching
jacket. My bust is 35in., but I am
only 5ft. 4in. I want a simple style
suitable for city wear."*

The ensemble at right would be excellent
for your height and figure. The dress, with or
without the jacket, would be smart city fashion.
A paper pattern for the design is available for
your size. Details and how to order are given
beside the illustration.

*"Would I be correctly dressed
if I wore a short-skirted evening
frock to a beach party?"*

Not unless the invitation says "formal." At
most beach parties a shift in a vivid color
is considered adequate. However, if you want
to be right up to the moment in beach fashions,
have the shift ankle-length.

*"Should a lace evening dress be
lined with silk?"*

You can either mount the entire dress on
silk or face the lace with fine net and wear
it over a silk slip.

*"Please suggest a set of
accessories to wear with a good
pink linen dress. I also would like
a color for the earrings."*

I suggest a red straw bag, rose-quartz ear-
rings, and white shoes and handbag.

*"Is it correct to have a
shift made with sleeves? All the
styles I see are sleeveless."*

Perfectly correct. Some of the newest shifts
are given extra importance by elbow or
below-elbow sleeves.

*"I have purchased a pair of cotton
hipster pants and wondered if it would
be right to wear them with a
separate top to display a bare midriff."*

Yes, it would. A short back-buttoned bolero
baring the midriff is currently in fashion worn
with hipster pants.

*"After I'd made a dress with
kimono sleeves, the sleeves were
too wide. I narrowed them in, and
now they are uncomfortable when
I move. Is there anything I can do?"*

An underarm gusset will give you more
freedom. Inset the gusset at the underarm seam
of the sleeve.

*"Please advise me what type of
garment I could wear going to and
from the beach. It is to take
on my annual holiday."*

A sleeveless beach shift in white terry-
towelling, banded at neckline and armholes
in shocking-pink.

*"Should a wraparound skirt
fasten at the front or back?"*

A wraparound skirt usually buttons or flaps
over at the side back.



2573. — Slender
dress and matching
jacket in sizes 12½,
14½, 16½, 18½, 20½,
22½, and 24½, for 33,
35, 37, 39, 41, 43, and
45in. bust. Butterick
Pattern 2573, price
5/3 includes postage.
Address orders to
Betty Keep, Pattern
Service, P.O. Box 4,
Croydon, N.S.W.
Please state size re-
quired. No C.O.D.
orders accepted.



Soft like cloth, for those sticky fingers and faces.



You throw them away with the shells and smells!



Last right through a meal, even with "man-handling".



Great for picnics, parties, barbecues. 50 to the pack!

Fresh napkins every day, every meal
and no laundering - use cloth-like
KLEENEX* casual napkins

They cling like cloth, *never* slide off your lap. Soft, but strong enough for "man-handling" at meals. Kleenex Casual Napkins cut out laundering, cost next to nothing to use. That's modern living!



cling-like-cloth disposable napkins

*Registered trade mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 23, 1963

KK700

Page 45

Vive la différence!...



BERLEI *Gigi* BRAS

the only cotton bras with true French curve-allure!

A saucy, newsy shape that really understands women, in an ever-fresh cotton that keeps you cool and comfy. Gigi cotton bras are intensely, Frenchly feminine with a demure embroidery sprig on each

Berlei
GIGI BRAS

"BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL WOMAN!"

cup. It's an exciting bra with soft underbust support that keeps the shape shapely always. Prices — with true French thrift — from . . . 29/11. Short white cotton Gigi . . . 29/11. Long line Gigi in cotton . . . 49/6.

● High-school students all over Australia who are getting ready for their big examinations will find useful advice on this page. It is taken from a newly published booklet, "How to Study Better, and Pass Exams Confidently," written by Peter O'Meara, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Don Shirley, B.A., Dip. Ed.; and

R. D. Walshe, B.A., Dip. Ed. These experts all live in Sydney and have all been high-school teachers. Mr. Shirley is a district school counsellor and Mr. O'Meara is a staff instructor for a firm specialising in reading techniques. Mr. Walshe is author and co-author of several books in the educational field.

HOW TO TACKLE EXAMS

The last few weeks

EVERYONE condemns cramming for examinations—if by that term is meant a desperate eleventh-hour bid by a student who has taken it easy all the year.

It is a stifling, overwhelming experience and all too often ends sadly. But even a student who has worked well all the year needs his last few weeks for quite strenuous preparation.

A SPECIAL TIMETABLE:

A timetable is needed to make the best use of your time, to spread the work according to your strengths and weaknesses in various subjects, and to avoid the tendency to concentrate on the subjects that are examined in the first few days.

Don't try to accomplish too much in any one study period; have several spaced revision periods rather than one lengthy period.

And remember that physical efficiency requires regular meals, regular sleep, and daily exercise.

SUMMARISE AND RECALL:

In these last few weeks your textbooks are put aside, if by now you have their essential data recorded in your notebook—as you should.

You make several revisions of your notebook, being aided by any underlining and summarising you have carried out during the year. You must see to it that you have first-rate summaries of all topics in which you will be examined.

In subjects like History, Geography, and Economics, try to make the final summary of a topic fit on a single sheet of paper so that you can see it as a whole.

The mere reading over of notes is not enough—if you browse you'll soon drowse. Set yourself something definite to do, then study actively, as by underlining or jotting down significant points, or by taking out a summary, or by periodically trying to recall the points. Half of your study-revision time should be given to recalling.

PLAN ANTICIPATED ANSWERS:

When your summaries are complete, set about the planning of answers to a series of anticipated questions.

By this we intend something quite different from "tipping the paper," which is a dangerous procedure. We mean thinking out the whole subject and deciding on a safe number of possible questions on which we specialise.

Safe? Who can say? Yet we are sure you will be quite safe if you know a number of planned answers very well and know the rest of your notebook and summaries in general.

As a broad guide, try to plan ten to 12 answers if there are six questions.

IMPORTANCE OF ESSAYS:

As possibly more than half of secondary-school exams require essay-form answers, get as much practice as you can in essays.

Do you groan when a teacher says, "Write an essay on so-and-so"? You should realise that teachers set essays only out of a sense of duty to you.

It is almost true that if you can write a good paragraph you can write a good essay. An exam essay, done in about half an hour, will usually consist of (say, for senior students) six to ten paragraphs, each of which is written around a point of a plan.

The desirable paragraph for most purposes is a solid one consisting of an opening or "topic" sentence followed by several other sentences.

The introductory paragraph at once takes up the set question by stating your approach to it, defining any special terms that will be used, and announcing the purpose which the following paragraphs will achieve.

The examiner will expect that in the body paragraphs you will make an important point in the topic sentence of each paragraph and support it with sentences that add data, evidence, details, and examples.

The concluding paragraph is the occasion for stating your views with conviction, summing up an argument, or ending a story with finality.

(But look back at the question before you write this paragraph and see that you are strictly relevant. Some teachers, indeed, advise glancing at the question as you begin each new paragraph.)

PARENTS CAN HELP

THE parents' major role is to provide the right atmosphere for study in the home, Mr. Shirley told our reporter. "The atmosphere," he said, "should be calm, as free as possible from distractions such as overloud TV, noisy celebrations, or domestic quarrels. Parents should foster a sense of well-being which will permit full concentration. Morale of the student is vital."

Should parents actually help with the work?

"It is seldom necessary. After all, subject matter and, in particular, methods, have changed over the years. With the best of intentions Dad may demonstrate how he would do it—but all to no avail if the method at school is different. Frustration and emotional scenes often accompany such efforts."

"When approached to do so, a parent may occasionally ask questions or check answers from prepared lists, or merely listen to the plot of a story, the reading of a poem, or the spelling of difficult words. Oral expression can be a useful aid to memory and a refreshing change from ordinary revision."

How about special coaching just before exams?

"It might do more harm than good at this stage. There is often an aspect of panic in such last-minute expedients. Different teaching methods can confuse the child. It is wiser to seek help from the regular teacher."

How about pupils who overstudy?

"A certain degree of nervousness can be regarded as normal. It serves a useful purpose as a driving force to produce the maximum effort. However, a few students are affected more severely."

NOW let us state as briefly as possible the many things that add up to "examination technique," beginning with the day before the big day.

But first a word on exam jitters. Everyone feels them. Don't start consciously fighting them, for fighting nervousness only increases tension.

Accept the fact that it is normal to feel nervous before any serious test and see the good side of this: it will enable you to write fast and concentrate completely.

You ought also to hold clearly in mind a thought that is entirely true and reassuring: examiners are very responsible people who are guided by the principle of testing what students know, not catching them on points they may not know.

Some kindly person is bound to say to you, "Take the day off before the exam—go to the beach—spend the evening watching TV." This is poor advice.

The best thing you can do is have your preparation at the point where your last day is spent in turning over summaries and planned answers, bringing your knowledge to that desired point of instant recall.

Such steady activity is a tension-reducer—indeed, a booster of confidence.

But certainly do not study late that night. Assemble things you need for the exam. Set the alarm clock so that you know you will wake at a reasonable time. Get a good night's rest.

In the morning you need time to do everything steadily without fluster. It is too late to learn anything else—and best not to try.

If it will reassure you, no harm is done by simply leafing through your summaries and planned answers in a half hour; but no hours of study should be attempted.

Do not get to the examination place very early, for you are bound to meet over-excited friends who can only worry you at this stage with brave accounts of what they happen to have learnt or tipped, and this may not tally with your study.

Do not, of course, run the risk of being late.

When you go to your exam seat, organise the desk for action, placing rulers, pens, pencils, rubber, and ink in position; put headings on the pages if that is permitted. You are now ready to go.

Parents can be on the lookout for signs of extreme, unfounded anxiety. Their greater experience of life should enable them to step in at the right time. A family outing, a game outdoors, a walk together—such things might provide needed relaxation and a return of self-confidence."

Are there any pitfalls that parents should avoid?

"Some fuss and worry too much. They treat their children almost as invalids on the eve of the exam. The exam is the child's problem and a parent should not try to take it over. There is absolutely no reason for evoking an attitude of self-pity in the child. This is no occasion for misplaced sympathy, 'smotherlove,' or over-fussing. It calls for a calm, confident, businesslike approach."

● First, scan the exam paper; then read it carefully.

● Underline the number of questions required and the time allowed.

● Put a stroke thus / beside each question you select. (When you have answered it you can complete the cross X.)

● Allocate the available time by writing beside each selected question the time when you should start it.

● Read the question carefully once again before you start your answer. A key phrase or word can be underlined. Remember that every question has a definite point—see that you answer that point and don't serve up just what you hoped would be asked.

● Know the meaning of such commonly used key words as these: analyse, compare, contrast, criticise, define, describe, discuss, elaborate, enumerate, evaluate, examine, explain, illustrate, interpret, justify, list, outline, prove, relate, review, state, summarise, trace.

● Use a minute or two to jot down a plan of the main points of the answer.

● Answer first the question you can handle most confidently. While you are doing this your initial jitters will pass.

● You must write legibly as well as hurriedly. It will depend on the style you have developed in less stressful times as to whether your writing becomes a scrawl. You are expected to punctuate reasonably and spell properly. Lay out the answers neatly; leave plenty of space between them.

● If you have failed to complete an essay in the time allotted for it, quickly set down a series of points at the end. Do not make a practice of this; it is second-best to finishing properly, but it is better than leaving an essay quite unfinished.

● Show the working of a mathematical problem, for you will receive credit for method even if you make errors in calculating.

● An idea about one question might flash into your mind while you are working on another. Simply jot it down on the question sheet and go on working.

● If you have a "blocked thought"—a name, figure, or date you can't quite remember—do not worry. Leave a space; say to yourself, "It will come," and go on working. A little later it will probably flash to mind without effort on your part.

● Never omit a whole question. If, say, you answer five and feel unsure about the sixth, do what you can with it, jotting down points for a plan and writing as much as you can in a paragraph about each point. Often candidates who have not directly prepared a topic surprise themselves by remembering more from class discussion and general revision than they imagined.

● Always use all time allowed. Read your essays, check your calculations—if you have time. And if you still have time, improve your concluding paragraphs, set out your calculations better, or rework diagrams.

● After the exam, avoid a prolonged post-mortem. Mulling over whether you did this or that can only interfere with preparation for your next exam.

"How To Study Better, and Pass Exams Confidently" is published by Martindale Press, 57 Woronora Crescent, West Como, N.S.W. Price 3/6.

Peach Toby

UNCLE TOBY'S CUSTARD AND CANNED PEACHES

So simple, so swift! Spoon peaches straight from the can, and pour hot or cold Uncle Toby's custard generously over each serving.

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Bring 'em back for second helpings—
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golden canned peaches. Try it tonight!



TWO TOP-FLIGHT COOKS

What makes one show entry stand out above the rest? How do you give a sponge sandwich that "extra something" that wins prizes? What are the modelling secrets of the top cake-decorators? Here we give you the competition secrets of two top-liners in the cookery field with several of their prizewinning recipes.



SIMPLE and elegant, this two-tiered wedding cake is a splendid example of Mrs. Vercoe's fine decorative work. Details of the decorations are given overleaf.



WANT to win friends and influence people? According to "prizewinning Sydney housewife Mrs. Bernice Vercoe, of Kingsgrove, it's easy. Just take up cake-decorating.

"I've made many new friends through my cakes," said Mrs. Vercoe. "People always stop to look. Sometimes they criticise, but it's constructive criticism and I value it greatly."

Although she has been interested in cake-decorating for many years, Mrs. Vercoe entered the competition field only two years ago.

In these two years she has won seven first prizes, four seconds, one third, and a highly commended in a variety of shows and competitions.

This year she topped the point score for decorated cakes at the Royal Easter Show in Sydney.

"Yes, I've won a fair few prizes now," Mrs. Vercoe told us, "but I

still think my first was the most exciting. I won second prize in a decorated-cake competition in the Women's Weekly."

Mrs. Vercoe now teaches cake-decorating at an evening college run by the Department of Education.

She considers the use of the right fondants most important in competitive cake-decorating.

Below are the fondants and the modelling paste Mrs. Vercoe uses, with her special hints for first-class decorating results.

Quantities given are for fondant to cover a half-pound cake, i.e., a cake using 8oz. butter and 8oz. sugar.

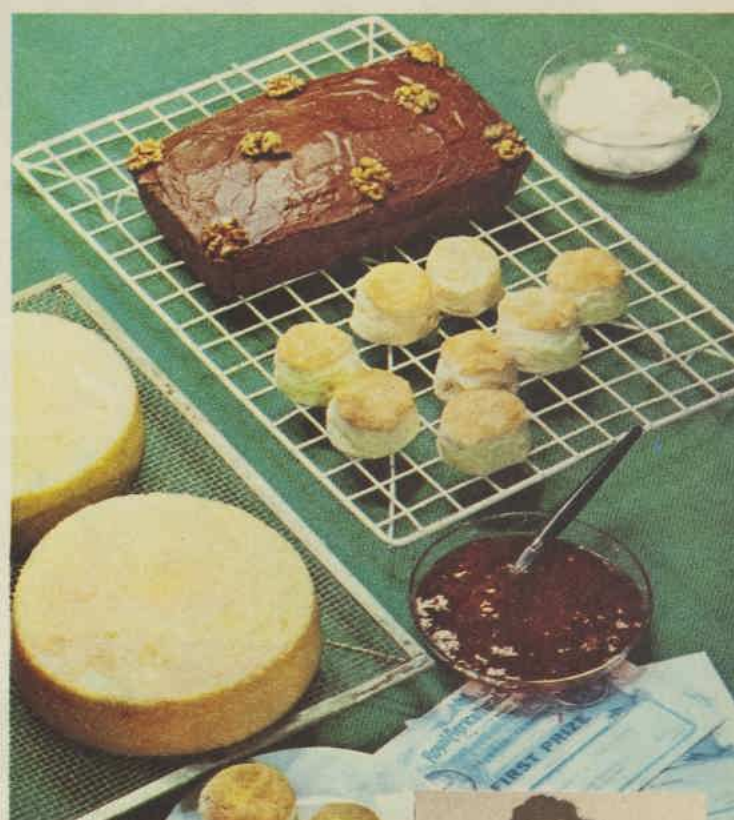
Fondants and Icing

PLASTIC ICING

Two pounds pure icing sugar, 4oz. liquid glucose, 1oz. gelatine, 3oz. glycerine, 2oz. water, flavoring.

Sieve icing sugar into bowl. Put water and gelatine in saucepan, stir constantly over gentle heat until gelatine is completely dissolved.

Continued overleaf



SCONES, Sponge Sandwich, Chocolate Cake, and Strawberry Jam are some of the recipes which have won so many first prizes for Mrs. Whyfon.



TIME and again a wide assortment of cookery contest judges have pinned the blue ribbon on an entry and marked it "First Prize. W. Whyfon".

For in the past 28 years Mrs. W. Whyfon, of Concord West, N.S.W., has piled up a pretty impressive competition record.

Her first competition entry was in 1935, when she submitted two kinds of plain toffee for the Sydney Royal Easter Show.

The next year she entered scones. "I was very nervous in those days," Mrs. Whyfon told us, "and when I saw all the other entries I had a bad attack of stage fright and asked for my scones back."

Happily the judges said "no." And Mrs. Whyfon's scones went on to win third prize in the Show.

Since then, on three occasions—in 1960, 1962, and 1963—she has gained the highest number of points with entries at the Sydney Royal Easter Show and has won as many as 13 first prizes in one Show exhibition.

Last year she was awarded the

C.W.A. Trophy for sweets and for jam. The year before she won C.W.A. Trophies for a sponge sandwich and for sweets.

This year, at the Hawkesbury Agricultural Show, she took out ten first and five second prizes.

Yet, despite these outstanding successes, Mrs. Whyfon is modest about her cookery and still gets a great thrill when one of her entries wins a prize.

And although she finds competition cookery stimulating and full of interest, she makes time for other activities, too.

An active member of the Ashfield branch of the C.W.A., she visits regularly with "Meals on Wheels" and would like to see more people volunteer for this rewarding and worthwhile service.

Mrs. Whyfon came to Australia from South Africa for a "short holiday" 35 years ago. Before she knew it she was married and settled here.

Continued overleaf



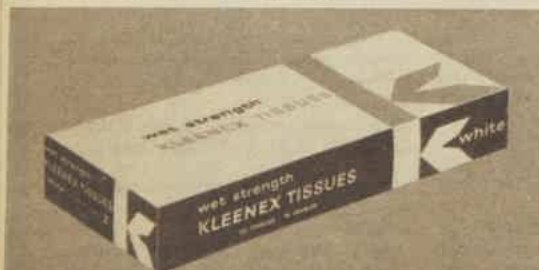
A lesson in make-up skill, from June Dally-Watkins, director of Australia's famous beauty and deportment school. June says, "For make-up, a tissue needs wet-strength, but fine skins need softness. With Kleenex you get the best of both."

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—June Dally-Watkins



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"Nothing better for all colds. Kleenex is soft and absorbent so it soothes your sore nose without chafing. And Kleenex is so hygienic... no unpleasant hankies to wash."

TWO TOP-FLIGHT COOKS . . . continued



Mrs. Vercoe

PLASTIC ICING . . . from previous page

Remove from heat, add glycerine and glucose, stir well. Leave mixture to cool a few minutes, then add to icing-sugar. Knead well. Place on board lightly sprinkled with cornflour, knead well again; add flavoring.

Color as desired, but use color sparingly; keep all shades in pale tints. Continue to knead until color is evenly absorbed and blended. If not used immediately, keep in airtight container. Do not store in refrigerator.

MODELLING PASTE

One pound pure icing-sugar, 1/2 oz. liquid glucose, 1/2 oz. gelatine, 2oz. water.

Method of making is exactly the same as for plastic icing. HINTS FOR FONDANTS: Always mix colors by daylight, because night light can be deceptive. Keep to pastels; deep colors should be used only for novelty cakes.

Too soft a mixture in plastic icing results in air bubbles. This can be remedied by sifting in extra icing-sugar to tighten consistency. Too much kneading can also trap air bubbles in mixture. If air bubble appears on surface, prick with fine needle, then rub gently until it disappears.

If cake becomes sticky in humid conditions, dry out in closed room with radiator or any other form of heat. Keep cake at least 4ft. away from heat.

Use cornflour lightly for rolling and smoothing fondant, just enough to keep hands from sticking. If too much is used it becomes embedded in cracks in fondant.

Do not cover fondant or icing with damp cloth to keep soft. It will absorb too much moisture. Always keep fondant in airtight container. Do not store in refrigerator.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 2 drops acetic acid, pure icing-sugar (approx. 8oz.).

Beat egg-white very lightly; beat in acetic acid. Sieve icing-sugar, using as fine a sieve as possible. Beat in to egg-white, a spoonful at a time. Amount of icing-sugar depends on size of egg-white. Use whatever amount of sugar will properly take up egg-white. Beat until mixture is very white and firm enough to stand up in points.

HINTS: Mrs. Vercoe always uses 60 per cent. acetic acid—2 drops to each egg-white. However, for extension work, use only 1 drop acetic acid to each egg-white.

Royal icing should always be mixed by hand. For fine piping always use freshly made royal icing.

Covering fondant for wedding cakes should be pure white. It should not be necessary to add washing-blue to intensify white; clear egg-whites and clean sugar should give correct color.

Green colors can be improved by adding slight touch of blue and yellow. Browns are intensified by small touch of red.

Don't cover icing with damp cloth—it will absorb too much moisture. Store icing in airtight container, in which it will keep up to three weeks. After this use it only for sticking decorations to cake—not for good piping.

What judges look for

Mrs. Vercoe said judges of cake decoration look for the following points: a good, even covering; evenness of design; fine moulding; artistically arranged sprays; artistic selection of pastel colors.

WEDDING CAKE DECORATION

This is how Mrs. Vercoe decorated the wedding cake shown in color on the previous page.

Flowers for top spray of wedding cake were arranged on wire with tulle to give a soft finish. An all-over piped pattern of a four-petalled flower (see sketch at right) was repeated at regular intervals to cover top and bottom cakes. These were piped with No. 00 tube.

Flower design was finished in a V at each corner of cake and at centre of each side, outlined with embroidered design (see sketch at right, below) and edged with lace.

Base was scalloped with

No. 3 tube. Using No. 8 tube stars were piped beneath scallops. An interlacing with No. 00 tube gave decorative finish to scalloping. Above this, for approx. 1in., was a border of dots and band of satin ribbon.



TO MAKE FLOWERS

Orange Blossom: Assemble with royal icing 5 elongated pointed petals and cluster of yellow stamens.

Bouvardia: Shape small oblong piece of modelling-paste over knitting-needle point and cut to form 4 pointed petals; insert fine wire; finger base of flower firmly round wire.



Lily of the Valley: Shape very small piece of modelling-paste over knitting-needle to form shallow cup; cut small nicks round top with fine scissors; insert wire and hold in position with royal icing.

Tulle Leaf: Pipe outline on tulle with No. 0 or No. 00 tube and vein leaf in centre.

BELOW are Mrs. Whyfon's recipes and hints for prize cookery.

For exact measurement of ingredients Mrs. Whyfon prefers scales. She uses level spoon measurements.



Mrs. Whyfon

Recipes and hints

SPONGE SANDWICH

Six ounces castor sugar, 5 1/2 oz. self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon butter, 4 large eggs.

Beat eggs very well until thick and creamy. Add sugar gradually, a dessertspoon at a time, beating well after each addition; beat 5 to 7 minutes after last of sugar is added. Sift flour, fold in to egg mixture with wide spatula. Dissolve butter in hot water, add to batter, blend well. Grease and very lightly flour 2 deep 7in. sandwich-tins; divide batter evenly. Bake in moderate oven approx. 25 minutes.

Cornflour Sponge: Substitute 2 teaspoons cornflour for 2 teaspoons self-raising flour.

HINTS: Make sure beaters and mixing-bowl are completely dry. Use narrow-based bowl for beating eggs to ensure all egg mixture is whipped and given the necessary aeration.

Leave eggs out of refrigerator overnight to bring to correct temperature. The best sponges are made with fresh eggs.

Use castor sugar—it dissolves more easily. Use only small quantity of butter stated in recipe; too much can cause greasy streaks in sponge. Fold in flour with wide spatula; this helps to fold in extra air at same time.

Grease and lightly flour cake-tins. After flouring, turn tins upside down, bang lightly to remove surface flour.

ORANGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. castor sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, milk to mix (approx. 4 to 6 table-spoons), 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind.

Put sugar into mixing-bowl. Add 2 tablespoons milk to sugar, stir until sugar is softened. Add butter and orange rind, cream well. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, beat until mixture is thick. Sift flour, fold in (do not beat) alternately with remaining milk until mixture is of good dropping consistency. Grease loaf-tin, place band of paper across inside of base, grease paper; spoon in mixture. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Turn on to cake-rack, cool.

Chocolate Cake: As for Orange Cake, but substitute 2 tablespoons sifted cocoa for 2 tablespoons of the flour; add cocoa with butter.

HINTS: Cream orange rind or cocoa with butter to distribute flavor through cake. Use milk for liquid instead of orange juice, which tends to make cake heavy.

For lighter, closer-textured mixture, substitute 1 teaspoon cornflour for 1 teaspoon self-raising flour.

SCONES

Ten and a half ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Heat little of milk, add butter, stir until dissolved; add to remaining cold milk. Sift flour and salt, pour in milk-and-butter mixture, mix lightly with knife. When mixture holds together, knead with hand lightly once or twice until just smooth. Pat out with hand a little, then roll to 1/2in. thickness. Cut with 1 1/2in. scone-cutter. Set on lightly greased baking-sheet, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Remove from oven, cool on cake-rack with clean tea-towel over scones.

HINTS: Melt butter before adding to flour; if used solid it can show up as patches in finished scones.

Knead dough very lightly with hand—only until smooth. Pat out scones lightly by hand, then roll lightly to required thickness. Do not roll right to edge, this rolls out air. Roll only to smooth mixture, then round edges with hand.

Scone-tray should be lightly greased only—never floured. After cooking, cover scones with clean cloth to keep soft.

It is not necessary to glaze scones; if only a little flour was used for rolling out they should have crisp golden crust.

What judges look for

Scones: Well-risen; not too rough; even in shape; no flour on bottoms; no scones made from second rollings.

Fruit Cake: Even distribution of fruit throughout cake; even color; even sides and corners; flat top without cracks.

Sponges: Even color overall; even height; smooth top, free of wrinkles; fine texture.

Butter Cakes: Good flavor without essence; no high dome; no cracks.

Biscuits: Good variety of mixtures, not just different shapes; crispness; good flavor.

£5 PRIZE FOR RECIPE

This week's prize of £5 is won by Mrs. R. Harris, 110 Hedges Ave., Mermaid Beach, South Coast, Qld. All spoon measurements are level.

YEAST DINNER ROLLS

Half cup scalded milk, 1/2 cup butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 cup water, 1oz. yeast (dry or compressed), 1 egg, 4 cups sifted flour.

Combine scalded milk, butter or substitute, sugar, and salt. Cool to lukewarm by slowly adding water. Mix in yeast and egg. Lastly work in sifted flour until dough is blended and soft. Place dough in a greased bowl and cover. Store in refrigerator at least 2 hours or until needed. Shape chilled dough as directed below, put on greased baking-sheets, leave to rise in warm place until light (about 1 to 1 1/2 hours). Bake in moderately hot oven approx. 15 minutes.

To Shape Braids: Roll chilled dough to 1/2in. thickness. Cut into 1/2in. strips 5in. long. Seal together top ends of 3 strips, then braid strips together and fasten ends.

Crescents: Roll chilled dough into circular shape about 1/2in. thick. Cut into wedge-shaped pieces. Roll each wedge, starting with wide end and rolling to point. Moisten tips and seal.



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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Katherine and a friend of hers gave a party in our house the other night for another friend of theirs who was going to England, and the discussions beforehand about what they should give people to eat made me think back to all the children's parties over the years.

I SUPPOSE the easiest stage of all was the earliest, when the absolute musts for a birthday party were ice-cream and jelly, meringues, and an over-iced sponge-cake. The hostess' only real worries then were the weather (would they be able to play out in the garden?) and how many mums would turn up and wreck everything by expecting a formal afternoon tea.

The next stage (say from about seven on), when the mums simply left their children at the front door and came back a few hours later to collect them, seemed like sheer heaven.

After that came the ten- to 11-year-old stage of wild sophistication, when meringues wouldn't do any more. I'll always remember Diana's scandalised face when she came home from a party given for a child obviously a step or two ahead of her in sophistication.

"What did you have to eat?" Kay asked her. "Mucky old dinner," Di said with disgust. "With VEGETABLES!"

I felt sorry for that hostess, who probably spent all day creaming chicken to be served with green peas and new potatoes and sweet-corn, only to have half her guests privately thinking they might as well have stayed home to have a mucky old dinner full of green vegetables and vitamins and things.

After the mercifully short creamed chicken, creamed salmon, and creamed asparagus stage came the long, long reign of sausage rolls and hot cocktail frankfurts and tomato sauce.

Anything else you fiddled round with, like cake and fruit salad and pavlovas, was really only a garnish to make the table look nice and the hostess feel that she'd really made some effort.

Mike and his friends are still at this stage. All you need is an unlimited supply of frankfurts and a copper to boil them in—or else an unlimited supply of sausages and a fire out in the back garden.

The miracle of the cutlet party . . .

NOW with Di and Kay the great cry is, "We must think of something different."

I started to yell with dismay and threaten to go away for the weekend when Kay and her friend Ruth announced that they'd decided to have cutlets for their dinner party. "You can't," I said. "That means people have to sit down to eat—knives and forks and tables and chairs for everybody, and we just haven't got enough."

"And how on earth do you think you're going to cook cutlets for all those people and have them all ready at the same time?"

"Mum, relax, we've got the whole thing worked out," Kay said. "You don't have to do a thing, except give us a free go in the kitchen during the afternoon."

They spent the early part of the afternoon making large bowls of salad. Then they egged and breadcrumbed huge quantities of cutlets and laid them on sheets of foil on the oven shelves.

Then, miracle of miracles, Kay tidied the kitchen and washed up while Ruth used a pet recipe of her mother's to make several dozen savory puffs. These were good.

She used 4oz. flour, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 4oz. finely chopped ham, 4oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper, olive oil.

First she separated the eggs and beat the whites stiffly. Then she mixed the flour to a smooth paste with the egg-yolks and milk. Next she folded in the whites of the eggs, added the salt and pepper, and divided the mixture into two equal parts in separate bowls.

The chopped ham went into one bowl and the grated cheese into the other. Then she dropped the mixtures a teaspoonful at a time into smoking hot oil (they cook very quickly), then left them to drain on paper.

By the time this was done the cutlets were ready to be turned in the oven, the savory puffs went on draining-paper into the electric frypan at low heat to keep hot, and the girls went off to have a quick shower and change before their friends arrived.

They served the cutlets piping-hot and stark naked, to be picked up in the fingers and gnawed from the bone. Most of the salad was eaten in the fingers, too, so that there was remarkably little washing-up—a job I'd volunteered to do since I'd got out of the food preparation.

THE girls had bribed Di the day before to make her (current) pet pudding, which she claims to have invented and is known in this house as Quag-Mag Diane.

Method: Take a radio into the kitchen and turn it on at full blast. Open doors of all kitchen cupboards, strew benches with all available mixing-bowls, egg-beaters, overflowing packets, and anything that is calculated to get in your way and make work difficult.

Next, in two separate saucepans, make two blanc-manges, using approximately 2 tablespoons of cornflour, 2 table-

spoons of sugar, a pint of milk, a pinch of salt, and a tablespoon of butter for each.

Di says "approximately" for the cornflour because she swears it varies, and the important thing is to have the blancmanges creamy rather than stiff.

You flavor one lot with 2 tablespoons of cocoa and the other with a few drops of peppermint essence and enough green coloring to make it a pale and attractive shade.

Let them cool off a little, then, holding your breath, pour them simultaneously from both saucepans into a clear glass bowl so that you get stripes and layers and squiggles of brown and green.

Finely chopped almonds can be stirred into the chocolate mixture, or else scattered over the top of the pudding, which should set in the fridge and be served very cold.

Di's method, then, is to turn off the radio and sneak quietly away, leaving the chaos. That part of the recipe is positively guaranteed not to work in our kitchen!



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were in the sky.. I would fly"

baked oven-crisp by



BROCKHOFF

Collectors' Corner

Several vases owned by readers are identified by our antique expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

Could you tell me the age and origin of a vase in my possession? It stands 7in. high, is of white glass or very translucent china, and has a painted design in ruby-red on it. — Mrs. M. H. B. Greenup, The Gap, Brisbane.

Your vase (left) is Continental, probably German, and is late 19th-century glass. It was made between the years 1875-90.

My pair of vases are royal-blue glass, 13½in. high, and depict ladies with butterflies and flowers. — A. L. Magir, Daylesford, Vic.

Your vases are American Mary Gregory glass made during the last quarter of the 19th century (1875-95).

My vase is deep blue and seems to be made of porcelain or glass. It is decorated with a winding vine design. There are no maker's marks on it. Could you give me some information about it, please? — Mrs. F. J. Pegg, Killara, N.S.W.

This attractive vase (right) is made of glass and is typical of the Victorian era. It was probably made in England about 1855.



Vase is glass.

I have a pale blue vase with leaves studded in gold. The frock of the mermaid is pink, the shell is cream, and the fish is green in color. To my knowledge, it has been in our house for about 53 years. It is quite elaborate. There are flowing scroll-shapes, probably meant to represent waves. There are no markings that I can see. Could you tell me when it was made, please? — Mrs. W. Wakely, Kirrawee, N.S.W.

This is a late 19th-century "bisquit" porcelain vase (shown below). It is probably Austrian.



Porcelain vase.

HOME HINTS

Household tips sent in by readers win £1/1/-.

When baby has outgrown his little bunny rugs, make a snug top sheet for his cot by sewing two rugs together. — Mrs. T. Randell, Caversham Farm, Northcliffe, W.A.

When doing a home perm, smear your forehead lightly with vaseline and stick a generous strip of cottonwool across it. This will absorb any excess lotion or neutraliser and stop it getting on your face and in your eyes. — Mrs. G. K. Franklin, Yaninee, S.A.

To keep reels of cotton tidy and accessible, drive 2in. nails firmly into a board, about 2in. apart, and slip a reel on to each nail. Hang the board on the wall near the sewing-machine or keep in a drawer close by. — Mrs. R. M. Ryne, Aylmer Street, Oakley, Qld.



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the wide-awake
taste you want
in the morning



There's nothing like tea to start the day right. Nothing like its clean, fresh taste to get you going for the day.

And when you miss that first cup of tea—well, somehow the sun doesn't seem to shine as bright.

Get the full, lively taste of tea by making the tea right. Be sure to use a good big spoonful for

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TEA LOVES THE TASTE OF LEMON. For a change try lemon tea. Made in the same way, just put in a slice of lemon instead of milk.

TRY TEA ON THE ROCKS. Think iced tea's difficult? Not when you make it this way. Just pour normal tea into a glass full of ice cubes. Add a slice of lemon. Cool, man!

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THE LIVELY
TASTE OF



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more...



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King-size appetites call for king-size serves! When baby outgrows the normal-size serve, (at about 12 months, or even earlier in some cases) it's time for Heinz new LARGE-SIZE Junior Foods... containing nearly twice the regular quantity! They're the same Heinz *naturally better* Junior Foods that baby knows and enjoys... but the bigger can provides the extra nourishment he needs at every meal. And mother, you'll really appreciate the greater convenience and economy. ■ No more opening that second can. ■ Unused portions can be covered and stored in the frig.



Almost double the regular quantity in 1 handy can!

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

GORDONIA..



GORDONIA AXILLARIS in full bloom in Mrs. B. Mander-Jones' garden at Greenwich, N.S.W. This tree is ten years old and has grown to a height of nine feet.

Gardening Book — page 208

● Two beautiful flowering evergreen shrubs which give color when the garden most needs it — in winter — are the gordonia and luculia.

GORDONIA AXILLARIS and the fragrant *Luculia gratissima* are the types illustrated on these pages.

Both shrubs can be planted at any time out of pots. In summer, however, make sure that the plants are kept moist and well mulched.

Gordonias, in about 16 species, come from the southern parts of U.S.A. and from southern and sub-tropical Asia. They are related to the camellia and were named after James Gordon, an English nurseryman.

Previously listed as *Gordonia anomala*, *G. axillaris* is worth a place in any garden, not only for its flowers but also for its lovely foliage. It blooms from the end of April until late winter.

It is regarded as a slightly tender evergreen, and does best in acid soil, as do most camellias. It can be grown from seed, cuttings, or layers.

The shrub can reach 15ft. to 20ft. over the years. It needs some pruning for shape in its young stages and a light pruning after flowering each year to keep it bushy.

This pruning should be done at the end of winter. If the plant is very old it might be two years before it will come back to its full beauty.

If an old bush has become leggy and bare on the lower stems, cut it hard back to 6ft. or 8ft. from the ground,

leaving only the main branches and removing all minor ones even if they are an inch or more in diameter.

The LUCULIA is from the lower Himalayan mountains, with pink or white sweetly scented flowers in winter. *Luculia gratissima* is the most popular.

Although such a beautiful shrub, it is also very temperamental and for no apparent reason will die out even when some years old. Slight disturbance of the roots when planting often kills the new shrub. Once it is planted, don't disturb the ground. Keep the weeds down by pulling them up or cutting them off just below the surface.

Keep a mulch on the soil, preferably containing manure or enriched lawn clippings. It likes lime.

The luculia is said to do well in any sheltered position, but the flowers are richer in color when they don't get full sun. In cold areas it should be given a corner where a bag or some other screening can be placed over it to keep it warm on cold nights.

Although the sappy wood may be killed outright by frost, the plants usually throw out much new growth the following spring and in a single season will again reach flowering size.

They are easily raised from cuttings, which should be taken in early spring. The white variety, *L. tsetensis*, grows to about 6ft. tall in two or three years and usually sets plenty of seed. The pink variety is best raised from cuttings.

Gardening Book — page 211

and LUCULIA



LUCULIA GRATISSIMA, at the peak of its beauty, flowers in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hancock at Pymble, N.S.W. The shrub is 10 years old, in a south-east aspect but well sheltered from the wind.

Gardening Book — page 209



CLOSE-UP of the same bush. Luculias are sometimes strangely delicate, but this one has been given no special care — merely pruning each year, and a good mulch of grass cuttings during the summer.

Gardening Book — page 210

What could be nicer
for any occasion?



Lucky family . . . with three popular Tea Time Wafer flavours to provide sweet enjoyment! Chocolate, Strawberry, Vanilla . . . you get some of each in every Tea Time Wafer pack. All in generous double fillings. All so light and crisp that you *know* they're made by Peek Frean. Serve them to your family . . . enjoy some yourself . . . at every tea or coffee break. At good grocers everywhere.



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Three favourite
flavours in
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Look for Peek Frean's Wishing
Well of Wafers in the store
where you shop!





Continued from page 23

by a Chicago newspaper. At thirteen, she was modelling for a department store, and at sixteen she was named queen of her high-school senior class. The summer she graduated she did photographic modelling in Chicago. A couple of prints reached New York, and by autumn she and her mother had moved to New York and she was making forty dollars an hour with a top agency.

Photographers who used her for the first time were invariably overwhelmed.

Less than thirteen months after she and Jessie arrived in Manhattan she was under contract to Golden Mark Pictures, in Hollywood. Her first film was called

"East of Madison," an epic of teen-gang warfare in New York, in which she played the girlfriend of a lean, curly-haired, Hollywood-idea-of-a-young-hood gang leader.

Max Jacobson, production head at Golden Mark, had the good sense to have the picture shot in color, and to judge from the reaction of the males in the audience Hattie Moore had found her medium.

After that she worked steadily. She wasn't a monumental actress. Aiko Schlusman, who ran the acting school at Golden Mark, tried hard, but he couldn't get her to dredge up her Inner Self and parade it before the magic eye.

So Aiko did the best thing he

could. He taught her a look that was elegant, mysterious, serene, gorgeous. "Your image," he said, sighing, "might as well be that of the unattainable one. I wish you were nearsighted. It gives that sexy look."

Jessie and Harriet Moore settled in Beverly Hills and became a recognised part of life in Hollywood. Jessie neither raved about their success nor demeaned it. She just seemed to accept it. She spent most of her time shopping in the better department stores and beauty salons. "I found an eyeliner today, darling," she would say at the day's end. "You must try it. I think it may be for you."

The Hollywood wolf pack—an absurd collection, comprising about half former male models who quoted from their press notices and half crude pass-makers at whom even mildly intelligent girls just giggled—descended on Harriet but made hardly a dent.

Only Ted Barrow finally woke something in her that she hadn't been sure was there.

"Hey, Ugly," he said, the second time they were out together, "how about driving some golf balls?"

The whole raffish sentence, as far as she was concerned, might have been spoken by a man from Mars. Nobody ever had called her Ugly or Funny Face or Homely. And Harriet Moore couldn't tell a golf club from a pool cue.

Jessie had warned her, when she was five, that the sun would ruin her face.

"It's night," Ted Barrow added, grinning at her in the blue convertible. "You won't get any sun-spots on that bizarre map of yours." A mind reader?

She tried to brazen it out; but after her third shot went seven feet off the tee at the driving range they started laughing. He tried to teach her a little, but finally threw up his hands and they went to a drive-in for hamburgers and coffee. Later, they parked high in the Hollywood Hills and talked. It was an almost giddy feeling for Harriet to be talked to instead of stared at.

HE took her home at 2.45 a.m. She had found out that Ted Barrow was a criminal lawyer. She had found out that he thought acting was foolish; but also, somewhere during the evening, she had ferreted out the vital fact that if he were married his wife could pick cotton, act, or drive a bicycle on the Freeway if she wanted to.

"If she were an actress," he had said, "why, that would be all right, just so long as she didn't bring scripts home to read in bed."

Jessie still had the reading lamp on in her bedroom when Harriet got in. She went to her daughter's room and watched her taking off her make-up. "You look tired, darling," she said. "You really shouldn't stay out so late." Then she stopped and brightened. "Did you have a good time?"

"The best time," Harriet said.

They were married in Saint Bartholomew's Church inside of seven months.

Sometimes it seemed to Harriet, in those first few years, that they just didn't make many marriages that way. She and Ted talked endlessly about his cases and her films, and more than once they perched on high stools in the kitchen and had sandwiches and beer while they argued happily about which of them was the more famous.

"Talk," she would scoff. "All you do is talk. Even Jack Paar can do that."

He would just look at her as if she were retarded. "And people pay a buck ten to view that twisted physiognomy of yours? I don't get it."

The contour and arrangement of Hattie Moore's face became almost a business thing, something apart. On the set, she assumed her Madonna-like poses, as usual; but at home—At home, she would think, thank heaven I'm not the face on the bar-room floor. I'm a man's wife.

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Fabulous new swimsuit styles in 'BRI-NYLON'.

Hawaiian prints, tiger prints, checks, plaids or stripes—sunproof, high-fashion water-wear in new lightweight fabrics that will delight you with their figure control. In hipster or high neck; from gingham to chiffons; one piece or two. Choose from vivid sunshine colours, sparkling monotonies or black and white.

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What's your idea of *luxury* in the home?

● If you could choose just one out-of-this-world luxury for your house, what would it be? Housewives and office workers whom I quizzed responded with a variety of wants. The young lady who requisitioned her personal slave was dismissed from the discussion early on.

By SHEILA SIBLEY

LUXURY" to most women meant a luxury bathroom. Carpeted, if possible. A matching phone by the bath.

The constant readers among us required a reading rack over the bath, with a gadget that would turn the pages for them. The bathroom had to be centrally heated and have a hot-towel rack. And it had a linen chute through which soiled clothing went into the remotely controlled washing-machine.

For some luxury-lovers, a bath was not enough. One woman also had to have a sauna bath somewhere round the premises.

It was in the living-room that yearnings for the rich, full life really got out of hand.

Someone had a yen for marble floors. Several required a fountain in the centre of the living-room, and there were a few defiant demands for a tree as well.

Others with their feet more on the ground—but not very much more—wanted white wall-to-wall carpet all the way through the house.

White, because of its sheer, glorious impracticability, seemed to be the leading "luxury" color.

There was a request for a white grand piano — with gold candelabra aboard. Armchairs upholstered in white leather were a popular dream, too.

Every dream bedroom had wall-to-wall carpet. One young woman (we sincerely hope she marries money) wanted ocelot wall-to-wall.

Silk sheets were in popular demand, and there were several requests for a television set in the bedroom ceiling.

Several people wanted air-conditioning all over the house.

That extra room

There were mothers among us who looked favorably on a children's wing — a separate part with its own TV, milk bar, and rumpus-room.

Swimming-pools were eagerly sought. They were warmed, of course, and half-in and half-out of the house.

All some women wanted was an extra room — a sewing-room, pantry, comfortable library, or a boxroom where you could dispose of every bit of clutter.

Others (suspicion falls heavily on the children's-wing enthusiasts) wanted a secret room with a sliding panel where they could get away from it all.

There was no great demand for luxurious kitchens, probably because the female dream is to be able to get out of the kitchen.

"All I want in the kitchen," said the young lady I thought we had quelled earlier, "is my own personal, private slave, so I won't have to lift a hand."

Which was, we finally admitted, the one out-of-this-world luxury for which we would gladly sacrifice that carpeted bathroom, that heated swimming-pool — even that marble fountain.

What do you want? What particular luxury would you choose?



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TOMORROW
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TWO colour cards free in every Weet-Bix packet! A true-to-life stereo card (Zoo Babies and Australia on Parade series) and a big colourful car card. Stereo viewers 2/6 at grocers; "Young Australian Motorist" album 1/- at grocers.

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Matching shades available in Max Factor's iridescent nail polish 12/6, Lipstick 9/6.





They talked only once about the way she looked.

"If you had to match me and Natalie Wood," she said, after losing two word games to him after dinner, "Whom would you choose?"

"Natalie Wood. She can hit a golf ball."

"Listen. Be serious. Do you like the way she looks better or the way I look?"

"That's a silly question," he said. "You're the most beautiful woman in the world. Natalie Wood is—well, just Natalie Wood. Maybe somebody mistakenly believes she's the most beautiful woman in the world. Only not me."

"Yes, I know," she said a little impatiently, "but—"

"I'm not saying you have the handsomest arrangement of nose, eyes, et cetera. I'm saying you're

Continued from page 58

beautiful." He walked over and kissed the top of her head. "I look into your face, and I see beauty—but it isn't what's on the outside. I see what might be called your soul. I see inside of you, and I see beauty."

For a moment, she wanted to say: "That's lovely, my darling, but couldn't you just tell me about my face and how it seems to you, because everyone does, and you never seem to, and—?" And then the thought whisked away. She was certain her soul was far from beautiful, but she was glad he thought so . . .

Jessie Moore's campaign had gone deep. Her daughter hadn't realised just how deep. Even when it was bearing its first fruits, as she passed

her mid-twenties, she didn't realise it.

She couldn't have remembered when—maybe a month or two past her twenty-ninth birthday—she found the first—well, she couldn't have remembered, either, whether it was a laugh line, the start of a crow's-foot, or a single strand of grey hair. It wasn't an absurd, panicky occasion. Harriet Moore had known, of course, that age would come.

The thing to do was not give in to it.

There was no immediate change to her existence, except that the jars of oils and creams on her dressing-table increased in number. Jessie, of course, fought

the good fight with her. Her little trips to the cosmetic counters increased; her list of cosmeticians grew. She urged Harriet to try health foods, and she got her to stay in bed longer. "Even if you don't sleep," Jessie said briskly, "the hours of rest will be just what the doctor ordered."

Once in a great while, Harriet thought the small thought: What the doctor ordered? I'm a hopeless case? But those were only the smallest of thoughts. She was, to all practical purposes, caught up in something pretty large.

It was inevitable, probably, that it would do something to her marriage. Ted was the most amiable of men, and there was no doubt at all

that he loved her wholly. But love can be buffeted about by the frailest things.

It may have been the tenth or eleventh time she had stayed in bed on a Saturday morning when he had wanted her to take a swim in their pool or go for a drive.

"Look," he said patiently. "If there's something wrong, don't you think you ought to see a doctor?"

She opened her eyes slowly and looked at him. "A doctor?" she asked.

He sat on the edge of the bed. "If you've got something that needs curing," he said, "you certainly aren't going to do it by yourself. Let a professional look into it."

She couldn't help smiling. She took his hand. "I'm terribly sorry, Ted," she said, "but you've got to understand that I know what's best for me. It isn't something that needs curing. And, if it is, I'm the professional to handle it. It's just that, well, this is all a part of my business."

He sat and stared at her, and then he got up. "I guess I'll go and see the Dodgers play," he said. "Will you be all right?" She nodded, and he left.

It was hard to remember that period very well. The battle against the greying hair and the lines and the marks of the years went remarkably well; anyone looking at Harriet Moore would say that she was as beautiful as ever and wonder what she was worried about. But this was not an ordinary girl-next-door type worried about her looks fading. Harriet Moore was one of a kind, a beauty in the grand tradition.

AFTER a while it all spilled together in a frightening, overwhelming way. The movie parts became fewer, and it did no good to remember that fewer movies were being made. The fan-magazine writers didn't seem to call so often, and no doors were being kicked in by photographers wanting to snap the glamorous Harriet Moore. Some of it was real; some of it was the work of a scared mind. Whatever it was, it was enough to make Hattie start drinking. It marked the beginning of the end of the fight.

Not that she became an alcoholic; she did take to having a cocktail at her side because the wigs—the 1200 dollars jobs that lined one shelf of a closet—didn't help the situation, and the plastic surgeon had said she was out of her mind to have any kind of job done. "At thirty-one?" he had said. "And surgery on what?"

It all ran together like that, and so it was hard to remember why she had got on the plane to New York. But she had. It had been after a night of no sleep, which had followed a strained, confusing, almost-quarrelsome evening with Ted. A little after five, she had got out of bed and taken a long look at herself in the bathroom mirror. By five-thirty she had written the note to Ted and propped it on the dining-room table, and by seven the jet was taking her quickly away from Los Angeles International Airport.

She had wondered over and over what Ted's reaction had been when he had torn open the envelope and read her note, which started: "My

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THE BEAUTY



the finest
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a Woman's World**

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THE BEAUTY

darling — Look, I'm a washout. I'm not good to you, myself, or anyone. I don't know what's the matter, but existence seems so desperately frightening these days. It's better for me to be away from you. You know I'll never stop loving you, but—"

She lay in the semi-darkness of her hotel suite and reached up slowly and felt under her eyes. The skin was soft, and there was no trace of wrinkling in it, as, of course, there wouldn't be after a sleep. She turned to one side and reached for the lamp button. Then she paused. I don't want to, she thought. In the dark, no one sees, especially me. Maybe it would be nice if it stayed night all the time. How funny. When I was little, I loved the sunlight so much.

But she pressed the button finally, and the bedroom of the hotel suite came into focus.

She padded into the bathroom and flicked on the light-switch. Then she shut off the light as quickly as she had turned it on, and she leaned on her hands on the washbasin. It's gone, she thought, and it made her stomach turn over a little. And I can't tell myself that I'm the only one who sees the signs.

The faint puffiness, the ever-so-faint sketchy lines under the eyes, the dimly growing thickness of the skin. Press agents or second vice-presidents at Golden Mark Films could tell her all they wanted to, that she still was the most fantastic thing they ever had seen, and so on and so on. Women know about themselves.

It's gone, she thought. It's going and that means it's gone. It was all I had, really. I never was more than a face, and now I'm losing it. There isn't any sense in kidding myself that Ted doesn't know it, too.

She walked slowly back into the

strolling slowly back to the salt mines. They seemed incredibly young. They laughed and giggled, and Harriet Moore passed them and now and then looked back at their easy young grace. She smiled a small smile. I'm only a few years older than they are, she thought, and here I am, looking at them benevolently, as if I were old Mother Hubbard turned loose in the nursery.

They were attractive, no mistake. But it was beauty that came out of a bottle and a closetful of good inexpensive dresses. That's where they have the edge on me, she thought. They're born average-looking. They've learned to put

on the gloss with cosmetics. All their lives, they've rubbed off the foundation at night and seen average-looking girls. The grey hairs and the lines that will come will dismay them but not destroy them. It's all right for them; they weren't born beautiful.

And then, suddenly, she was tired of thinking about it. She made her mind a blank, because all her life Hattie Moore had been concerned with the way she looked, and suddenly she had had enough.

She had no idea how long she walked.

The pale blue dress clung to her back, quite unladylike, and she found it all dreamy and unreal.

She seemed removed from the people in the streets, and as she walked she found herself remembering some lines from Saroyan's "Daring Young Man." "The city burned. The herding crowd rioted. The earth circled away, and knowing that he did so, he turned his lost face to the empty sky and became dreamless, unalive, perfect."

Harriet Moore's knees suddenly became rubbery. She turned uncertainly and found a bench and sat down. For a moment, she closed her eyes and shivered, despite the heat of the day; but when she opened them she found she wasn't dreamless and unalive. She was in Central Park.

Across the lane were several other benches. On one, sitting alone, were a young woman of indeterminate age and a small girl.

The little girl, who must have been about four or five, had straight brown hair and an angular figure. She was leaning against the young woman, who obviously was her mother. The woman was sitting carefully, a little uncomfortably, so as not to waken the child.

The dark glasses Hattie Moore wore made the scene seem as if it were behind grey gauze. She took them off and, squinting a little in the sunshine, looked at the woman's face. It had almost no make-up, and there was a mole near the corner of the mouth. The woman was in a man's white shirt, open at the collar, and a green skirt.

She appeared very ordinary; but there was something special in the way she looked at the little girl. Every now and then she would sneak a glance, softly, tenderly,

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FROM THE BIBLE

● "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

—Genesis 28:15.

bedroom, dropped on to the bed, and, picking up the phone, called room service and ordered a drink.

The waiter's face was impassive when he brought the drink. She sat on the sofa by the coffee table, sipping it and wondering what he was telling the others downstairs in the room-service department. You know that movie actress, that Harriet Moore? I just brought her a pick-me-up. What a jolt. She looks like a truck hit her. You remember what she used to look like?

She sat there for a long time. It must have been a little after noon when she finally put on some clothes. She had to go to a window and push open the draperies—not to see what kind of day it was but what season. She saw, here and there, a woman in a light, sleeveless dress. It must be summer.

That's the silliest thing I ever heard of, she thought. It's an affectation. I've just let things slide a little, and now I'm trying to tell myself I'm not sure what the season is. Harriet Moore put on a dark red wig and dark glasses and a pale blue dress and matching shoes.

The elevator girl had to look two or three times. "I didn't know it was you, Miss Moore," she said. "That's a very becoming hairstyle."

At least, she thought, she wouldn't be recognised on the street. It was an odd thought, for an actress. It was just that this day, for some reason, she wanted to be completely alone.

She went out into the midday sunshine, turned right on Park Avenue, and walked slowly. The city was being swallowed alive by one of its special death-dealing warm days.

It was the lunch hour, and Park Avenue had a fairly full complement of secretaries and shopgirls

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The scriptwriters, Harriet thought, would say her face was like a shield with the sun on it.

She sat there for what seemed a long time, watching. Then the little girl straightened up and looked around. She turned and saw Harriet Moore, sitting on the bench across the way.

She walked over to her, kind of straddle-legged, and stood in front of her. Harriet smiled, but the little girl just stared at her gravely, and Harriet wasn't sure where to go from there. Little girls were not her specialty; so she just sat.

The child climbed on to the bench slowly and knelt beside her. And looked. She looked for eight or ten seconds. Then she climbed down from the bench and backed off a step or two. She looked Harriet straight in the eye. "You're pretty,"

Continued from page 63

she said, "but not as pretty as my mother."

She turned and ran across to the other bench and climbed on to her mother's lap and hugged her. After she had planted some wet kisses on her mother's cheek, she turned and beamed at Harriet Moore. "My mother's the prettiest woman in the whole world," she said.

The woman sighed, shrugged, and looked at Harriet with a smile. She let the smile say it for her: "I've given birth to a nut. This foolish child doesn't know, honey, that you're really a beautiful woman. Well, that's a crazy kid for you. What can you do?"

But Hattie Moore sat there, looking at the woman, looking past her

apologetic smile, looking at the way the child coveted her mother's face admiringly.

Someone invented the phrase: the moment of truth. After a while she got up, plucked the front and back of the pale blue dress away from her body, and flapped it a little to get some air, and then she walked firmly down the lane. Jessie Moore would have had a fit if she had seen her daughter. To be out in that wicked sun was suicidal to begin with—but without dark glasses?

It was not quite evening when the jet swung out over the edge of the Pacific, banked, and made a final approach, touching down on the long runway. Harriet

Moore was the first one down the ramp, and she didn't even bother to wait for her single bag. She took the first cab on the line, and it slid quickly past the airport motels, past the little houses on the dreary roads, and headed for Beverly Hills, where the stars live.

She walked around the driveway of the rambling, ranch-style house and went in through the kitchen door, because she thought it would be a kind of surprise that way. But he was in the kitchen, with the refrigerator door open, and he had his hand on a carton of eggs.

She closed the door behind her and said hello. "My father," she said, "gave me a sign when I was

a little girl. The sign said something about the most beautiful things in the world being the most useless. Like peacocks and lilies."

He straightened up, egg-box in hand. "Oh," he said thoughtfully, "I don't know. You probably could find a use for lilies. Sure. Funerals. Where would a funeral be without—"

"My father," she said decisively, "was a—"

"Wise man. A very wise man."

He put the egg-box on the kitchen table, and they walked to each other, he taking three steps and she four. When his arms were around her, she held to him tightly and talked into his black knitted tie. He had seven black knitted ties, and some day when he wasn't looking she was going to throw them all away.

"I think I have a freckle," Harriet Moore said. "On my nose."

"I always liked freckles."

"I'm going to get more. I'm going to walk in the sun and get sunburn blisters on my back."

"As long as you remain decent," he said, running his hand through her hair. "Just make sure you have on a dress."

"I'm not going to get rid of all those bottles on my dresser exactly," she said, "but I think I'll begin by cutting down. I'm—"

she pulled away a little and looked up into his face—"I'm going to grow old," she said. "I'm entitled."

For a moment, he didn't say anything. Then he took her by the shoulders and looked down into her face. "I don't want to spoil you," Ted Barrow said softly, "but you look beautiful. I've never seen that ugly face look so wonderful. You know, it wouldn't surprise me but that you're the most beautiful woman in the world."

She put up her lips to be kissed, and he kissed them. Then she shook her head. "No," Hattie Moore said slowly, "but I just might be, sometime. It could happen." She glanced up at him, and then she pushed him through the swinging door into the living-room and said for him to hold his horses and she'd fry some eggs.

She went back into the kitchen and picked up the egg-box. Then she looked at the door and started to say "Hey," but she checked herself. A person didn't have to overdo this domestic bit, of course, but one might as well learn sometime in her life how to fry an egg.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



It had no floor, could easily be moved to fresh ground, and would provide the lions with a spacious and comfortable place of confinement in which they would be able to recover from their journey.

After opening the back of the communal crate, we placed Little Elsa's and Gopa's cages with their doors opposite the opening, then with block and tackle we raised the trapdoors of the cages.

For a few moments nothing happened, then, suddenly, Gopa rushed into Little Elsa's cage; he sat on her and they licked and hugged each other, overwhelmed with joy at being reunited.

Quickly we closed the door behind them and replaced Gopa's empty cage by the one containing Jespah.

The instant we opened his door he was out like a flash, and covered his brother and sister, as if to protect them from further disaster, and started to lick and embrace them.

As we watched them we became more than ever convinced that we had done well to move the cubs in cages which allowed them to see each other.

This had probably resulted in some extra chafing, but it would be easier to heal wounds than broken spirits. We were delighted to see that in spite of all they had gone through the cubs were as friendly as they had always been.

Now they needed rest

If we had been able to give them tranquillisers we could probably have avoided the chafing, but as we had had to move them in such improvised conditions we had no means of administering the drug, and we had been warned against using drugs which might have lowered their resistance.

Now we had to see that they got rested and made up for their lost meals.

We put a carcass into the communal crate, told our men to camp a little way off, and parked our Land-Rovers right and left of the crate to protect the cubs from night prowlers.

While we were in camp having our first hot meal in four days the park warden and his family visited us.

The park authorities had kindly given us permission to look after the cubs until they had settled in their new home and could fend for themselves.

The park warden told us that we could feed them on game animals shot outside the Serengeti Park, specified the area, which was some 40 miles away, and also the type of animal we were allowed to shoot.

He offered us any help we might need and was very sympathetic.

When we got back to the cubs they were all lying in the communal crate.

The cubs' faces were a shocking sight, for the big cage was made of weldmesh wire, which chafed them even more than the iron bars of the travelling crates.

Poor Gopa was the most battered and he and Little Elsa growled savagely whenever we came close to the crate. Jespah did not mind our presence and even allowed us to pluck at the arrowhead in his rump (a result of his raids on African villages); but we failed to extract it.

We settled down for the night. When it became light I was pleased to see that, in spite of the heavy dew, none of the cubs seemed to be seriously ill — in fact they looked very content and their bellies were full.

"The cubs' new home"

It was a brisk morning, but as soon as it got hot the horrid flies appeared and literally covered the cubs. Poor Jespah kept brushing one front paw against his sores, while with the other he hugged Little Elsa.

One thing I noticed was that Little Elsa's canine teeth were almost three times as large as those of her brothers, and I wondered whether this was an individual characteristic or only the normal ratio of development between the sexes.

Since it is the lioness who usually does the killing, it seems possible

Continued from page 19

that she develops stronger canines at an earlier age than the male.

When George returned about 3 o'clock with a carcass we discussed the question of releasing the cubs. We had intended to keep them confined for another day or two so as to build them up, but the torment of the flies made us change our minds and we decided to release them then and there.

It was a good time of day, since during the hot hours the cubs were less energetic, therefore less likely to bolt or panic; moreover, at this

hour there was less danger of their meeting wild lions.

After placing the carcass between the cage and the river, we hoisted one of the travelling boxes, thus opening an exit. When they saw us doing this, the cubs rushed in terror to the farthest corners of the communal crate and huddled close together.

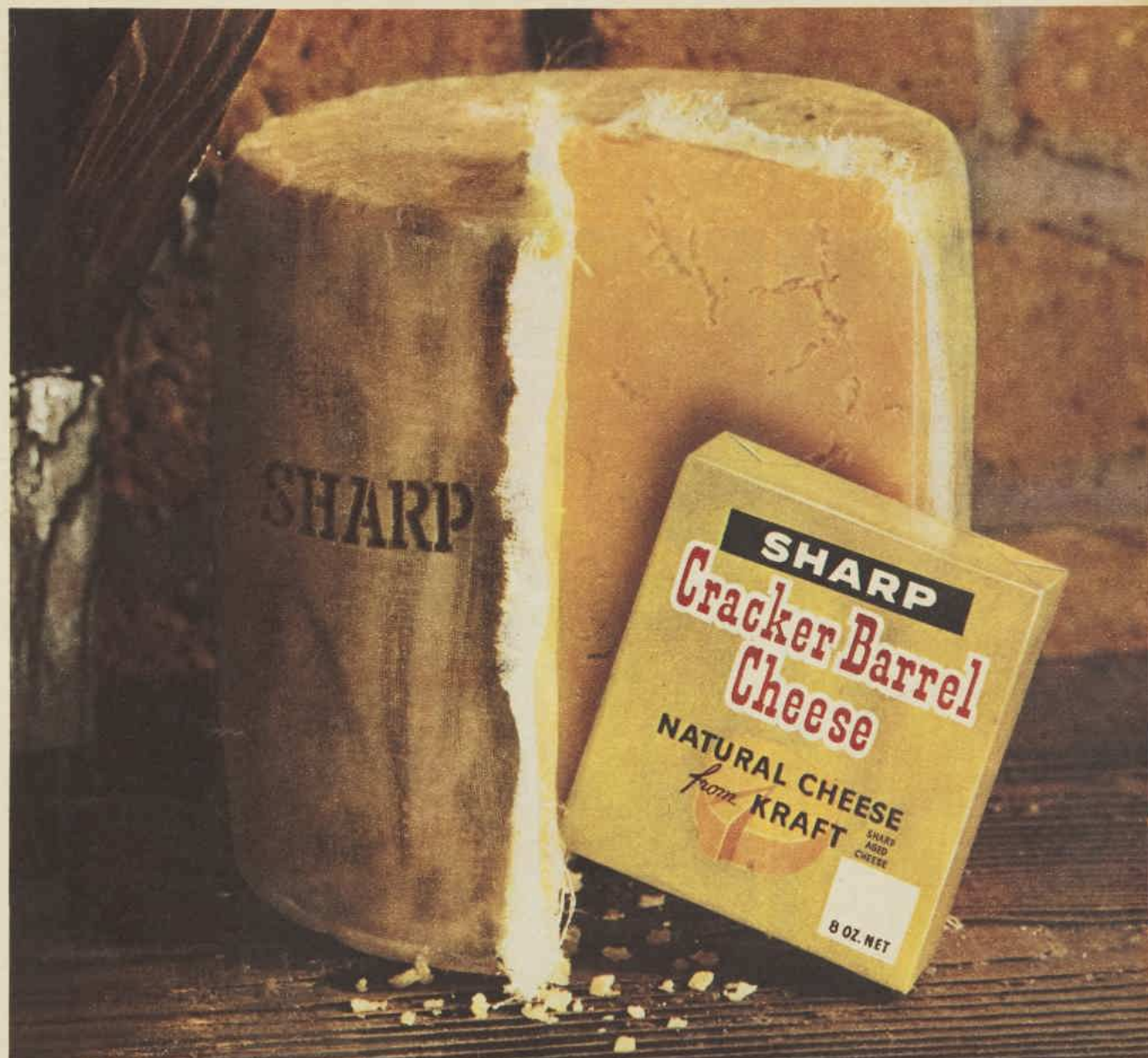
After some time Gopa suspiciously investigated the opening, cautiously retreated several times, and then walked out in a most dignified manner. He took no interest in the "kill," but continued slowly toward the river. After

about a hundred yards he stopped, hesitated, and then walked calmly on.

Jespah and Little Elsa held each other close; they had puzzled expressions as they watched Gopa walking away. Then Jespah went up to the exit and moved out. He, too, went slowly toward the river, pausing several times to look back at his sister.

Meanwhile Little Elsa rushed frantically up and down the crate or stood upright against it, plainly desperately anxious to join her brothers and not knowing how to do so, till at last she found the way to freedom and trotted quickly after Jespah, and all three cubs disappeared into the reeds.

Continued on page 66



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Almost immediately a cloud-burst screened them from our view.

As soon as the grey curtain lifted we searched the place where we had last seen the cubs through our fieldglasses, but there was no trace of them. I was glad that at least they had walked straight to the river, since this meant that they would know where to get a drink.

The river provided for all the cubs' needs; its bed carried a slow-flowing stream of fresh water, and even in the dry season a few pools would remain; and beyond the far bank a chain of hills concealed an extensive salt-lick which was frequented by many animals.

We were happy to think that if only our cubs were accepted by

the local lions they were not going to find life too difficult here.

Soon after dark a pride of three or more lions came so close that the light from our torches was reflected in their eyes. They were followed by a few hyenas. A little later we heard baboons shrieking in alarm, and sweeping our spotlight in the direction from which the noise came saw three pairs of eyes, half-way up the hill beyond the river.

We thought these might be those of the cubs, who, after their experience with the Fierce Lioness,

Continued from page 65

were likely to keep away from other lions.

Next evening the cubs arrived at about 9 o'clock. They ate hungrily, but when George switched on his headlights they bolted and did not return for an hour. This time they settled down to their dinner.

Jespah even asked for two rations of cod-liver oil and took it in his usual way out of the pie-dish which George held out to him, so we knew that in spite of all he had lately suffered he still trusted us.

All three cubs had a good fill-up and left at dawn.

As soon as they had gone a lion roared loudly; he was alarmingly close and soon I saw a splendid dark-maned lion clearly silhouetted against the blood-red morning sky.

He sniffed in the direction of the kill, then walked to the back of George's car and watched the mosquito-net flapping inside.

When he showed an inclination to investigate the carcass, we shouted at the top of our voices, and he trotted off.

As soon as he had gone, we hoisted the kill beyond his reach

and then drove to the camp to warm ourselves with some hot tea.

We spent the day reconnoitring the area. The annual migration of the animals of the plain was expected to move through the valley soon, but, although the day before George had seen some large herds of wildebeeste and zebras assembling near the border, today we saw only the usual inhabitants of the valley.

Toward evening we went back to our post near the "kill." Gopa arrived at dusk, but hid in the tall grass until he thought it was dark enough to be safe for him to come to his meal. Jespah soon followed him, but Little Elsa did not appear.

Instead, the dark-maned lion and his two lionesses turned up. They crouched within eight yards of my car while, on the other side of it, Gopa and Jespah crunched their dinner.

I was sorry I had not got a flashlight and could not take a photograph of this absurd party; three hungry wild lions crouching in the grass, only separated from the cubs by my car.

Jespah and Gopa were not in the least worried by the proximity of the local lions; indeed, they must have had complete confidence in our ability to protect them, for when they were full up they rolled on their backs.

Suddenly there was a faint call from over the river; perhaps it was Little Elsa, for instantly the brothers sneaked off behind George's car, avoiding the wild lions. We spent the rest of the night keeping the wild pride at bay.

Park trust's ultimatum

On May 7 George left early to get a new "kill" outside the Serengeti. The track to the border was rough and I did not expect him back till the afternoon.

About lunchtime the clouds gathered threateningly over the camp; as the first drops fell a Land-Rover unexpectedly appeared, bringing the Chairman of the Trustees of the National Park and his party, which included the park warden. We hurried into the tent to avoid a drenching.

The chairman told me that he appreciated the publicity the cubs were giving to the Serengeti, but went on to say that by the end of May we must leave, as the tourist season opened in June and our camping out and feeding the lions might arouse criticism.

I was horrified, for we had brought the cubs to the Serengeti believing that we should be allowed to look after them until they were able to provide for themselves, and no one could yet tell when that would be.

I told the chairman that we had always wished to ensure that the cubs should eventually lead a wild life, and that for this reason we had refrained from making pets of them; but I stressed that we really could not abandon them.

I suggested, to avoid the difficulties he foresaw, that we should move our camp to some place far from the tourist tracks, and I promised to be very discreet about feeding the cubs, but pointed out that by the end of May they would only be seventeen months old and that as a rule lions of that age are not yet able to hunt on their own.

At this moment George returned and supported my view. The chairman did not agree to our proposal and left us dismayed.

The cubs had only been released a few days; up till then they had been dependent upon

Continued on page 67

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us, and we felt it would be monstrous just to dump them and hope that they would manage somehow.

When we took up our night station we found the cubs already waiting for us. George was tired after his long drive, so he went to sleep and I sat up to guard the cubs.

Jespah came several times to the back of my car asking to be patted and remained quite still while I stroked him.

This was the first time he had done such a thing since he had left Elsa's camp. In spite of all that had happened, he still trusted us and acted as liaison between his brother and sister and ourselves.

We were both sure that without him neither Gopa nor Little Elsa would have put up with us. Gopa had the strength and independence to be the leader of a pride, but he lacked the qualities of affection and understanding which distinguished his mother and his brother.

The cubs spent the night devouring the fresh kill. At dawn they walked off, their bellies swinging heavily from side to side. They were in perfect condition, except for some sores from chafing, and of course Jespah still had the arrowhead in his rump.

One afternoon we drove across the plain to look at some rocky outcrops which provided ideal lie-ups for lions.

Gigantic boulders piled haphazardly upon each other formed cliffs, caves, crevasses, and platforms, all of which were overgrown by a jungle of shrub whose silvery roots gripped the rocks like tentacles.

Nervous among their neighbors

These picturesque outcrops rose above a flat plain in which Thomson's gazelle, wildebeeste, topi, zebra, and kongoni were peacefully grazing, and ostriches strutted among them, hardly any of which bothered to raise their heads as we drove by.

As we passed some rocks we saw a pride of lions, who sleepily observed our approach but soon lost interest in us and continued their siesta.

They were lying in the shade of a fig-tree, huddled so close together that it took us some time before we discovered that the tawny heap consisted of three lionesses and five cubs.

Two of the cubs could not have been more than three weeks old; the others were about the same age as Elsa's cubs; though they were smaller their ruffs were much longer than those of Jespah and Gopa.

I wished that Elsa's cubs could join such a family, but I feared that they were already too big to be adopted by a pride; on the other hand, they might be at a good age to start off on their own life, for since they were still too young to compete with adult lions for a mate they ought not to get involved in any serious quarrels in the next few months, during which they could learn the art of hunting.

That night the cubs arrived soon after our vigil had begun. They seemed unusually nervous, and bolted the moment they heard a lion calling, far away. They returned at 3 a.m., gulped the food and left.

The following night the same thing happened. The next night, as soon as we lowered the carcass they rushed at the meat and spent the night gorging. By morning there was nothing left but a few bones; this meant that we must again drive outside the Serengeti and go hunting for them.

"The cubs' new home"

Quite close to the camp we passed the dark-maned lion and his two girl-friends.

Not more than a mile farther on we saw a magnificent blond-maned lion sunning himself on the open plain. He stretched and yawned as though we weren't there. After that, I had hardly time to change my film before we ran into another pair of lovesick lions. They ignored us.

The plain was glistening from the night's rain, each blade of grass sparkled with drops of dew. In whatever direction we looked

Continued from page 66

we saw animals chasing and fighting each other.

The cheeky little Thomson's gazelle not only challenged each other to a game but even our Land-Rover.

Then eland-antelopes larger than bulls bounded away, and troops of mongoose, who had been basking in the sun, scampered into the grass.

Comic-looking kongoni frolicked amongst herds of topi, which tossed their black heads and snorted as if they were blowing

their noses, and some sleek silver-backed jackals, watching a hobbling hyena searching for food, peeped out from between tufts of grass.

The farther we drove the more wooded and hilly the country became and the more the herds of animals increased. When we neared the border we might have been passing through a gigantic cattle sale such as the stock-rearing tribes hold on the northern frontier.

Mile after mile under every tree groups of wildebeeste and zebra crowded together to the limit of the shade; whilst, in the blazing

sun, animals unable to find shelter wandered about aimlessly.

The noise was deafening. When I closed my eyes I might have been listening to a chorus of bullfrogs, and only the high-pitched barking of the zebra reminded me that we were not in a swamp but amongst thousands upon thousands of animals assembled in preparation for their great annual migration toward Lake Victoria and the adjoining Mara Reserve.

We were very lucky to have arrived in the Serengeti in time to see this unique sight. In 1958 a census from the air of these migratory plain animals was begun, and now a second census,

Continued on page 68

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in which the Wilken Air Services, Wild Life Research Project U.S.A., the Fauna Research Unit of the Kenya Game Department and Tanganyika National Parks were co-operating, was taking place.

As we drove along we heard the vibration of an aircraft and saw it circling low as the observers took their count.

Months later when I asked for the result of this survey I was given the following staggering figures of heads counted. These figures were said to be a conservative estimate, and the Serengeti is only 5400 miles square.

Thomson's Gazelle	500,000
Wildebeeste	221,699
Zebra	151,006
Buffalo	15,898

Topi	15,766
Eland	2,450
Kongoni	1,379
Elephant	720
Rhino	29

It was suggested that the number of lion might be between 300 and 400, but as they are rarely seen from aircraft no very reliable figure could be recorded.

When we returned to the cubs' feeding place with our "kill," we found Jespah and Gopa doing acrobatics along the branches of the acacia tree above their dinner and Little Elsa hiding nearby.

Suddenly Gopa listened in her

Continued from page 67

direction and began to scramble down. When he had nearly reached the ground he jumped and fell heavily; then he got to his feet, looking rather foolish, and trotted over to his sister.

Jespah remained on his branch till I showed him the pie-dish, then he, too, came down and almost toppled over in his eagerness to get at the cod-liver oil.

I was glad to see that his sores were nearly healed and that a fine fluff was growing over the scars.

But the wound made by the arrowhead looked nasty.

We had recently discussed with our ecologist friend, Lee Talbot, whether or not to try to operate on Jespah. He was against giving the cub the drugs necessary to anaesthetise him and thought that we should wait a little longer to see if the arrowhead might not slough out by itself.

When it was quite dark Little Elsa came to the meat, but seemed terribly nervous, so I tried to reassure her by calling her name. Later we did our best to scare off the wild lions and hyenas, but in

spite of this the cubs left and did not return.

After breakfast we went off to see more of the migration.

We had been told that in the Serengeti there were many more lionesses than lions. This no doubt accounted for the unusual number of love-making pairs we saw. Lions nearly always keep a harem and can manage a large family successfully, since a lioness spends two years looking after her cubs and does not allow herself to be sired during this time.

The reason given for the preponderance of females was that since the Serengeti lions have fine manes, when they venture outside the park they are often killed by hunters.

Soon after we got back to camp the Director of the National Parks came to see us. He asked us to pay £100, the fee for taking commercial photographs or film within the park. The fact that the money raised by my books was earmarked for subsidising game - preservation schemes did not relieve us of the obligation to conform to the park rules applicable to commercial photography.

We were also asked for two enlargements of photographs of the cubs to be used as publicity for the national park.

During the next three nights the cubs failed to turn up, but hungry predators were very active.

A leopard climbed the acacia tree in an attempt to get at the meat; a bold hyena also tried his luck, and several lions came to investigate the "kill."

In particular, the dark-maned lion and his pride remained close and were plainly not prepared to allow the cubs to take over their territory.

They vanish

for six days

This made us realise that we must establish a new feeding place for the cubs — but first we had to find them.

We spent the next days scouting the country, but the long grass and dry ground made spotting difficult.

Beside this, there were so many lions in the valley that it was impossible to identify the cub's pug marks.

When the cubs had been missing for six days we became anxious. We had expected them to become independent only gradually and this sudden disappearance didn't seem natural.

We wondered whether they might share the homing instinct with cats. If so, they might now be travelling to their old homes — 400 miles if they went in a straight line; 700 if they followed the route by which they had come. That they should follow the road seemed unlikely, but we decided to investigate it and drove back thirty miles, but we saw no sign of the cubs.

The next morning we drew a line on the map between the Serengeti and Elsa's camp. As soon as this line left the Serengeti it entered the area inhabited by the Masai tribe, noted for lion-hunting. On our way to the border we stopped at Seronera to call on the director.

He said he was sorry that we had run into difficulties, but made it clear that we should be obliged to leave the Serengeti by the end of the month whatever the position might be by then. This left us only ten days, an alarmingly short time.

George decided to start searching the valley at once. Next morning he arrived grinning; he had found the cubs, or rather they had found him.

Continued on page 69



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He had driven six miles down the valley and parked the car where the headlights could be seen over a great distance and at intervals he had flashed the spotlight to all the points of the compass.

About 9 p.m. the cubs arrived. They looked fit and were not hungry, but they were so thirsty that the brothers lapped up all the water George could give them, leaving nothing for poor Little Elsa. All were very friendly and Jespah even tried to enter George's car.

They remained there through the night, eating little of the very high meat he had brought them, but amusing themselves by chasing hyenas. When, soon after dawn, they left, they went toward a little valley. George had hurried back to bring me the good news and stop me going to the border.

It was obvious that the cubs were scared of all the lions round the release place and had gone to find a more secluded area where they could stake out their own territory.

We decided not to move the main camp, but to go every evening to the "cub valley" and spend the night there in our cars.

The glen they had chosen was at the foot of the escarpment and above the tsetse belt. It was about a mile and a half long, and two narrow ravines led into and out of it.

A home of their own

One of these provided a particularly safe refuge. It was about half a mile long, its vertical walls were nine feet high, and it was five feet wide; above it almost impenetrable vegetation provided a thick canopy which turned into a cool shelter during the hot hours of the day.

Any approaching danger could be heard from a long way off, so if need be, the cubs could retreat inside the ravine and up one of the sheer cliffs which broke off the escarpment. Here among overhanging rocks and dense undergrowth they would be in a strong strategic position to sight and avoid an enemy.

From the top of the escarpment there was a splendid view across the vast woods and parklands to the river, another valley through which it ran and beyond it to hills and other valleys which stretched out to the horizon.

We thought that the cubs had found a much better home for themselves than the one we had chosen for them.

All three were in good condition, and the sores due to chafing were healing well. The arrowhead in Jespah's rump, however, showed no sign of coming out and though he drank his cod-liver oil from the pie-dish I held out to him he would not allow me to pull at the arrow.

They had not changed their habits. In general they appeared at night, ate the meat we had for them, and left at dawn.

George sent the news of finding them to the director at Seronera. He suggested we should now go away from the Serengeti and leave them to their fate, but agreed that we should stay on till the end of May to help them.

Next day we went to have another look at the migration; it was a truly fantastic sight. The migrating herds spend several weeks assembling; during this time they churn up the plain and after a couple of days the three-foot-high grass is reduced to bare stalks of only about four inches. The actual move lasts only a few days and its drive and urgency is something which has to be seen to be believed.

"The cubs' new home"

We watched in amazement the herds advancing in tens of thousands and sometimes had the impression that it was the ground itself that was moving.

The wildebeeste kept in groups of ten to one hundred or walked in single file along well-trodden paths, the zebra, whenever possible, kept close to the water; these two species predominated, but there were also great herds of Thomson's gazelle, also many smaller ones of Grant's gazelle, kongoni, and topi, and we counted one herd of two hundred eland-antelopes.

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On the periphery of the herds were hungry jackals and hyenas watching for the chance to pick up a straggler.

Many times an "army" of them passed by, covering us with dust.

I became very anxious for our cameras, so I covered them up and in consequence got no pictures.

That evening at the ravine we found the cubs looking very tired.

The next night we had a letter from the director confirming that we must leave the Serengeti on

May 31, and adding that between now and then we were not permitted to bring any more meat into the camp to feed the cubs.

We drove up to the ravine and found the cubs waiting. Jespah was off his feed and seemed listless. We wondered whether, although it appeared healthy, the open wound round the arrowhead had become infected, or whether like Elsa, at the time of her first release in country very like the Serengeti, he had developed an infection.

The next morning I called the cubs, but they went off, alarmed. So we set off for home.

On our way home we walked up the hill which separated the main valley from the cubs' ravine.

As we picked our way across the black rocks it struck me that one of these smooth slabs would make a perfect tombstone for Elsa's grave, and I thought it fitting that her stone should come from the cubs' new home.

To test its durability I scratched a slab with a piece of quartz but could hardly make any impression.

Later when a stonemason engraved Elsa's name on one of these slabs he broke five chisels and told us that neither granite nor marble was so hard and that he would never work again on such a rock.

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The next evening I persuaded Jeshah to eat a little. The following evening, having found I still had some terramycin, I decided to start treating Jeshah with it. It had now become only too evident that he was ill.

It was unthinkable that we should leave him in this state. So we sent a letter to the park warden at Seronera, explaining the situation and asking for a few days' extension of our permit to stay in the Serengeti.

Meanwhile we had no food to give Jeshah. So, as we were very short of time, George took it upon himself to drive forty miles outside the boundary of the park to shoot a kill.

We realised that this was contrary to our instructions, but we

hoped that in the circumstances we might be forgiven.

Near the border we noticed a low-flying aircraft which was, we imagined, carrying out a migration census. On our return to camp the park warden, who had been a passenger in the plane and had seen George's kill, met us and asked us to explain why we had shot an animal in defiance of the prohibition.

We apologised, told him of the circumstances, and begged him to extend our permit to camp near the cubs.

He said that he was not in a position to grant the extension and

advised us to get an interview with the director at Arusha. This meant either a 250-mile journey by road or chartering an aircraft.

In the morning I flew to Arusha, where I had been invited to lunch with the director. He was displeased at George's kill against his orders. I apologised and explained our predicament.

Finally he agreed to extend our permit to enable us to stay eight more days with the cubs and to allow us to make three more kills outside the Serengeti.

He also offered to arrange for a meeting between ourselves and the chairman of the trustees if we wanted to put our case before them and ask for more help than he himself could give us.

I arrived back at the camp in a heavy rainstorm feeling depressed and rather ill.

It suddenly occurred to me that no one could prevent me from staying on in the Serengeti as a tourist provided I submitted to all park regulations.

George would have to return to Isiolo until the Government of Kenya had appointed a successor to his job, but I could stay on and

drive out daily to the ravine to keep an eye on the cubs.

True, I would have to camp at one of the official sites near Seronera, which would mean a double journey of fifty miles daily. I would not be allowed to be out at night, and there would be no question of feeding the cubs.

It was already June 5 and we had only three days left. Hoping for the best, I put in my application for a camping site, which was later granted.

Every morning now we left early for the cub valley. Wherever we looked we saw animals, and we got to know a number of individuals quite well. But we did not see the cubs.

My nights in camp were often exciting. I could hear lions prowling round and got to recognise the voices of most of them.

Once I awoke to hear lapping noises and realised that a lioness was inside my tent drinking out of my basin.

I had nothing but a table between me and Africa so I shouted at her and urged her to go away, which obligingly she did.

This incident I reported to the park warden, who told me that the lions of the Serengeti were known occasionally to go into tents, pluck at a ground sheet, and take a look around to see what was going on.

On another occasion I was kept awake by the snorting of buffalo and in the light of my torch saw three huge beasts standing within twenty yards of my tent.

All I could do was to try to blind them with my light, but I nearly got cramp, holding the torch, before they went off.

Hyenas were, of course, always around. I often heard them clattering in the kitchen and they stole several things.

Medical care

for Jeshah

Early one morning as we reached the top of a rise which led into the cub ravine George grabbed me by the shoulder.

There were all three cubs sitting by the cars waiting for us.

They behaved in the most matter-of-fact manner as though we had never left them.

Jeshah's coat was no longer shining and he still carried the arrow; he also had some small scars probably gained in combat with other animals. He was very friendly and came close to us but would not allow us to pull at the arrowhead.

So, since the trustees had given us a week's extension of our stay, we decided to use our week to try to get him into better condition and then try to make arrangements to have him operated upon. The days now at our disposal did not allow us time to do this.

Next morning his coat was much worse and he was covered with swellings the size of peas. This worried us, but we did not wish to raise a false alarm about it until we were sure what the swellings were due to; they looked rather similar to swellings which Elsa had sometimes developed after rolling on ants.

However, we would have to keep Jeshah under observation. This meant feeding the cubs, who would otherwise need to go off hunting.

George therefore drove off to Seronera to get permission to feed the cubs and to send a cable to the publishers of the Elsa books to give them our good news.

In his enthusiasm he worded this telegram and also a similar one to the director at Arusha over-optimistically: "Cubs found in excellent condition." This wording caused a false impression and

Continued on page 71

NEW FROM NESTLÉ'S

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There's no middle whip, and nothing to add, and it's the easiest, most economical, ice cream you've ever made. Six big serves from every can!

Try delicious Nestlé's Instant Ice Cream soon. No middle whip, remember, and nothing to add.

That cherry? It's just for fun.



Whip (once!) and freeze

Nothing to add

later gave rise to a grave misunderstanding.

Next day George arrived with goats. The moment he saw the meat, Jespah seized it and raced away with it; Gopa and Little Elsa chased him and there was a scrimmage.

The second carcass we placed on the roof of the car, thinking it would be safe there, as the cubs had never tried to get on to the cars. But early in the morning I was woken by a heavy thud and found the car rocking violently. The next moment I saw Jespah jump with the carcass from the roof on to the bonnet and make off with it to the ravine followed by the other cubs.

A couple of hours later he reappeared and leapt on to the roof of the car where we had stored our surplus kit and found a lot of things there to delight him: cardboard boxes filled with bottles, my plant press, a rubber cushion, a folding armchair.

When he had finished he rested his head on his paws and blinked at us.

I sat close to Jespah and tried to pull at the arrow. He made no objection to my twiddling the protruding shank, but it was firmly fixed as ever. The point was just below the skin and a small slit might well suffice to pull it out point first.

Last evening with the three

The swellings, probably due to ant bites, had disappeared. His coat looked dull and shabby.

But when the setting sun turned it to gold, his features and his expression were so like his mother's that when he looked at me intently, as she used to do, I suddenly had the impression that Elsa had returned.

While he allowed me to pat his paw and stroke his nostrils he shut his eyes and I closed mine. Then I felt certain that Elsa was there. After I opened my eyes again I felt strangely free.

When night came we retired to our cars. Very soon the canvas roof of mine sagged under Jespah's weight and from my bed I was able to pat him through the canvas.

Later George was woken by the swaying of his car and found Jespah leaning over the tailboard looking at him as though he wanted to come in. There was no sign of the others and Jespah himself left at dawn.

We spent the morning looking for the lions and found no trace; but at tea-time they came up from the valley, and Jespah seated himself on the bonnet of my car. I made a last attempt to move the arrow, but without success.

Tomorrow we should have to leave the cubs and we could have been fairly happy about them had it not been for Jespah's wound. It had obviously weakened his condition and was a source of infection, as his dull coat proved. In combat the skin might get torn or the arrowhead packed deeper, which would ultimately impair his capacity to hunt.

When it was dark Jespah came for his cod-liver oil. There was not much left in the gallon tin we had opened six days ago and I wanted to divide it equally among the cubs.

When Jespah saw me holding the tin he tried to seize it. I said, "No, Jespah, no," and looking puzzled and hurt he at once turned away. After this I poured the oil into three dishes.

Gopa and Little Elsa drank theirs up at once, but Jespah was offended and would not come near the dish I held out to him. I dared not put it on the ground, for then the others would have

"The cubs' new home"

finished it off, so I tried my best to get into favor again. But Jespah looked stonily in the opposite direction and ignored me.

We passed the evening watching the cubs licking each other and rolling about affectionately together behind the cars. They left about 11 p.m.

At the time we expected to return soon with a vet, but this was the last we were to see of the cubs.

Next morning we left for Seronera, hoping to arrange facilities to operate on Jespah at once. As it turned out, we were never able to do this.

[The Adamsons spent the next half year searching for the cubs in Serengeti Park. One of the greatest official arguments against their plea of concern for Jespah's condition was the over-optimistic telegram George had sent the authorities earlier.

Joy Adamson ends her book at Serengeti in June, 1962:]

During our final days in the park we drove non-stop from sunrise to dark, hoping that we might still get a sight of the cubs before we had to leave. We had spent

five months, much of it under appalling weather conditions, we had driven ceaselessly, making demands on our bodies and vehicles that they were scarcely able to endure, we had searched every accessible place.

On our last day we were guided by vultures to a buffalo kill near to the place where five days previously we had seen two lions that looked so like an older Jespah and Gopa. To our surprise there they were.

How splendid these lions were — aloof, but friendly, dignified, and self-possessed. Looking at

them it was easy to see why the lion has always fascinated man.

How I loved watching this scene. I thought of Elsa's children. Where would they be? My heart was with them wherever they were. But it was also with this beautiful pair.

All the characteristics of our cubs were inherent in them. Indeed, in every lion I saw during our searches I recognised the intrinsic nature of Elsa, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa, the spirit of all the magnificent lions in Africa.

May God protect them from any arrow and bless them all and their kingdom.

THE END



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Month by Month

THIS WEEK THE
JULY TO DECEMBER
BABY GUIDE

July BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Ruby*

LUCKY COLOURS: *All greens and cream*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Lily of the Valley*

LUCKY NAMES: *Kim and Elizabeth*

PERSONALITY: *Imaginative and romantic*

This July baby is wearing Bond's Terry one-piece Romper Suit. Style 45608, **19/11**



August BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Peridot*

LUCKY COLOURS: *Yellow and Orange*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Gardenia*

LUCKY NAMES: *Mark and Rosemary*

PERSONALITY: *Sympathetic and generous*

This August baby is wearing Bond's "Growear" Sun Suit. Style 95621, **19/11**



September BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Sapphire*

LUCKY COLOURS: *All pastels and silver*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Violet*

LUCKY NAMES: *Scott and Julia*

PERSONALITY: *Persistent and self possessed*

This September baby is wearing a "Buster Bond" shirt. Style 45955, from **13/11** and Sailcloth shorts, style 45057, **9/11**

BABY CHART

October

BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Opal*

LUCKY COLOURS: *Blues and Purple*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Pansy*

LUCKY NAMES: *Simon and Penelope*

PERSONALITY: *Positive and intuitive*

This October baby is wearing Bond's "Growear" one-piece Romper Suit. Style 95622, 29/11



November

BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Topaz*

LUCKY COLOURS: *Crimson and Blue*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Poppy*

LUCKY NAMES: *William and Melinda*

PERSONALITY: *Emotional*

This November baby wears Bond's one piece printed Romper Suit. Style 45663, 16/11



December

BABY

LUCKY BIRTHSTONE: *Turquoise*

LUCKY COLOURS: *Violet and Mauve*

LUCKY FLOWER: *Lavender*

LUCKY NAMES: *Bruce and Anne*

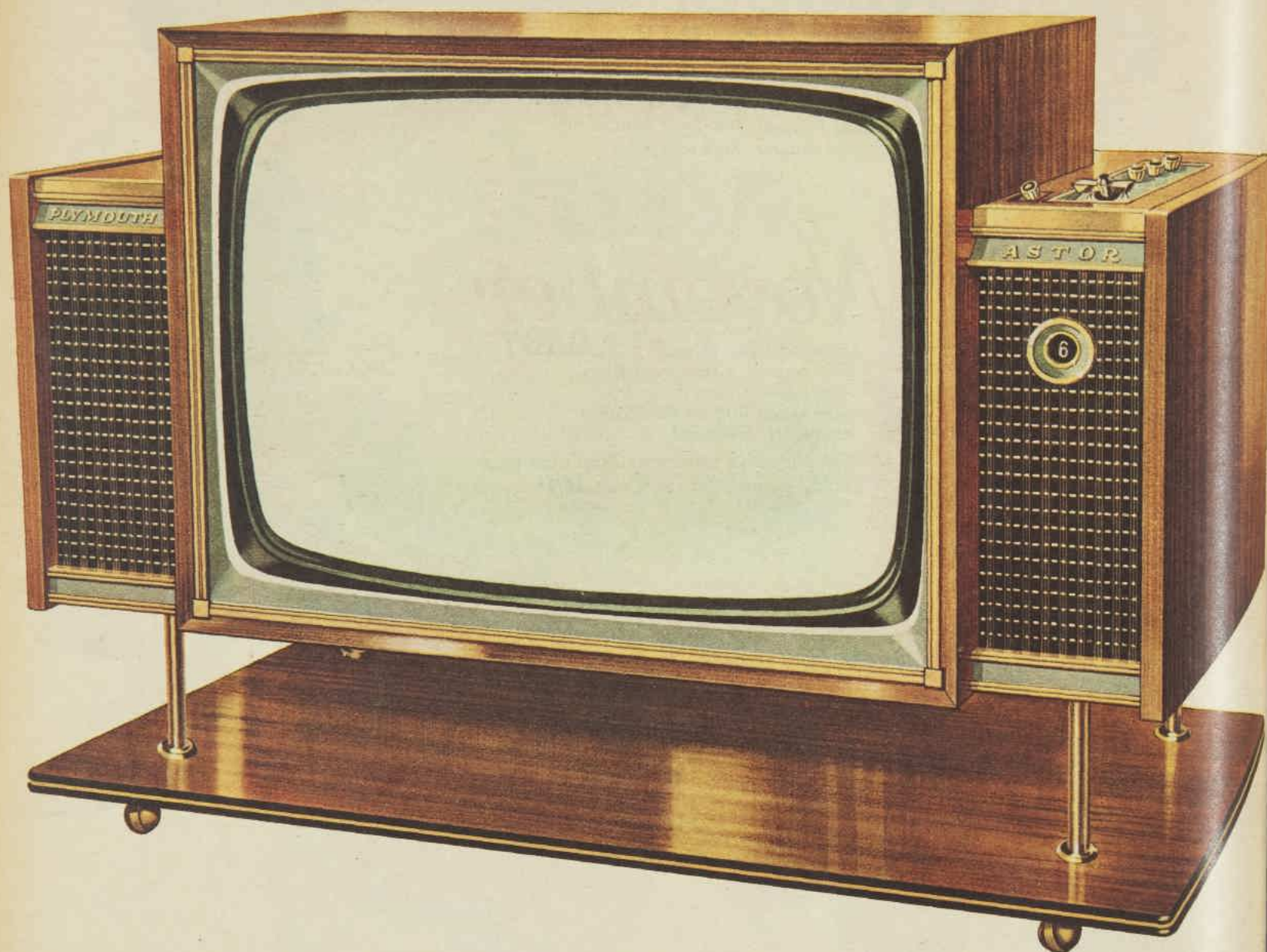
PERSONALITY: *Truthful and fearless*

This December baby is wearing Bond's Terry Topper Set of top and pants. Style 45631, 19/11



Baby
Bond
WEAR

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Look It has a magazine rack or drink tray built-in. It's a lowboy yet it moves easily on silent castors.

Look Those rich veneers in Maple, Mahogany, Walnut and fabulous Teak, came from across the world to be hand-matched and polished by master craftsmen.

Look At the ease of on-top controls, the illuminated channel selector that has provision for all present and future channels, including Channel '0'.

Look The brand is ASTOR. You'll buy with confidence knowing this is the name that, year in and year out, continues to out-sell any other.

It's an **ASTOR** ... that's the difference!



A new artesian bore had been put down at an outpost on the edge of the great Simpson Desert, near the South Australian-Queensland border. The bore was down four thousand feet into the artesian basin, and John's firm had been given the order for casing and equipment.

When he told me the distance to be travelled by car was over a thousand miles inland from the coast I hesitated. I knew the inland was in the grip of drought and could offer me nothing in the way of material for the kind of book I proposed to write next.

The trip promised nothing but discomfort. But, on his insistence that something might turn up, I went.

It was the first time I'd seen the outback, and I was appalled by its desolation and loneliness. Drought had reduced to a shambles the vast, shimmering reaches of gibber plain and sand dune. There was no grass, no water, no cloud, no wind. A vast silence reigned over the sad and lonely land. Day after day, night after night this terrible silence remained unbroken, pressing in around us like a tangible thing.

Even John was affected by it, and I sensed a shrinking within me of that thing we call the soul, an awareness of the littleness of mankind in its pitiful struggle for recognition and achievement. Although I did not know it then, the outback was already beginning to cut me down to size.

Oh, you soft, sheltered people of the cities and towns, who live so smugly on the best the world has to offer! You who have everything—and nothing. If you could see yourselves and your cherished civilisation through the harsh but faithful medium of this other world! If only you could escape the chains and learn what freedom really means in the language of the outback.

This realisation of freedom came to me gradually, imperceptibly. It was like a complete revulsion of self. Where before I hated, with my soul steeped in the bitterness of a savage and inscrutable land, I now began to perceive something else—something that was almost beauty. The spirit of the land was that of loneliness; but not the

Continued from page 25

dreadful loneliness of despair.

I was more than ever aware of it when we arrived at the outpost. By now I was accustomed to the terrible isolation of these huddled groups of outback buildings which bear the misnomer of towns.

Such places are an affront to eyes accustomed to seeing only what they are meant to see. Few venture into the far wilderness to read the story of life for themselves. Those who do return humbled.

So it was with me. Six days of familiarity with the desert country had taught me wisdom. I accepted the outpost for what it was, and then looked for the good I knew I would find there.

There was only one street. It was not really a street, but a wide and desolate strip of sand, twisting among the scattered, tumbledown houses. Beyond lay the dunes, ramparts of the desert where no man dared to venture. We had arrived toward evening. John had left me to attend to business, and I wandered alone along the empty street.

QUITE suddenly I became aware of the sunset. For the first time in five days the western horizon was flecked with cloud. The remote arches of the sky took form, and became stained with crimson and gold. It was the first time I had dared look into the heart of such a sunset since Jeanette died. I became afraid, and tried to look away. But wherever I looked I saw only the stain of this wonderful sunset.

I went on, and discovered that I was trembling. It was then, as I turned a corner in the dusty street, that I saw the four children. They were playing by the new bore, which gushed its warm water on to the gibber-strewn sand. Water has an irresistible attraction for children—Jeanette had taught me that, too. This was only a tiny bore drain, but I knew now what it meant to them. It was the first water in the land.

One of the children, the smallest, resembled a story-

book gnome. Her head was quite enveloped in something green. I saw it was a fly veil, and it seemed to lend her a strangely pathetic, helpless appearance. As I approached they were paddling barefoot in the warm, shallow water. I remembered I had a packet of biscuits in my pocket.

Why I went over to them I do not know. But I could not help myself. They seemed so—so unreal against that tremendous background of loneliness. Perhaps it was the desolation, accentuated by the onfall of night. Perhaps it was the fading sunset, and the wistful sadness inherent in the scene. The eldest child, a girl, was no more than seven. I squatted down beside them and almost diffidently handed out the biscuits.

They were well-mannered,

in a gentle, shy fashion. Their thanks were almost inaudible. Eating with them, I found I was suddenly and strangely content. They regarded me curiously, as children will, and I pretended not to notice. It is best that way with children, to wait until they have made their honest appraisal.

I HAD forgotten the fly veil. The little green gnome was doing her best to eat the biscuit through the net. I did not want to touch her, but the others weren't concerned, so I had to help her. It was no great matter to slip the thing over her head, and the face, uncovered, was like a flower. She attacked the biscuit with relish, smiling up at me.

The smile took me unawares. My heart turned over. Almost desperately, I looked around, hoping for someone to come. Where was the mother of these wilderness children, I asked myself. Already it was becoming dark. But no one came.

Still, they knew what to do. First, the shoes. Oh yes, they had shoes, lying on the sand. They all managed this but the baby. The eldest girl came and tried to put them on while the child was standing. She toppled over and laughed merrily. Again, there was something I had learnt from Jeanette. I lifted her up and sat her on my knee. I took the tiny shoes, and, with her legs dangling over my knee, put them on.

She looked up at me and gurgled, and I remember—how well I remember—that I found myself smiling at her.

There were other things I remember—the soft feel of her flesh under my hand, the

way her fingers clung to my jacket, the pout of her pretty lips. It was only for a moment, but reflected all the stern self-discipline and repression contained in six lonely, empty years.

Mercifully, the darkness had deepened. As in a dream, I heard the eldest girl talking.

"Mummy's in hospital. We're staying at the mission. Daddy will come for us. Don't worry about us, mister. Nothing can hurt us here."

I rose to my feet and left them. Here and there a light twinkled. The silence hung heavy, like the ache in my heart. How like Jeanette she was! And how wrong I'd been, to think it could happen here! Of course nothing could hurt them out here in the wilderness! Instinctively, I lifted my eyes to the desert stars and prayed. Half-blinded by tears I knew that this time it would not be in vain.

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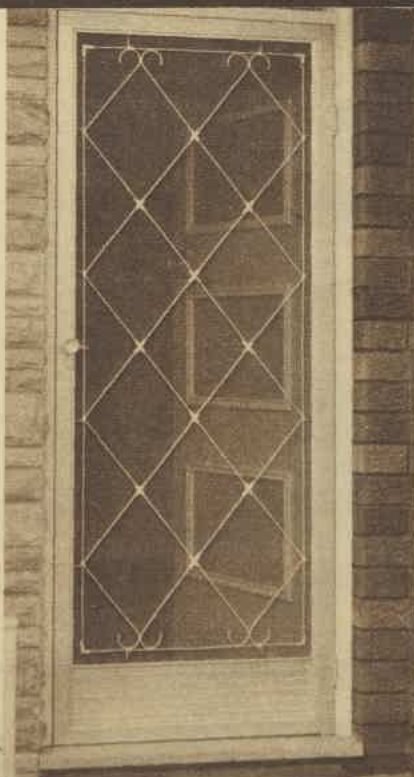
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ABOUT TEETHING

● *This comprehensive article, written by a leading child-care expert, answers the many questions which puzzle parents about how and when their babies are cutting teeth, what they can do to relieve the pain, and how to care for baby teeth.*

"KAREN has her first tooth!" a young mother told me the other day. "She was chewing on her spoon at breakfast and my husband thought he heard a funny little clink. Then she laughed, and we saw a white edge shining through her pink gum. We were both so excited you'd think no baby had ever cut a tooth before."

To new parents a baby's first tooth is a milestone. It seems to signal the end of helpless infancy and the beginning of active, sociable babyhood.

But most babies don't just smile and display a new tooth one fine day; their mouths feel quite tender while a hard tooth is cutting its way through the gum.

Because so many babies experience discomfort to some degree at this time, teething may occupy a good deal of your concern during the year and a half or so that your baby's teeth are emerging.

These are some of the questions mothers ask:

When will my baby begin and how can I tell when he is teething? Is he teething normally? What is the best way to relieve his discomfort? Can night waking, diarrhea, colds, and fever be due to teething? What is the best way to take care of baby teeth?

Babies vary in how early and how fast they get their first teeth.

Among our neighbors there are four babies who were born within a month of one another. Teddy got his first tooth at four months, Meredith at 11 months, the others in between. Teddy cut his last baby tooth at 18 months, Meredith at almost three years, the others in between.

On the average the first tooth comes in at about six months of age and the last at about two years, according to a widely accepted study published recently by the American Dental Association.

A baby's teething schedule is inherited and is not related to how much discomfort he will have in teething, to how strong or straight his teeth will eventually be, or how intelligent and mature he is.

Slender children usually get their teeth before stocky or plump children.

The two bottom centre teeth usually erupt first, then the four top ones.

Of the 20 baby teeth, the first molars, which are just behind the cuspids or "eye" teeth, usually cause the most discomfort as they come in.

Adam and Eve were lucky

Mark Twain wrote: "Adam and Eve had many advantages, but the principal one was that they escaped teething." And though this process is by no means a misery for all babies many children "work" on each tooth for weeks before it appears.

One day, when my first baby was about eight months old, she was very fretful and by evening had a slight temperature.

"Is she teething?" was the first question the doctor asked me when I called. "I don't know," I answered. "How can I tell?"

Actually, there is no simple, easy way to tell, particularly when the tooth is just beginning to push up, but here are some of the signs:

● Some babies keep poking a finger at the gum. (Others, however, can feel uncomfortable without giving any obvious sign that it is their gums which pain them.)

● The gum is swollen, often with the white outline of the tooth showing through it, especially when seen from above. As soon as even a little of the tooth cuts through, the pain subsides.

● The baby is fretful and crying. Nothing pleases him, and

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1963



he has no appetite. On the other hand, he has no fever or symptoms of illness. These are the days when he needs extra mothering — to be held, carried.

● The baby drools a lot, apparently because it is painful to move his jaws to swallow the saliva which normally accumulates in the mouth. (While it doesn't relieve the baby's discomfort, a teething bib at this time will at least relieve mother's laundry chores.)

● The baby likes to chew on hard things. This is so common that many cots come with a "teething rail."

● Some babies give a distinctive cry when their gums are bothering them.

One mother called her doctor to complain that the baby kept waking at night "with a roar." "Does she bite?" the doctor joked. But he was right — the trouble was the baby's teeth.

A mother can more confidently decide her child is teething when certain side-effects are also present. One mother reports, "I always knew when my oldest boy was about to cut a tooth, because a few days beforehand he would drool a lot and would develop a slight diarrhea."

Wiser to see a doctor

When any of these symptoms appear to more than a mild degree, by all means report them to your doctor rather than make your own diagnosis and attribute them to "just teething."

Regarding one side-effect of teething, there is general agreement — many babies wake up at night when cutting new teeth, particularly the first and second molars.

Since each one of the eight molars may take some time to come through, this can mean a good long stretch of night waking. It helps to develop techniques for helping the baby through night discomforts.

Try to keep the baby in his cot while you soothe him, to avoid stimulating him or readying him for a 3 a.m. playtime.

If he is very upset, of course, you will pick him up and comfort him, knowing that his natural need for sleep will prevail when the distress is gone.

Remember that a little food is often the best sedative. Give him a rusk or something to drink. But try not to fall into the pattern of sticking a bottle or dummy in his mouth and staggering back to bed.

For one thing, he may become accustomed to the hard nipple as a favorite teething object, and this may make weaning harder. For another, he may come to expect to have something popped into his mouth every time he wakes even slightly at night, which happens to everyone at times.

Of course, you will give him a bottle at night if he is crying very hard and nothing else will satisfy him.

This won't spoil him or start a bad habit. A little wise mothering when a baby needs it will soothe his distress and keep him from getting into a crying habit.

But wise mothering also means that when the tooth comes in the comfort bottle goes out, so that it does not get permanently built into his feeding schedule.

If the doctor suggests it, give the baby some form of rub-on medication for the gums. If he has especially wakeful nights, ask the doctor to prescribe a mild sedative.

Fortunately there are several ways of making your baby more comfortable while he is teething. All may work at different times with different babies.

Pressure on sore gums seems comforting, so give your

baby a hard, clean object to press against his gum — a teething ring, a piece of carrot, or a teething biscuit.

Teething pains can also be relieved by applying something cold to the gums.

Even if a teething object gets a certain amount of throwing around between washings, it is not a significant source of germs.

When a baby becomes attached to an object which was not originally intended for teething, be sure that it is made with lead-free paint and harmless dyes (as most nursery toys and furnishing dyes are).

Various medications may also be used. A baby aspirin will usually alleviate the misery, but be sure to consult your doctor about safe dosage.

Many doctors also report good results with local anesthetics which, when applied to the gums, numb the area. Again before using any medication, check with the doctor.

Continued overleaf

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Available also in liquid in bottles and cream in tubes.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY.
Week starting October 16

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, black, blue.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, red, aqua.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, mv.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, blue, black.
Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, hoops, pink.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, rose, green.
Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, rose, red.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, yellow, spots.
Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 23—JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, grey, black.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, rose.
Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

ALL ABOUT TEETHING

Continued from previous page

WHEN the first baby teeth begin to come in, you may wonder if your child's diet should change. How well can he really chew?

The number of teeth doesn't have a lot to do with how well a baby can handle solid food.

This is determined largely by his ability to move food around in his mouth and to swallow without gagging, an ability which varies considerably.

It is perfectly possible for an almost toothless baby to manage many kinds of soft table foods.

Actually, as soon as a baby can sit up and put things in his mouth, he can begin to feed himself pieces of boneless fish, pear, boiled potato, or other easy-to-handle foods.

A children's food expert said: "We don't like to keep the baby on strained foods too long after his first teeth come in."

"It is good for his teeth, jaws, and intestines to get used to rougher food. Also, if he has not learned to swallow lumps by about eight or ten months of age, he sometimes continues to gag on any but the smoothest foods for months after that."

It depends on junior

This expert advises that for many children the most acceptable food between the strained-food stage and junior-food stage is soft table food which youngsters can pick up and feed themselves.

How much milk does your child need for good teeth? Everyone knows that calcium is essential to the development of good teeth, and milk is an excellent source of calcium.

And everyone learned in school that every child needs a quart of milk daily, and some mothers worry unnecessarily when the child does not get this amount.

Many experts now consider that starting at the age of one a child needs a daily average of one and a half pints of milk, served in any form.

Only if the child's consumption of milk goes way down for a month or more need the doctor be consulted about other ways of providing enough calcium.

It is generally agreed that thumb-sucking (a source of worry to some parents) won't permanently alter the shape of a baby's mouth or affect the alignment of his teeth. Only if the habit is prolonged for several years and indulged in vigorously and frequently is there cause for concern.

How important are the baby teeth, anyway? After all, a child has them for only a few years and then he's off to a new start with his permanent teeth.

It is now realised that even a slight misalignment of the baby teeth can have far-reaching consequences.

If a cavity develops, it should be filled promptly to prevent pain and possible loss of the tooth. And if a baby tooth should be lost through decay or accident, steps should be taken to prevent the nearby teeth from drifting into the empty space, since this may lead to a misalignment of the permanent teeth.

In addition, if the child sustains a fall or blow on the mouth, his teeth should be examined by a dentist as soon as possible, even if the child does not show obvious discomfort.

Can parents do anything to help their youngsters develop healthy teeth and good dental health habits? Certainly.

First, limit your child's intake of sticky sweets and starches; these cling to the surface of the teeth and favor the growth of decay.

Second, start him on after-meal tooth-brushing when he is about three and wants to imitate everything you do. At that age brushing his teeth with Daddy or Mummy seems important and fun.

Fluoride tablets help

Third, consult your doctor about giving the child fluoride tablets, as many doctors recommend, from birth on, when the community water supply is not fluoridated.

Fourth, take even a young child to the dentist regularly, beginning just as soon as all 20 of his baby teeth have appeared.

When this time comes it is important to locate a dentist who welcomes very young children as patients or who is a specialist in children's dentistry.

Talk to the dentist before you take your child to see him. He will tell you some of the modern ways of training even the youngest child to be a good patient.

He may also suggest ways of preparing your child for the first visit. With friendly, sympathetic care, the groundwork can be laid for a long relationship of trust and co-operation between the dentist and your child.



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A reader's story

Rejoicings of a bride's mother

● So your daughter is married! How do you feel about it? This is one of those odd questions which people feel impelled to ask the mother-of-the-bride after a wedding.

THE immediate answer is, "Fine, thank you, just fine!" And the considered answer, once the flurry has subsided and there has been time for post-wedding meditation, is still exactly the same. Why SHOULDNT it be, indeed?

She's happy, they're in love, he's a dear, they're very well suited, and it was all TERRIBLY romantic, so why shouldn't the mother-of-the-bride feel happy, too?

When I think back over the courting years of my daughter, I'm one mother who feels even more delighted. In fact, I'm ecstatic.

My husband and I have this nice, most suitable son-in-law and it might have — well, it could easily have been one of the gang.

Oh, dear, it might have even been BILL!

Bill was around for quite a while.

He drove a sports car without a top, had a laugh like an intoxicated horse, and was incredibly hearty, spouting merry quips and jovial jests.

He put a plastic snail on the luncheon lettuce and a rubber spider on the stove. He was a back-slapper and joke-teller.

He never failed to pay his respects to parents nor did his mode of address ever vary.

It was always: "Well, hello, there, and how are we, EH?"

The "shy" beau

Sally said that underneath it all he was really quite shy. Fortunately, we were never able to find out.

For one weekend he was there, the next he simply was not. Nobody minded at all.

He was replaced — it could have been for contrast — by James. We felt we would like James if we could ever really see him, but James was the original man-who-wasn't-there.

A tall, pale, quiet young man with beautiful manners and no personality at all. He was a brilliant student born to be a boffin.

James just faded away. Sally said she had regarded James as a challenge, but — "I used to wonder sometimes if he had ever noticed I was a girl."

There was a beard or two

—inevitable during a university course — and there was The Big Beard, the one we called "the Great Dane."

He was a magnificent specimen: red hair, tremendous red beard, and charm by the cartload.

He sang — in four different languages — and had a vast repertoire of stories which began "when I was in Turkey once" or "one morning in Madrid."

They were all true. He had everything but money, morals, or a desire to settle down. He could have been devastating.

We were relieved to hear Sally say, with a grin, "That one would need a lot of salt on his tail to keep him down, wouldn't he?"

Then came a solid, stolid, "sort - of - going - steady" period.

That was Sam: older, thoroughly settled, excellent job, excellent prospects, a car, even a house which had been left to him by an aunt.

He was as dependable as a barometer and as exciting. His disappearance was not unexpected.

"He's the nicest man any girl could possibly know, but you'd never turn any corners with ole Sam, just walk straight on, for ever," said Sally.

Then our dear daughter broke her leg skiing, and out of the blue came one we had scarcely heard mentioned.

He came with flowers, with fruit, with a new record, with chocolates. He hovered, he was solicitous, tender.

He took the convalescent for gentle drives, taught her to play chess, rang up daily, offered his arm or his grandfather's ebony cane.

Sally recovered and was immediately mobile and bursting with radiant health. He was never seen again. The telephone was silent. Sally laughed.

"But he only likes 'em fragile!" she said.

"Flip got the same treatment after her accident and when Peg was in hospital all those weeks, he went nearly every day. We're trying to find a permanently frail flower for him."

Time passed. There were ups and downs, ins and outs, meetings and partings, periods of hectic gaiety and periods of deepest gloom.

Sally became a withering old spinster of 22 being asked to engagement parties instead of 21sts and graduation celebrations.

There was a wedding or two. Sam reappeared briefly and went again.

Someone kept ringing her up. "I've had coffee with him a couple of times. He's married and his wife doesn't understand him," Sally reported.

Then she laughed. "Don't look so agonised. Not to worry!" she added.

"He's just a genuine wolf howling in the old-fashioned wilderness, where little girl lambs believed every bleat. We've got HIS number!"

Independence

Sally and her ageing girlfriends became career women, finding financial independence a lovely thing and believing earnestly that perhaps it would be a good idea to put away those dancing shoes and purchase a parrot or a budgerigar.

There were parties and trips to the snow and musical evenings and endless discussions on the state of the world and the inevitability of change.

It was fun to do "group things."

Then Di's brother introduced her to a chap from the office and they were married at Christmas.

The one-who-went-abroad to - do - post - graduate - research came back, and he and Peg realised that "this is really IT."

And by an odd chain of circumstances Sally met HIM.

The stars flashed and the moon made a rapid revolution. All the ancient women of under 25 tumbled down off their shelves and into marriage.

How do I feel about my daughter's marriage? Completely happy, thank you.

I have a couple of sons around still. I hope some day two other women, thinking back over a daughter's "dating years," will feel as confident about them as sons-in-law as I do right now about mine.

There's only one thing.

That "study" we had envisioned — the guest-room or the permanent spare room where the blankets, the sewing machine, the office papers, and paraphernalia could be kept — is still a pipedream.

It's still "Sally's room," packed with wedding presents, books, skis, tennis racquet, hockey stick, photographs, lecture notes, everything dating back to dolls' clothes and a toy lawnmower that Sally "doesn't need just yet."

— "MOTHER-OF-THE-BRIDE." Vic. (This writer supplied her name and address but wishes to remain anonymous.)

A husband's tribute

I'VE enjoyed your columns on pieces written about husbands by wives, so I'm sending in my little letter about a wife from a husband.

I thought you only found gems in a mine, but I guess I found my gem in a good and loving wife.

I admit she's a real headache when it comes to hats and opinions on rearing children, because she's always changing her mind.

Also, when she says she's tired and bundles me off to bed early, the light stops on till midnight while she reads or writes letters.

Then there's the time when the kids are sick and she is like Nurse Edith Cavell and Florence Nightingale rolled into one.

I couldn't keep up with the pace or the race, and, in addition, she's on her own as a bookkeeper and housekeeper and she works miracles with the family budget.

Like all women, of course, she's completely unpredictable, and just when I begin to think I know her, bingo, she's someone altogether different.

Well, that's all I wanted to say, except to add that I let her think I am the only one who does know and understand her.—J. PHILLIPS, N.S.W. (Full address supplied.)

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Continued from page 21

relationship as they had at home. He's used to having a girl round the place who's his junior, and she's used to having a boy who is her senior. See? So they've got just the set-up they're used to, and there are no conflicts over their seniority rights."

"Very dull," Charles said, getting up to replenish his cup.

"It's also quite good where the older brother of a sister marries the older sister of a brother, or where the older brother of a sister marries the younger sister of a sister."

"Oh goody," Charles said rudely.

"But it's not so good where the older brother of a sister marries the older sister of a sister — seniority conflicts there, I suppose — or where the older brother of a brother marries the older sister of a sister."

Edwin laughed. "Oh, heavens, Ro, how do you remember all this?" he said. "It sounds like gibberish to me."

"It's far from it," Rowena said. "It's perfectly easy to memorise, because it's the most beautifully simple and logical sense. The worst relationship of all, he says, is where the younger brother of a sister marries the younger sister of either a brother or sister."

THIS last prediction fell into silence which Mary could feel spreading to engulf them all. Everyone is working out the implications of that one, she thought. I am positively damned if I will do anything to break the silence.

"I've had such fun applying this to everyone I know," Rowena said, after a moment or two. "Now take Margot, for instance. Her marriage bears it out. Bill had an older sister, didn't he, and Margot was the younger sister of both a brother and a sister."

"She was also practically a Siamese twin, so that washes that out," Charles said.

"This is all on too high an intellectual plane for me," Henry said. "I haven't got time to sit here swilling coffee half the night." He got up, refilled his brandy glass, and wandered off with it toward his own rooms.

"Take Edna," Charles said. "She and Frank are mad about each other. And poor old Ed's the eldest sister of practically anything you can name."

"But Frank has no brothers and sisters," Rowena said. "And I don't think only children count in this sort of thing."

"Lucky them," Charles said. "Honestly, Roey, this is one of the screwiest ideas you've got hold of for a long time. Maybe it might make a limited sort of sense if there were two kids in every family, but how on earth would it apply to a family like ours? Edna's one hundred per cent. elder sister, I suppose, and I'm one hundred per cent. younger brother, but what about you? You're older and younger, over and under..."

"Edna is not the eldest, was not," Rowena said. "You forget Norman and Harriet, who were both born before her. I'd like to hear what Mary thinks of this. Where did Clive Page come in his family?"

"He had an older brother, as you know," Mary said.

"Exactly," Rowena said. "He was a younger brother, and you were a younger sister. You get the point?"

"Oh, perfectly," Mary said in what sounded in her own

ears a theatrically icy tone. Neither Charles nor Edwin looked up or made any acknowledgment that she had spoken.

The news that there was to be a party brought a mixed reception in the kitchen. "Everything upside down," Mrs. Pike said. "Takes a week to get the house back running normal again."

"I like a party," Madge said. "I only hope Miss Rowena doesn't go and get one of her heads."

"And all that liquor coming into the place. It's a funny thing people can't have a nice time without getting drunk."

"Who's getting drunk?" Madge said. "You're a proper wower, Mrs. Pike. There's all the difference between having a few drinks and getting drunk."

"Huh," Mrs. Pike said. "And the way they spread about, making work. Me-learned friend and Margot pick out a few and off they go to their own rooms and the next thing it's clean glasses wanted in there and sandwiches and the doors closed, I'd like to know what goes on behind."

"They choose some of the ones that like music. They have to shut the doors to deafen the sound of the rest of the party."

"Mr. Pike and I make it a rule never to serve liquor to guests," Mrs. Pike said grandly. "No more do we drink it when we're by ourselves. After just one drink people forget how to conduct themselves. You should be the first to know, with your experience."

"You mean Clarrie?" Madge said. "You can't go by my husband, not for other people. People drink for different reasons," she said, having had cause to think about it. "With him it was to feel big. He'd get down there in the pub and once he was full he was so game Ned Kelly wouldn't keep nit for him."

"Get in with all sorts of crooks he would—he was a big man, he'd give'm a hand. If they came looking for him when he'd sobered up, that was different," Madge said, laughing at the memory of Clarrie's sober collapse. "One night, aw, must have been three o'clock in the morning, there was this bang-bang-bang from downstairs. 'You go and

see who it is. I'm not here,' Clarrie said, and back he went under the blankets. So up I gets and I go downstairs — it was one of them old houses with the stairs straight into the front room and the light switch right over the other side near the front door. Well, down I went in me nightie and me bare feet, thinking the knocking was from the front door, see, and I stumbled through the furniture and switched on the light and ugh!... There was this great big bloke been standing there all the time in the dark, holding a broken beer bottle not two feet away from me face."

HARD put to it, as usual, to conceal her enjoyment of Madge's stories of low life, Mrs. Pike said, "A wonder you didn't pass right away with the shock of it."

"I was shaking that much I could hardly stand up," Madge said. "Where's Clarrie?" he says. 'I dunno,' I said. 'He hasn't been home.' And with that he came right up close to me and he shakes the bottle about an inch from me nose and he said, 'You want this in your face?'"

"Go on," Mrs. Pike said tensely. "What did you do?" "I said the fastest prayer I ever said," Madge said with a roar of laughter. "Then I looked him right in the eye and I says, 'Get out of here and stop acting the goat. I don't know where Clarrie is and I don't care neither. If you find him you can tell him not to come back.' And you know what he did?"

"What?"

"Turned right round and walked out the door and slammed it after him."

"You might've been that scared you'd've had to wear a veil all your life!"

"So I might," Madge said cheerfully. "Then the next thing, Clarrie's face comes over the stairs and 'Is he gone?' he says. There was a jug of milk there on the table and I picked it up and I heaved it at him, but I missed and then I burst out crying and I howled and howled and the next thing I'd gone and woken up the kids and down they came and what a row with everybody shouting."

"A wonder you didn't have complaints from your neighbors," Mrs. Pike said primly, pouring herself a second cup of tea.

"They'd knock on the wall sometimes when things got warmed up, but not that night," Madge said. "People learn to keep themselves to themselves."

"I don't hold with divorces as a general rule," Mrs. Pike said, "but I would have thought you'd have had more spirit than to go on being married to a man that treated you like that."

"No more I would've, if he'd taken up with anyone else, but Clarrie never did that to me," Madge said. "There were times when I'd pack up the kids and I'd go, but then he'd come round, begging me to come back and promising he'd swear off, it, and back I'd go, like a great fool. I should've had more sense than ever to marry him, but there you are, you do the wrong thing before you've got the sense to know better, and you're stuck with it."

"And you can sit there and say to my face that it's all right for people to drink," Mrs. Pike said, losing sympathy now that the interesting disclosures were over.

"You ever seen anyone rolling round in this house, shouting out and singing at the top of their voice?"

"Don't let anyone shout at the top of their voice near me," Rowena said, coming in with Mary to check the numbers of available glasses, and making the tea-drinkers wonder just how much she had heard. "I knew I was bound to get a headache. I can feel it beginning — a positive stinker."

"Oh, no!" Madge said, getting up with genuine concern. "Now you just sit down here and I'll make you a fresh cup of tea. It won't take a minute — the water's hot already. You'll like one, too, Mrs. Page, won't you?"

"I'd love one, thanks, Madge," Mary said, already busy at the long glass-fronted cupboard where the tumblers were kept.

"Then if you'll excuse me, I'll get on with my work," Mrs. Pike said, managing to imply that there was nobody else to do a hand's turn in the house. She gathered up dusters and polish and went out, closing the kitchen door behind her.

"Is she grumbling about the party?" Rowena asked.

"You know her," Madge said. She had perfect confidence in Rowena's discretion, and liked to share with

To page 82

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Comfortable and cool cotton maternity shift is available cut out to make in lemon, green, tan, or old-gold with white check. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/6. Postage 3/- extra.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 23, 1962

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napro

her the retailable bits of Mrs. Pike's criticisms. "She expects you'll all be kicking up your heels and rolling round and smashing up the furniture."

"We must try not to disappoint her," Rowena said, sitting down to pour from the refilled kitchen teapot. Madge had just put on the table. "You want a cup out of this pot, Madge?"

"I'd better not," Madge said. "She'll get into one of her states if I stay here talking to you when I've promised to help her clean Mr. Henry's room. Doing that is always bad for her temper."

"I don't know what poor old Henry's done to deserve her scorn," Rowena said when Madge had gone. "She calls him Melcarnedfried in a contemptuous tone behind our backs, and handles anything of his with extreme distaste. Actually she hates all of us, except Edwin."

"Why does she stay?" Mary asked.

"I sometimes think it makes rather an agreeable situation for her," Rowena said. "She's the slave type of woman who likes a man to be a man, as she's always saying, but in practice simply can't bear any of its manifestations. Very low grade. Believes that she's done down-trodden Mr. Pike some enormous favor by presenting him with three uninteresting children and that such heroic suffering gives

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Continued from page 80

her the right to make life miserable for him forever more. She's very clean," Rowena said. "You can't have everything."

"I like Madge," Mary said.

"Oh, yes, Madge is one right out of the box. I admire her. She's had a beastly life, orphaned, brought up in a convent, and then married to this useless Clarrie. But you can't keep a good brain down. She's full of common sense and tolerance. One of my many sins, in Mrs. Pike's eyes, is that I can find so much to talk about with Madge. Incidentally, you have her wholehearted approval, she thinks you'll be just the one for Mr. Charles."

"I'm glad to hear it," Mary said. She was surprised that Rowena should have passed this on to her, but only a little surprised, since Rowena, alone with her, almost always behaved as though she were already a valued member of the Russel family. And, as always when they were alone together, she had begun to ask herself whether she didn't perhaps exaggerate the instances of Rowena's other attitude.

"There ought to be some special sort of reward for people like Madge—not that there are many like her," Rowena said. "The Mrs. Pike of this world get far more of the rewards—a good husband, a home of her own, and at least enough economic security to make her very hoity-toity about working for anyone else. And yet a woman like Madge starts behind scratch, and gets absolutely nothing out of life after all she's put into it."

Who are we really talking about now? Mary wondered. "No, there you underrate Madge, I think," she said. "You've only got to look at her to see that she gets a good deal more fun out of life than Mrs. Pike."

"Well yes, in a way she does. But not enough fun to compensate her for the sacrifices she's made. She's given up everything to do her duty by her rotten family."

"What are the children like?"

"Grown-up now," Rowena said. "The youngest of them is sixteen, and working. They're all right, I suppose—much better than you'd expect with the father they've had. But there again, that's just part of the sacrifice Madge has made."

"You don't feel that people do things because they want to do them, not because they think they are 'right'?"

"Darling, what an extraordinary idea," Rowena said, reaching behind her for matches from the stove to light cigarettes for them both. "It sounds as though you think poor Madge has no real moral principles at all."

"Not Madge, people," Mary said, leaning forward toward the flame of the match. "Maybe people do things because they were 'right' in other times. Maybe it was possible to do something you really didn't get any immediate satisfaction out of, because of your hope of eventual reward—pie in the sky. But even so, wasn't the pie the reason, rather than the rightness? If you don't do something you'd rather like to do, isn't it because you get more satisfaction by refraining from doing it?"

Rowena was quiet for a moment, watching the smoke of her cigarette. Now we both know what we are talking about, Mary thought.

"I think that's much too

THE WILD GRAPES

slick an explanation of why people do things," Rowena said. "In fact it's the explanation given by rather self-indulgent people who refuse to do those things which, deep inside them, they believe to be right," she said, looking directly at Mary with a smile.

"Let me put it this way—if there's something staring you in the face that needs to be done and you don't do it, isn't it rather understandably human to say of the person who takes up the load instead of you—she's doing it because she gets some satisfaction out of it?"

"Yes perhaps," Mary said. "But the fact that the non-doer is simply looking for reasons to excuse herself doesn't at all nullify the proposition that the doer is doing what suits her best to do. I don't know that I've ever deliberately done anything virtuous in my life. No, you're misunderstanding me," she

it to get off everyone we owe an invitation to," Margot said.

"Everybody is bringing extra people—dozens of them," Rowena said, ignoring her. They had had a brush earlier when Margot told Rowena that Henrietta had invited Edna's two children and the inseparable Bill. "Most people go to parties to get away from their own children," Rowena had said. "I don't see why they should be overrun with ours."

"That's too bad," Margot had said. "Poor Henrietta's packed off to bed at nine o'clock every night at school. She expects to have some fun at the weekend."

"Here, I've poured you a drink," Edwin said, carrying a glass to Rowena at the stove.

"That would be good for me!" she said, rejecting it. "I've got the most shattering headache already, as it is."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



said when Rowena laughed. "I don't know that I've ever done anything deliberately vicious, either. It's all a matter of the angle, it depends entirely on where you're standing at the moment."

"You mean to say you've never been in a position where you've said to yourself, 'This is what I'd really like to do, but I suppose I ought to do something else'?"

"But, of course," Mary said. "I'm not arguing that, I'm simply arguing that when I do the thing I've told myself I ought to do, then I'm doing it because actually I get more pleasure out of that than out of the other alternative."

"This makes nonsense out of any sort of moral sense at all."

"No, it doesn't," Mary said definitely. "All it makes nonsense of is people's delusion that doing what they want to do somehow makes them superior to other people." I suppose that was a little below the belt, she thought, but then was reassured by Rowena's answer.

"You know, in spite of everything you have and haven't told me, that makes you sound like a person who's had a fairly easy run. And I do hope it's going to keep fine for you, Mary darling," she said with affectionate warmth.

"This has got entirely out of hand, the way all our parties do," Rowena said desperately at seven o'clock. She was already dressed, and was restacking, according to some system of her own, the oven-trays Madge had packed with savories which would need heating.

"I don't see what else you expect since you're using

Looking at her, Mary could see that it was so. With the marks of her headache visible as shadows under her eyes, and with artificial blue shadowing above, her eyes had the stormy sort of hostess glitter that Mary had felt often in her own eyes in London, giving parties she didn't much want for people she didn't much like.

"Mark my words, the day will end in tears," Margot said in a Children's Hour voice as Rowena went out. "All this work to do, and only one pair of hands to do it!"

"And that's the truth," Edwin said. "I don't see you making the slightest effort to help her."

"Oh, come off it, Edwin," Margot said good humoredly, taking the drink he had poured for Rowena. "The only fun Ro gets out of all this is making a martyr of herself. I bet she's had Mary and Madge and Mrs. Pike flapping round like hens all day without ever letting them do anything useful. Isn't that right, Mary?"

"We've all been pretty busy," Mary said, not committing herself. Rowena had found her a dozen different jobs to do, only to take them out of her hands five minutes later or else, when the work was done, to smile indulgently and say, "Oh, darling, how silly of me not to tell you that I wanted . . ." or "We usually . . . oh, never mind, I expect that will do just as well."

"Give Mary a drink," Margot said. "She probably needs it more than any of us."

"I'll give her two drinks," Edwin said. "My sole function at this stage is to see that the family lays down

a proper foundation to meet Rowena's onrushing hordes. "I deprecate all forms of entertainment. If people want to have a drink why can't they have it peacefully and comfortably in their own homes?"

"Perhaps they like to see new faces occasionally," Margot said.

"What else is television for?" Edwin said, refilling her glass.

"Don't you think I look absolutely ravishing?" Henrietta said, sweeping in with eyes heavily made up and her hair beehived precariously out from the back of her head.

"Ravishing," Margot said. "Only do take it down before anyone comes."

"Well, of course," Henrietta said.

"And keep Lance and Lorna out of Rowena's way just for a start, honey, will you? They're not going to be the night's most popular guests."

"Okay, we'll hide in here," Henrietta said. "Madge won't mind us, will she?"

"Not in here," Margot said firmly. "Anywhere else you like, but . . ."

"Okay, okay, we'll stay outside with our hungry little faces pressed to the window. Uncle Edwin, can we borrow your gramophone?"

"Certainly," Edwin said, "though I doubt whether any of my records . . ."

"Just the gramophone," Henrietta said firmly. "We've got loads of records, and . . ."

"Not too much volume, and no Elvis," Margot said.

"Oh, Mummy, get with it," Henrietta said, going. "You're about a thousand years behind the times."

"She's getting more like Henry every day, poor plain child," Margot said, her tone belying her words.

"She's not plain, and she's very like you, except for her coloring," Mary said. She found herself, momentarily, envying Margot Henrietta. She'd been telling no more than a quarter of the truth when she'd offered Ian's mother the explanation that she wanted children of her own as an excuse for her intention to marry again. But she did find it invidious that she should still be childless, and yet suddenly old enough to see the roll and repetition of the generations. Margot must have once stood in this kitchen, looking and sounding like Henrietta now looks and sounds, she thought.

They have the same bodies, the same features, the same way of carrying their heads. Margot has grey hair and her skin is coarser than Henrietta's and her jaw is firmer and her waist is probably six inches bigger, and she's lost nothing by these changes because of Henrietta. And they're already beginning, unseen, in Henrietta, and she'll lose nothing by them, either, if she can one day stand in this kitchen, or some other, looking with Margot's inevitably mixed feelings, at her own daughter.

I have the same feeling when I see Frank with Lance, who's so like him, she thought; and I shall have it much more strongly when I get home to Fin and see Mother and Julia and Julia's daughter looking like a set of before-and-after copies of each other. She drank deeply from her glass, made a face at the taste of the mixture. Edwin had given her, and said aloud, "Sometimes I think I'm a natural-born grandmother."

"She's wandering," Margot said, unable to see any connection between her last two remarks. "Give her another drink quickly, Edwin."

"No, no more, thanks," Mary said, sliding down from the bench she'd been sitting

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VERSATILE TEA HAS MANY USES

Although Australia is one of the greatest tea-drinking countries in the world, few people realise that tea has many uses besides the traditional cuppa.

TEA can be used in cooking and cleaning, and for cold drinks as well as hot.

Below are some helpful hints using tea to lighten household tasks, plus five new recipes with tea as an important ingredient.

There is a minted sherbet, cheese biscuits, a vegetable curry, a delicious cake, and a dessert.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all recipes.

MINTED TEA SHERBET

Three teaspoons tea, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, 1 1-3rd cups boiling water, 2 1/2 cups milk (approximately), 1 cup cream or evaporated

milk, 1 1/2 cups sugar, pinch salt, 1/4 cup lemon juice.

Combine tea and mint in bowl, add boiling water. Let stand, covered, 5 minutes. Strain and measure; add enough milk to make 4 cups liquid. Stir in cream. Combine sugar, salt, and lemon juice, add to tea mixture very slowly, stirring. Pour into refrigerator tray or mould. Freeze until firm, stirring several times during freezing.

VEGETABLE CURRY

One onion (chopped), 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 pint double-strength tea, 1 tablespoon tomato puree, 1 bayleaf, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup carrots (cooked and cut into strips), 1 cup each of cooked turnips (diced), beans, and peas, 1 apple (chopped).

Melt butter in saucepan, add onion, flour, sugar, and curry powder; stir over low heat 1 minute. Gradually add cold tea and tomato puree. Stir until smooth and sauce is thickened. Add apple, bayleaf, and garlic; simmer 1/2 hour. Add cooked vegetables, heat 2 to 3 minutes. Serve over hot fluffy rice, sprinkled, if desired, with toasted coconut.

CAKE KAN'HURI

Five ounces butter, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 2-3rds cup cold tea.

Cream butter and sugars until light and fluffy. Add eggs and 1 tablespoon flour. Mix well until smooth. Add dates, sift in half remaining flour and 1-3rd cup tea; stir lightly. Fold in remaining sifted flour and tea. Place in greased loaf-tin lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-rack.

CHEESE CRACKERS

Two and a half cups flour,

CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

This week's progress prize of £5 in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest is awarded for a dessert using apricots.

The £5 prizewinner is Mrs. M. Swanson, 3 Carmody Street, Townsville, Qld., whose recipe is below.

SECTION 2

Canned Apricots

SUNNY APRICOT DESSERT

Three tablespoons butter, 1/4 cup crushed corn cereal crumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 1 large can apricot halves, 1 packet basic butter-cake mix, 1 egg, water.

Melt butter in small saucepan, mix in corn cereal crumbs, sugar, chopped walnuts, evaporated milk. Pour over base of greased lamington-tin or 8in. cake-tin. Drain apricots, arrange cut side down on top of mixture. Prepare cake-mix as directed on packet, using egg and water. Carefully pour over apricots. Bake in moderate oven about 35 to 40 minutes. Cool slightly, then invert on large plate. Top with the following, serve warm or cold.

Topping: Two 4oz. packets cream cheese, 6 tablespoons icing-sugar, little vanilla.

Blend cheese with milk and beat well, gradually adding sifted icing-sugar and vanilla. Chill until required.

1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 tablespoons butter (melted), 1/2 cup strong cold tea.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, add cheese, stir well. Add melted butter and cold tea, mix to soft dough. Turn out to floured board, knead lightly, then roll out thinly. Cut with round or diamond cutter, prick with fork, place on greased oven-slide. Bake in hot oven approximately 8 to 10 minutes. Allow to cool on tray. If storing, keep in airtight tin. These crackers can be used as base for savories, or topped with butter or cheese.

ORANGE DELIGHT PIE

One ounce gelatine, 1/4 cup cold water, 3 tablespoons tea, 1/4 cup boiling water, 1 2-3rd cups scalded milk, 2 beaten egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup sugar, grated rind 1 orange, 1/2 cup cream, 2 egg-whites, salt, 1/2 cup sugar, extra whipped cream, orange segments, mint sprigs, one 9in. baked pastry-shell.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Pour boiling water over tea, brew 1 minute; add milk. Let stand further 4 minutes; strain. Add to egg-yolks, sugar, and rind. Place in top of double saucepan, stir over low heat until thickened. Remove from heat, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Chill until mixture begins to set, then fold in whipped cream. Beat egg-whites with salt until foamy, gradually add the 1/2 cup sugar, beat until mixture peaks; fold into custard mix-

ture, turn into baked pastry-shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream, orange segments, and mint sprig.

TIPS WITH TEA

● Cold tea is a good cleaner. Use it to wipe over mirrors, glassware, crystal, etc., for an extra clear sparkle. Wash linoleum or woodwork with tea and it will gleam when polished with a dry duster.

● Keep some cold tea by the stove in case of mild burns. Apply over the burn to soothe the pain. It works well for sunburn, too.

● Next time you are serving prunes, soak them in cold tea for an hour or two beforehand. It adds a lot of flavor.

● If you like braised mushrooms you will enjoy them even more braised in cold tea.

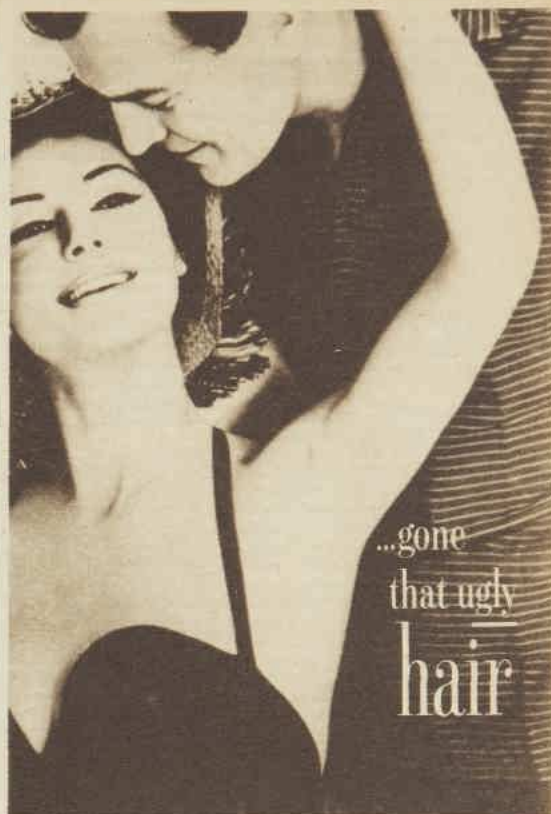
● Boil some used tealeaves in the pan after cooking fish. They will absorb the fishy smell.

● Used tealeaves make excellent manure. Try them on hydrangeas to help the color and growth, or on geraniums and grape-vines as a fertiliser.

● Pot-plants (especially ferns) thrive if you mix used tealeaves with the earth in the flower-pots.

● Dip pads of cotton-wool in cold tea to soothe and relax tired eyes.

● Make tea ice-blocks to serve with cold-tea drinks.



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on. "I think I'd really better go and see if there's anything Rowena wants done."

By nine o'clock the house was full and Mary was enduring what would be, for her, the least comfortable part of the evening—the endless introductions and explanations of who she was. Rowena was making up for any earlier omissions.

People, Mary was finding, could be fairly evenly divided into three classes—those who seemed genuinely pleased about her engagement (Well, well, so old Charles is hooked at last!), those who really didn't care either way, and those who tried to obey the convention of not congratulating a woman in this situation, and were left stammering because they couldn't, for the moment, think what the alternative was.

She was surprised to find how many of the Russells' friends she knew—and yet not surprised, for it underlined for her the thought of how comfortably small the city was. These were not people she knew personally, but names she'd heard, elder brothers of people she knew, people connected with her own friends by blood or by marriage or by chance or by going to the same schools or playing the same games or holidaying in the same places. What interested her was not that they should know each other, but that they should move, year after year, in the same never-widening circles.

She remembered Henry saying, "If you come here from the eastern States you'll be regarded with deep reserve for the first fifteen years, if you come back here, as you've done, Mary, after living overseas for so many years, you'll never quite live down a reputation for being unreliable."

SHE was greeted with shrieks by a tall, blond woman who introduced herself as Molly Pillinger, using a name Mary remembered as belonging to a tall brunette girl she had never much liked at school. "But this is wonderful," Molly said. "I had no idea Kathie's here—you remember Kathie Kronheim?—and Margaret Porter and Felicity, of course—let's round them all up and barricade ourselves into a corner."

Mary made a protesting face at Charles over Molly's head as she was dragged away, but she was glad enough to sit down for a while and devote twenty minutes to the old school-friends' game of "What-ever happened to . . . ?" and "D'you remember the time when . . . ?"

As she left them she was drawn into a group of strangers by a woman who took her arm, saying, "I feel as though I've known you for years and years, because I've heard so much about you. I don't suppose you'd remember him, but donkey's years ago, when he'd just left school, my brother was jackerooing on Finfinara. Don Howard."

Of course, Mary said, glad that here was somebody she did remember. "How is he? What's happened to him?"

"The jackeroo set-up interests me," said an American in the group whom Mary couldn't identify. "I don't know whether you people realise it, but it's the last survival anywhere in the world of the old medieval custom of sending your son to be educated as a page in some great lord's house."

There was a burst of laughter at this, and one of the men said, "Come off it, Mike, somebody's been pulling your leg."

"There are parallels," the American said. "The boy's not there as an ordinary station hand. He's there to learn the business of being an owner, not the business of being an employee. Right?"

"Up to a point," one of the men said. "He's there to learn how to manage a property."

"So that's my point," the American said. "He's a cadet. He's treated like one of the family; he lives in the boss' house . . ."

"When he's not camping out for weeks at a time, washing his socks in the same billy as he boils his tea in. You've got some romantic notions, Mike. The jackeroo's a

Continued from page 82

rouseabout. I know what I'm talking about. I was one."

"But it all depends on who the station owner is," said the woman who had drawn Mary into the group. "Some of them are very pleasant to work for, and some of them are just as rough as bags."

I wonder which category the owner of Fin falls in, Mary was wondering. There had usually been three jackeroos on Finfinara in the past, though all three had very rarely been at the home station at the same time. As far as she could remember, her father had worked them like the devil while her mother had worried about their socks and whether they were meeting the right sort of girl.

THE WILD GRAPES

Julia had married one of them, which was clever of her, since their father usually found good reason to keep a jackeroo indefinitely on one of the out-stations if he showed signs of deep interest in any girl within a hundred miles of Finfinara.

"You think about it, you'll find I'm right," the American said. "In the six weeks I've been here the thing that has astonished me is to see how British you Australians are."

It interested Mary that every Australian in the group disagreed with that. "We're not," she said, "not if by British you mean English."

"Oh dear no," the woman said. "I only wish you were right. We were married in London, and I've never forgiven Roger for being sent

back here—I feel he married me under false pretensions. This is the most deadly place to live—absolutely out of every sort of swim."

"You mustn't say that in front of Mary," Charles said, appearing beside her with a tray of drinks. "She's been away so long that she's developed a most unhealthy passion for the place."

"Six months at home will cure that," the woman said, putting her empty glass on the tray and taking another.

"Well, cheer up; it'll all be different in another twenty years," someone said. "All these foreign migrants will alter the whole flavor of the place."

They can make no difference,

Mary thought, making Charles' movement with the tray her excuse for leaving the group. She looked out over the heads through the open windows, looking out, in her mind's eye, over the eternally empty land, thinking—three generations was enough to turn English and Cornish and Scots and Welsh and Germans into Australians; three more generations will be enough for Australia to turn these Europeans into parts of itself, no longer thinking or feeling or moving like Europeans. She moved toward the next little group, which opened to receive her.

Now the party had warmed up, showing its true colors as a gathering, at once noisy and sedate, of people in their middle forties and fifties. People had forgotten the

To page 87



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origins of the party now, and had fallen to talking comfortably about themselves. This is the sort of party I like, Mary thought. I'm neither a guest nor a member of the family. I'm a freelance, and I can stay with people or move on, just as I choose. She looked around her, lending half an ear to a man who was holding forth on Australia's Test cricket prospects.

Almost everyone in the room, she saw, was nearer Rowena and Edwin's age group than Charles'.

There were a few young guests—an Indian girl somebody had brought who smiled tirelessly, wearing a sari and holding a glass of fruit juice; Edna's eldest daughter Eliza-



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beth and her fiancé; an unexplained young man with a black eye; and four or five youngish men and women somehow connected with the coming Arts Festival.

But the bulk of the people, she thought, measuring them against her usual personal gauge, were leaving school in the year that I was born. I must remember to ask Charles why he didn't ask his friends, she thought, looking at him.

"It's going well," she said to Rowena, meeting her at the sideboard in the dining-room where Rowena was scrambling for ice cubes in a glass bowl.

"I'm perfectly certain I never invited Joanna MacIntosh," Rowena hissed at her.

"Well, does it matter?" Mary said, surprised by the vehemence of her tone. She had been talking to the girl, and had taken no exception to her. "She seems nice enough, so why worry?"

"I suppose you're right," Rowena said, turning away. "Only Charles had such a tremendous thing for her last year."

Mary gave an exaggerated shrug, looking at herself in the mirror above the sideboard, and then saw that Mrs. Pike was watching her from the doorway.

"I came to see if more ice was wanted," Mrs. Pike said. "I'll get it, Mrs. Pike," Mary said, picking up the bowl. "You've got enough to do in here."

In the kitchen she found Margot and Edwin and Edna and Charles in quiet conversation.

"You pikers," she said, going to the refrigerator for more ice. "On your feet, now. Get out there and fight."

"There are still plenty of Russels out front," Margot said, counting heads. "Come and join us and have five minutes off."

HENRIETTA'S head came round the door and Margot, pointing, said, "Out!"

"Where's Uncle Frank?" Henrietta said, coming in.

"He was last seen on the front verandah," Charles said. "Why?"

"He's going to have a baby. Aunt Rowena sent me to find him. The hospital rang, and they want him to go soon."

"You're sure the baby's his, and not mine?" Edna said. "That's what Aunt Rowena said."

"I'd better go and check," Edna said, getting up. "You know what she's like about messages."

"We're dying of exhaustion out there. Can we have some more fruit cup, Mum?"

"I'll bring you some as soon as I've delivered this ice," Mary said.

"With some gin in it?" "No gin," Margot said, pushing her out. "Come on, I'd better go back. You can act as my bodyguard."

"Have a sausage roll," Edwin said, offering Mary one, in his fingers, straight from the oven. "I find they make the best blotting paper of all."

"I'll take the ice," Charles said, taking the bowl away from her. "Feed her some more sausage rolls," he said to Edwin. "I'll be back."

"D'you enjoy this sort of rot?" Edwin asked, feeling the need to play host to her. "Not much," she said. "At least . . ."

"Never qualify," Edwin said, smiling. "Never apologise, never explain. Good advice anywhere, pure gold to anyone living in this house."

"I was going to say I

THE WILD GRAPES

wouldn't enjoy this sort of party at all if I were giving it," Mary said. "I must say you and Rowena make a wonderful job of it."

"My role is a very simple one," Edwin said. "Stoke up the Russels beforehand, so that they are reasonably cheerful and biddable by the time people arrive; after that my only duty is to make a series of calculations at appointed times to determine whether the ice will or will not last the distance."

"You're doing well," Mary said, watching him. It seemed to her that at times Edwin's old-foggy air was unconvincing, that he was parodying something rather than being it. "What do you think of Charles' job?" she asked.

"His job? Very highly," Edwin said, surprised. "I must admit I don't know much about it, but from all accounts he's successful at it. Have another drink?"

"I will," Mary said. "I'm getting high, or higher than I meant to," she said, realising that she had accepted the drink to prevent herself from following the impulse to go back into the drawing-room to see whether Charles was talking to Joanna MacIntosh.

"Interesting," Edwin said. "You make a calculation, early in the evening, to determine just what height you will allow yourself to reach?"

Mary laughed, taking the glass from him. "My sobriety is like your ice," she said. "I have to make it last the distance. Then you don't share Rowena's view that Charles is wasting some enormous number of unspecified talents by doing the work he's doing?" Wrong tone, she thought. Now I've put him on his guard.

"Rowena was and is very ambitious for Charles," he said quietly. "Charles means a very great deal to her, a very great deal . . . but of course you must have seen that for yourself. It was naturally a great disappointment to her when he decided against the law. Our grandfather was a Judge; Father had been appointed, though the announcement had not been made, at the time when he died; Henry will be made a Judge eventually if he plays his cards the right way—or if Margot plays them rightly for him, which she will do. Ambitious women can be the very devil, when their ambition is not personal. Charles' defection was a bitter blow to Roey," he said, leaving Mary with a feeling that he thought Charles at fault in having disappointed her, and with the further puzzle of why their father should have killed himself when he was about to be appointed to the Bench.

Going back, carrying a platter of hot food with which she planned to circulate until she found talk that interested her, Mary saw Henry sitting alone on the third step of the stairs.

"I've opted out," he said. "I'm just waiting for Margot to round a few people up so that we can have some music. You and Charles come in if you feel like it."

"Thanks, Henry," Mary said, "but I think we'd better not."

"Well, perhaps not," Henry said. "If you can see Margot in there, tell her to get a move on."

Inside, Mary found herself drawn out on to the front verandah by Charles where half a dozen couples were dancing to the music from the children's gramophone.

"Are you hating this?" Charles asked.

"No, it's rather fun," Mary said. "Why, are you?"

"I know most of this mob," Charles said. "But I keep losing track of you and wondering whether you're having a dreary time."

Rowena and a partner came out and started dancing, and Mary saw with surprise that it was Hartley Page.

"Damn," she said in Charles' ear. "There's Rowena dancing with my used-to-be brother-in-law."

"Oh, him," Charles said, looking back briefly over his shoulder. "Don't let it throw you—he's always turning up here."

"I haven't seen him since the time of the divorce—he was in London then. What on earth am I supposed to say to him?"

"Say nothing," Charles said, steering her toward the other end of the verandah.

BUT Rowena had seen them, and was following. "Darling, you know Hartley Page, of course," she said to Mary.

"Of course, we're old friends," Hartley said, taking her hand.

"Well, be angels and dance together, because I've got to take Chip away from you for a quarter of an hour. Mrs. Pike's time's up, and someone has to drive her home."

Left alone together, Mary and Hartley began to dance halfheartedly. "How's Clive?" she asked too brightly.

"Oh, he's fine, fine," Hartley said. "He's back here now, for six months, did you know?"

"No, I didn't know," Mary said. How fortunate, she was thinking, that apparently Rowena didn't know either. She could hardly have failed to ask him if she had.

"Such a pity you and Clive didn't make a go of it," Hartley said. "I always thought you were quite ideally suited."

"Did you?" she said, because there seemed nothing else to say.

"Clive hasn't married again, you know."

"No?"

"Well, let's talk of more cheerful things. I like Charles Russel, I think you should be happy together."

"Thank you," she said, realising that Hartley had probably liked having her dumped on him as little as she had liked being dumped.

"You'll have to forgive me, Hartley, but Rowena's signalling me. I'd better go and see what I can do to help."

She went in with him through the glass doors to the drawing-room, left him with a group discussing the elections, and crossed the room to the inner doorway from which Rowena had been beckoning her.

"What you must think of me!" Rowena said, drawing her toward the passageway leading to the kitchen. "You know how dreadful I am about people—I simply forgot how you two were related."

"Relations have been broken off. It didn't matter at all, Rowena," Mary said.

"But so dreadfully embarrassing for you! And really how shameful of Chick to walk off and leave you in such a situation."

"You didn't leave him much option," Mary said with a laugh. "And really, you're making far too much of this. My past is not so shameful, surely, that I have to avoid everyone I used to know!"

"So sweet of you to take it like that, but really Charles is too insensitive about other people's feelings," Rowena said, going and taking the last word with her.

Mary followed her back

into the drawing-room, but was careful to avoid the group she had joined and the other that had engulfed Hartley. The crowd had thinned out a little in the last half hour, but the noise level was rising steadily. Those who were left were those who went to parties to have fun, not those who went because they had to and used the time for advancing their own ends.

Mary armed herself with a decanter, and went round refilling glasses, sampling a little of the conversation in each group, then joined Margot and Henry, who had disappeared.

Margot said, "It's two a.m. and we're still trying to shovel out the drunks with no homes to go to."

"This family's indecently clannish," Charles said, joining them. "What are you all doing in a huddle?"

"Hosts' hate session," Margot said. "Have another drink, Chip, and cheer up."

"I might as well," Charles said, looking round. "I suppose they won't stay forever."

By half-past two the last of the guests were dragging themselves away, and while Rowena and Edwin stood waiting to close the door on them, Mary and Margot and the others began collecting up dirty glasses and filled ash-trays from the drawing-room and the hall and the verandah.

"This is the best part of any party," Mary said to Henry, finding him beside her. "When everyone's gone and you can start tearing them to pieces behind their backs."

"Not tonight," Henry said. "Everyone's worn out. Tempers likely to be short."

She could see that it was so, as Rowena turned away from the closed door, pushing her hands wearily up through her hair. "It was a really lovely party," Rowena said, hoping to improve the atmosphere.

"Thank you," Rowena said, smiling at her.

"Yes, a stout effort, Ro." Margot said. "The whole thing went very well. You put on a good show."

"Didn't I," Rowena said edgily. "A really jolly wake," and she walked out, empty-handed, toward the kitchen.

"The edge on that was intended for me, not for you, Mary. Rowena behaves like a prima-donna after a party. Entertaining makes such demands on her sensitive temperament, it positively drains her," Margot said in dramatic mockery.

"If you had the least consideration for her you'd lower your voice before making that sort of remark," Edwin said.

"Oh for heaven's sake, go to bed, Edwin," Margot said. "Even watchdogs have to sleep occasionally."

When they joined her in the kitchen they found Rowena pushing angrily at piled plates and glasses. "How could Midge go off to bed and leave this mess?" she said.

"The mess wasn't here when you told Midge she could go," said Margot. "Go

on, clear out, Ro. You've done enough. We'll fix this up."

Rowena laughed shortly. "I've a very fair idea what that means," she said. "And seeing that you'll all expect breakfast on the table at the usual time I think it'll be very much better if I get down to this as soon as possible." She turned the hot-water tap full on, so that the streams of water, hitting the spoons lying in the sink, splattered them all with a fine spray of water.

"Yes, go on, Roey, get to bed," Charles said, taking her by the shoulders to move her away from the sink. "We'll give Margot a hand to clear this up."

"I prefer to do it myself," she said, moving away from his touch.

"Rowena does not subscribe to the idea that nobody is indispensable," Margot said, beginning to stack plates.

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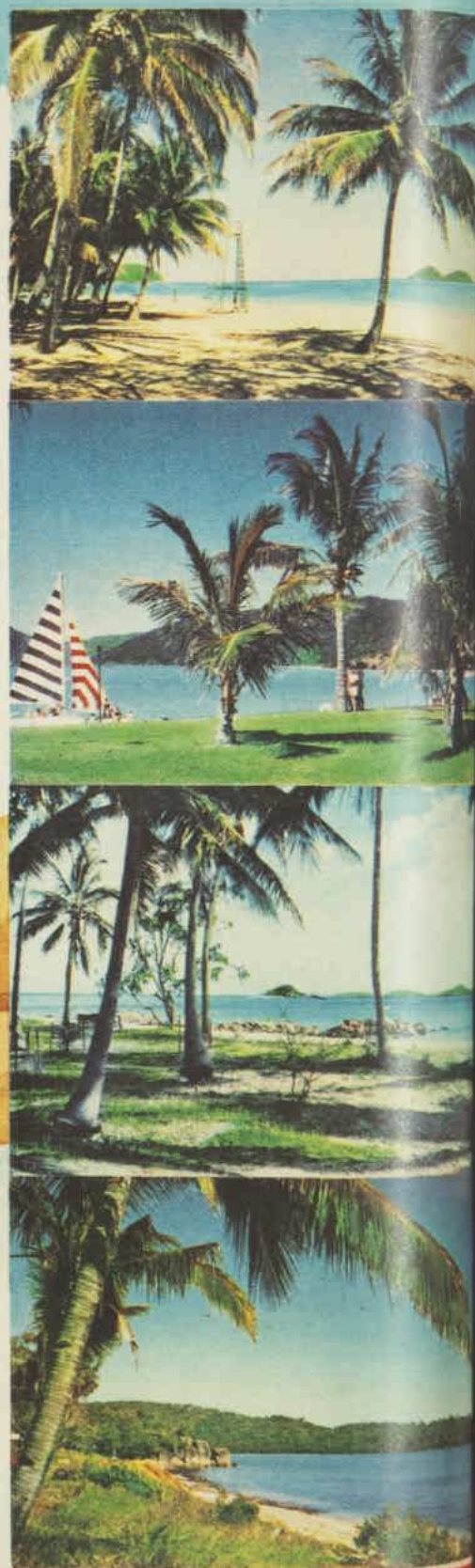
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"I've had little enough reason to believe in it. I'd like to know where this family would be if I hadn't been willing to make sacrifices."

"Ro, none of us under-rate what you've done," Edwin said.

"Oh yes, some of you do," Rowena said. "For what it's worth, and that's not much I suppose, I've kept this family going, single-handed."

"You do a great deal, but a great deal is also done for you by the other members of this family," Margot said coldly.

"Such as what?"

"We won't go into that."

"We won't go into that," Rowena said in ugly parody of Margot's tone. "No, don't let's go into that, it might be altogether too revealing."

"Rowena, do we have to have this?" Charles said angrily. "Especially with Mary here."

"I'm sorry I'm still here," Mary said. "But this came on rather suddenly, and Henry

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was effectively blocking the door."

"Sorry," Henry said without bothering to move.

"Why shouldn't Mary be here? She's a member of the family, isn't she?"

"No, I'm not a member of the family," Mary said, in what she hoped was a neutral-sounding tone. "And I can't help having this strong feeling that the idea that I might become one isn't altogether welcome."

IF I hadn't had so much to drink I wouldn't have said that, she thought. And if I'd only had half as much I might have put it in some better way, with the hope of getting some useful information out of it. Again she had the feeling, as on her first night in the house, that the Russels had drawn apart

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and were watching each other. All except Charles, who gave up the pretence of clearing things away, lit a cigarette and said, wearily, "For pity's sake, don't you start, too."

"Rowena, not once, but three times tonight, I've heard you describe this party as a 'wake.' Once just now to Margot, twice earlier to people I didn't know. If I overheard it once, I've overheard it three times and it'd be interesting to know what the real total was. What were you burying?"

"Don't be silly," Charles said irritably.

"But is it silly?" she said, turning toward him, because of the cool hostility on the other faces. "There's something in the air—wouldn't it be more sensible if someone brought it out into the open?"

"No, this is just too much

on top of everything else. I'm sorry, Mary darling, but I think I really will go to bed. Leave this, we'll clean it up in the morning. We'll all feel better after we've had some sleep," Rowena said, and brushed quickly past Henry and went out.

Now I've got the stage to myself, what am I going to do with it? Mary wondered, looking round at the watchful faces. The silence grew and thickened, and she felt pretty certain that nobody but she would break it. "I really do apologise," she said, looking at Edwin, "but since I've been in the house I've overheard quite a few odd remarks, and not from Rowena only. Most of them I think I've been meant to overhear."

"Not from me, I trust?"

"No, not from you, Edwin."

"Well, in that case, I think

I'll say goodnight," Edwin said, and left the room.

"Well, say something," Mary said after a second.

Charles laughed. "You're in Coventry," he said. "You and Margot get stuck into that washing-up, and I'll make some fresh coffee."

"Tea," Margot said. "I'm awash with coffee already."

"Margot, tell me what is going on?" Mary said.

"Rowena would very much rather that Charles and I didn't marry. Isn't that so?"

"I think she would rather you didn't marry," Margot said quietly. "Now you're going to say 'Why?' I don't think I know why. But I do know that it's nothing against you personally. Rowena would simply rather that Charles didn't marry at all."

"Rot. You've no grounds for saying that," Charles said.

"How do you feel about it, Henry?" Mary said.

"I didn't realise they'd been giving you a bad time. Not that I could have been much help to you—I'm all for a quiet life, I'm afraid."

"Meaning that you turn thumbs down when the rest of the family do?"

"Something like that, I suppose."

"Margot?" Mary said.

"Break this up," Charles said. "You're both being bores. I'm the one that's getting married. Why not ask my views?"

"You still think it's a good idea for us to get married?"

"The best," Charles said. "Now shut up."

"You haven't answered me, Margot," Mary said, now a trifle unwilling to hear the answer.

"I don't know how to," Margot said, and Mary could see that, for the moment, she was speaking without guile.

"Most of us are lazy, as you must have seen—Rowena is a strong character, though not as strong as she thinks, and we tend to go along with what she wants. All this began way, way back. Mother began it," Margot said. "She was terribly afraid for Rowena, always. She had a violent temper, and she was blindingly jealous of anyone Father paid attention to. I can remember her positively clawing Edna, more than once."

"You've got to admire Ro, the way she's got the better of all that," Henry said.

"I'm sure Mother went the wrong way about all this," Margot said, "but she did rather impress on all of us the idea that Ro was someone for whom there were special rules and special exceptions made."

"I know about the initial reason for all this, because Charles told me," Mary said. "But it still doesn't add up. That's something Rowena must have come to terms with many years ago. There's something more."

"Of course there's something more," Margot said. "I think it's fair to say that each of us have our own idea, but nobody's quite certain what it is, except perhaps Edwin, and Edwin never talks. But it's none of your business. I don't mean that unkindly, Mary, but you'd really be much wiser not to make it your business."

"It's becoming very much my business. In most families it would be perfectly true that it'd be no business of mine, but most families seem to be much looser, with more comfortable arrangements. You're making this into my business by holding so fast to Charles."

"Well, that's for you," Margot said, with a shrug. "It's a hell of a family to marry into—my husband

found it so. But then most families are pretty hellish, when you get inside them—full of unexpected depths."

"It's not the depths I mind, it's the shallows," Mary said, with an attempt at humor. "There's so much white water—the place is full of unexpected rocks and reefs."

"Drink your tea and stop being so fanciful," Charles said. "I vote we don't give another party for ten years."

"None for me, thanks," Henry said, and went. The argument he had found interesting, but the quieter discussion of these differences bored him and could be safely left to Margot.

"You still haven't really answered my question," Mary said.

"No. I was opposed—now I'm not particularly. Let's leave all this mess and creep quietly off," Margot said, pushing her cup away from her and standing up. "I'm going. Don't you two sit up all night."

"Well?" Mary said when Margot had gone.

"Well what?" Charles said, coming round to take the vacant chair beside her.

"Aren't you going to chew my ear for starting all that?"

CHARLES laughed. "Don't you try to pick a fight with me," he said. "You were within your rights."

"No, but I am sorry," she said. "It just popped out in the beginning without my meaning to say it and then I was launched on it and I couldn't stop."

"Much better not to," Charles said. "Very much better to get it off your chest. But what are all these sinister things you've been overhearing?"

"Oh . . ."

"I want to know." "Nothing that means very much on its own, but they seemed to add up," Mary said. "Things like Henry saying, 'If Charles gets married, which seems very unlikely, and Margot saying, 'Don't take it so seriously, Ro, I don't think for a moment it'll come off.'"

"But couldn't that have been about practically anything?"

"Well, I tried to think so," Mary said. "But if it had been, wouldn't they have told me what they were talking about, instead of lapsing into an uncomfortable silence?"

"Rowena has never spoken in my hearing, as though I'm anything but a very passing fancy, and she's taken good care to let me know everything she can about your goss past."

"One of you is exaggerating," Charles said with a smile.

"I am," Mary said. "I've spent the last ten days taking myself to task for imagining these things—now I've gone to the other extreme."

"Why didn't you tell me about all this?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, darling, I didn't think you were playing altogether fair with me. I suppose I just don't understand family set-ups, but I got the feeling that you were more on their side than on mine, and I got sore about it."

"There's no question of sides," Charles said firmly.

"Oh yes, there is. Rowena hasn't been concentrating on me alone—she's been having a go at you, too, but you haven't told me about that and you've always denied there was any concerted sort of opposition. Isn't that so?"

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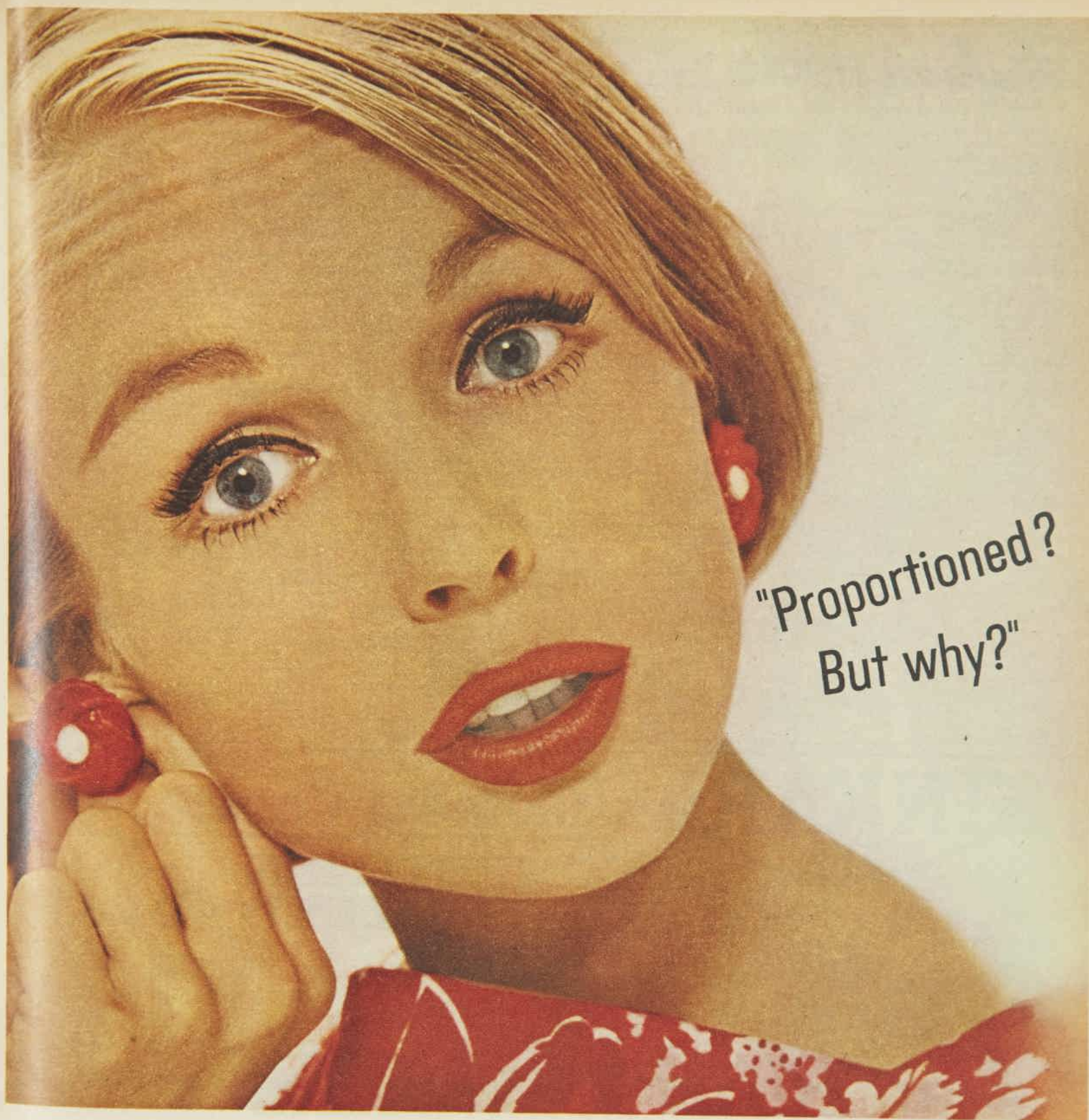
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"Yes, up to a point," Charles said.

"Up to what point?" she said, and laughed. "Come on, come clean, tell me what she's been saying."

"No, I'm damned if I will," Charles said. "There's absolutely no point in any of this. I am not going to start this game of repeating what's been said."

"Oh come, that's hardly the Russel spirit," she said.

Charles laughed. "No, I'm not going to be drawn. People say things they only half mean and then some idiot goes and repeats them and the whole thing gets magnified out of all proportion. You can't want that."

"But I do want that, because I'm beginning to get a persecuted feeling and he who is not with me is against me. Perhaps you're beginning to have second thoughts about all this yourself," she said coldly when he was silent.

HE laughed again. "You keep your nasty little tongue off me," he said. "We're supposed to be on the same side, remember?"

"You said there were no sides."

"Enough," Charles said. "Now you're being quarrelsome as well as unreasonable."

"I feel quarrelsome," she said.

"Well, you're not fighting with me. You're making far too much of all this."

"I seem to have heard you say that before," she said angrily, but he didn't listen.

"Rowena is rather difficult, and very, very possessive. However, she's not nearly so

difficult as Margot likes to pretend. And I've told you before, I owe Rowena a good deal — rightly or wrongly she's given up a lot for me — which I have neither the intention nor the means of paying. It would have been fine if you and Ro could have got along together. Well, you can't, and that's too bad. But let's not turn it into a major tragedy. You're winning, surely."

"What makes me mad is that you've got so much to say now, and so little, ever, in the bosom of your dear family, where it might do some good."

"No good at all," he said cheerfully. "I've tried that, and given it away. I just let the whole thing wash over me. You'll have to learn to do the same."

"Even though Rowena thinks I'm some sort of man-eater. She does, doesn't she?"

"Probably."

"And that I'm flighty, unstable, probably promiscuous, likely to be bad for your career, extravagant, and difficult?"

"Up to a point," Charles said, grinning.

"And that having been married twice already, I'm a very, very bad marriage risk."

"Perhaps. But why should that worry you?"

"It worries me because I wonder whether it mightn't be true."

"Let me worry about that. When you come back from Finfinara..."

"If," she said, "You don't say when in this house, you say if."

"When you come back from Finfinara," he said, "I think we'll take some very

swift steps toward getting married."

"But I don't think I will come back here, Charles," she said. "It'd be too uncomfortable — I've seen to that, tonight."

"Then where?"

"I don't know. There are dozens of people I could stay with for a time."

"Okay then — as long as you're within reach. I expect Rowena will be put out."

"Well, damn that," she said.

"That's the spirit," he said. "Damn the lot of them. Who are you marrying — me or my family?"

"Sometimes I wish I knew," she said, beginning again on the washing-up by letting the cooled water out of the sink.

Charles had driven her to the station, still arguing that it was madness to make this long uncomfortable night journey when she could do it in four and a half daylight hours by borrowing his car; but this was a sentimental journey she'd been longing to make in all her years away.

Rowena had been gone from the house by the time she'd got up that morning and, surprisingly, hadn't come back by the time she left for her train. Margot had been at home for the day, and together they had cleared up the last traces of the party without either of them referring to the scene which had followed it. But Rowena had left a note folded and

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

sealed for her on the telephone table, which had read:

"Darling, 'So sorry I have to dash, but it's my Red Cross day, and I'll be out till all hours. And so sorry about last night — put it down to nerves and a really shocking head. If I'm not back in time to say good-bye, have a wonderful time at Finfinara and do come back soon — we're going to miss you a lot.'"

Mary noticed as she dropped the crumpled note into the wastepaper basket beside the phone that Finfinara was spelt as it had been in the engagement notice. The hell with them all, she thought, including Charles in the dismissal. I'll work it all out later on, when I'm at Fin.

MOST of the passengers, it seemed, had left the train already, and others would drop quietly off into pools of station light as the hours passed.

Now she slept, dreaming an idiotic dream that Rowena and her sister, Julia, were quarrelling over the validity of her ticket; now she woke briefly at stopping places that were no more to her than an interruption of lights and shouts and the noise of empty milk cans wheeled on station trolleys; once she got out, stiff from her sleep, and drank a cup of the terrible tea that Julia used to insist was made by boiling old engines; then again she slept for a long time, and when she woke she found it was well after midnight, and she was nearly there.

Then, leaning uncomfortably out through the open window of the carriage, she

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KINKARA

TEA

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RULES

- Employees and their families of Mother's Choice Flour Co., their associated companies or advertising agents are not eligible.
- All entries considered. Winners announced in Sun-Herald Nov. 24th and Melbourne Sun Nov. 27th.
- Each entry to be accompanied by either the recipe cut from the Kinkara pack or "pre-sifted" stamp cut from Mother's Choice Flour pack. (Both required to qualify for bonus prizes.)
- Closing date Nov. 1st.

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(Cut from pack.)



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was envying her own sister Julia, because she had married here, and had not had to leave. I don't know a thing about Julia, she thought, suddenly panicky at the idea; but then she remembered that Julia and Guy were nearly a hundred miles north of Finfinara, so it would be a day or two yet before they saw each other again.

"Five gates to open on the way home," she said, settling into the car beside her father. "Only three," her father said. "Rowley's taken out the gates and put down ramps all through Merlin, so we don't have to stop."

"I was counting on the gates to keep me awake," she said. "You'll have to prod me."

"Didn't you sleep on the train?"

"Quite a bit," she said, "but there was a party last night, and I haven't caught up."

"You'd better sleep most of the day," her father said. "That'll suit Julia, too."

"Is Ju here?" she said, finding that, after all, this was what she had hoped.

"Guy flew her down yesterday, and he's coming back for her at the end of the week."

The lights of the car, twinkling with the turns of the track, lit up momentarily for her delight tussocks of grass, hummocks of bare earth, stands of straggly mulga with a grey-green foliage which looked deceptively soft in the passing light. "Isn't it wonderful," she said. "I can't tell you what it does to me to be home."

"I know," her father said. "You feel an inch taller when you get back here."

"Are we having a good season?"

HER father smiled. "Can't complain," he said. "We had ten and a quarter inches of rain last year. The roos are bad, though. We're running more roos than sheep on Finfinara."

"Is Fin just the same?" she said jealously. "Has anything changed?"

"Nothing changes at Fin," he said, smiling at her. "We've put down a couple more bores, we've got a new roof on the store, and we've built on two extra rooms to the overseer's cottage. Otherwise, Fin is exactly the way you left it."

"Good," she said, and thought for a moment that it must distress him that there would have to be changes when he died, leaving no son to take over. "Is there anything to ride?"

"Nothing you'll like, but we'll find you something. I've still got old Mister, but we're both getting a bit long in the tooth. I use the Land-Rover now more than a horse."

"Mister," she said. "He must be a hundred!"

Continued from page 92

"Close to," her father said. "I broke him the year Julia left school—that must have been 1943."

Now, as they crossed the great empty paddocks of their neighboring station, Merlin, she had no desire to sleep. They talked idly of wool and prices and people—the lovely desultory talk that got nowhere, made no points, raised no arguments, the sort of talk which she most missed in living in cities.

A mile and a half from the house they had to leave the track and bump over tussocks to avoid the station's surprised-looking cows, who had chosen to camp in the middle of the road. Then they were home, and the car's long lights were showing them the sudden astonishing green of creepers and hedges and flowering trees grown inside the garden's wind-breaking iron fence. Her father had not mentioned her coming marriage while they were driving, but her mother remembered it at once, admiring her ring and inquiring whether Charles would be driving up to take her back at the end of her stay.

"I don't know yet, darling," she said. "We haven't fixed anything. I expect he'll ring me up in a couple of days." "Well, we do want to see him, I hope he'll come," her mother said. "I've put you and Ju together, in your old room, so you can talk. I won't wake you till morning-tea time, and there's no need to get up then, unless you want to."

They sat yawning and talking for half an hour over the traditional cross between supper and breakfast that was always prepared for people coming by train. Then Mary gathered up the pieces of luggage she'd need and went off to her room.

Her sister's greeting was brief and typical. She sat up in bed, flung her arms around Mary and said, "Darling, how wonderful to see you, you look simply magnificent. Now, for heaven's sake, put off that damned light, and let's get some sleep."

It was easy for Mary to slip back into the familiar pattern of days at Finfinara—the long, long, hot summer days, beginning with breakfast at seven, in which there was always plenty to do but never any hurry over doing it.

"Dad's got old while I've been away," Mary said one day to her sister.

"We've all got old," Julia said. "Depressing, isn't it. It seems such a short time ago that we used to sit out here and moan about having to go back to school. Now my kids are moaning in exactly the same way, and I'll be

thirty-five in a few months' time."

"You're a liar," Mary said. "You'll be thirty-seven in September."

Julia laughed. "It's hardly fair for you to remember my age when you don't remember my birthday," she said.

"Are your children like you are, Ju?" she asked.

"Not particularly. The boys are exactly like Guy, a wee bit stodgy, poor pets. Naomi's much more like you than me—she's the same sort of loopy child that you were, at that age."

"I was?" Mary said, surprised. "You were the loopy one in this family."

"Only in a minor sort of private way," Julia said. "You were the one who was always sizzling with something—I expected you to start a few riots or panics or revolutions when you got out in the world."

WRILY, Mary said, "Well, that's about it. I'm awfully good at starting things—the trouble is to find a way to keep them going on."

"We were all so pleased about you and Charles. It hasn't come unstuck, has it, in the last few days?"

"It has rather," Mary said. "Or perhaps it hasn't, I don't know. I can't make up my mind what to do."

"He struck me as being eminently suitable,"

"You know him?" Mary said, surprised.

"Not really," Julia said. "But about five years ago I was staying with friends in their beach house, and he came down for the weekend with a whole mob. He was lots of fun, and he seemed intelligent."

"How odd that he's never mentioned that he'd met you."

"I don't suppose he's connected us, even if he remembers me, which is doubtful, because his time was fully taken up by a very pretty young actress who came with the mob."

"Oh, not you, too!" Mary said. "Rowena devotes a great deal of her time and thought to letting me know about all Charles' past preoccupations."

Julia laughed. "You can't honestly mind what Charles was up to five years before he met you, surely?"

"Of course I don't," Mary said, irritated with herself. "But Rowena harps on this line so constantly that I'm beginning to find it difficult not to react to it in a totally conventional way. That's what she wants, of course."

"So his family's the trouble?"

"They have the most awful effect on Charles. I can't

quite explain what it is. He's the youngest, by a long way, and somehow he becomes a different person when he's back inside his family. He's twenty years younger when he gets with them . . ."

"I wish I had a family who could do that for me!"

"It's not that they do it, but that he lets them do it, that's what worries me."

"Don't give it a second thought," Julia said. "There's no law that says you have to be able to get on with Charles' family. Look at my in-laws. Guy's mother is positively grisly—I can't wait to get her out of the house when she comes to stay. But she doesn't come very often, because she can't stand me, either. You can't hold poor Charles responsible for his family. Marry him, and get him out of it."

"Yes, but that's the question—can I? I can't explain the atmosphere to you, and you wouldn't believe me anyway. Rowena is the prime mover, but the others are in it, too. Charles is to them something between a tin god and a five-year-old who needs to be asked whether he's washed his ears. Don't you think there might be something lacking in any man who was willing to put up with that?"

"Maybe," Julia said doubtfully. "But on the other hand mightn't it just be due to being easy-going and amiable—both useful qualities in a husband, don't you think?"

Mary laughed. "Perhaps it's time for me to take a leaf out of your book and think about renouncing the world. I can't go on and on getting married over and over again."

"You're much too touchy about that," Julia said. "It does surprise me that you've turned out so conventional."

Mary laughed. "Now listen," she said. "First you tell me I was a loopy child. Now you tell me I'm a conventional woman. Both those descriptions fit you far better than they fit me."

"Nonsense," Julia said. "I conform because I'm lazy. But I'm not conventional. There's a world of difference. And I certainly wouldn't in the least mind being about to marry for the third time. It only goes to show that you've got what it takes."

Mary laughed. "I only wish you could hear how idiotic you sound, sitting smugly on top of your fifteen-year-old marriage and your three kids. I envy you those. And besides, I don't mind being about to marry for the third time."

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But I do have to be sure I know what I'm doing. Four times would really be laying it on a bit thick."

"Have you finally got over Ian?" Julia said.

"Yes, absolutely," Mary said, straining the truth a little.

"I don't suppose for a moment you have," Julia said, "because the most satisfactory love affairs are those that are suddenly broken off in their very prime."

"Blah," Mary said. "Are you speaking from experience or at second-hand?"

"I'm giving you my distilled wisdom," Julia said. "Be grateful, and don't question its sources. Looking at this from the outside, and I admit that's the only comfortable place to look at it from, you're getting your lines crossed and you're measuring Charles against the wrong

Continued from page 93

person — against Ian instead of against Clive."

"I'm not doing anything of the sort," Mary said forcefully.

"Yes you are," Julia said. "You know damn well that if Ian had had demented parents and fifteen Ugly Sisters you'd still have married him. Now you're worried because you haven't got the same all-for-love-and-the-world-well-lost feeling over Charles."

"You're perfectly right when you say this thing is easier looked at from the outside," Mary said. "You've reduced it to some sort of absurdity."

"Just tell me a few good reasons why you want to marry anyone."

THE WILD GRAPES

"Well, first, because I want to have children — though since I've seen the way Charles is in the bosom of his family I'm beginning to wonder whether there isn't an easier way of doing that than by marrying one. And, because I'm sick of being alone. I'd like to have someone around who is reasonably entertaining and reasonable fun to be with."

"Very proper," Julia said. "Now the first is in the lap of the gods, and that leaves only the other to think about. Is Charles — what did you say? — reasonably entertaining and reasonably fun to be with? Reasonably comfortable to be with would be a better word. Look at

Guy — poor darling, he's such a bore, he never talks about anything but sheep, with occasional side glances at light aircraft and music in a limited and prejudiced sort of way.

"I can't honestly say I mind Guy being a bore, because he suits me so well in all the other ways. And besides, I look positively brilliant sometimes, beside him. You and I have always trailed our coats in different arenas. Guy's solid and he's good-looking and he lives each day as it comes and he couldn't develop a duodenal ulcer if his life depended on it. You've gone for the brainy types, the ones who are always feeling their own pulses to see if they're ticking properly."

"Nonsense," Mary said. "Clive was like that, but I doubt if Ian would have been, and Charles certainly isn't."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"I wish I knew," Mary said. "Maybe it's just that I'm possessive, and I don't see him being able to cleave and forsake the others."

"Yes, you are possessive," Julia said. "You always have been. You know that delightful bit of nonsense about the Eve-Lilith women?"

"I don't know Lilith," Mary said, "unless she was Satan's wife."

"Oh, that was later in the piece. She started off as Adam's wife, created with him out of a handful of dust."

"Out of a rib, I always understood."

"No, that was his second wife. Lilith was his first wife and she was his equal, and he didn't like it. He went and complained to God that Lilith was impossible to live with — she wanted the vote and she wouldn't walk a pace behind him and she thought she knew just as many of the answers as he did. So God agreed that man couldn't be expected to take this sort of thing in his own home, and Lilith was chucked into outer darkness. Out there she had a wonderful time playing the field and becoming the mother of all the devils and fiends and flibbertigibbets and sulfragettes and female company directors."

MARY laughed.

"You're making all this up."

"No I'm not," Julia said. "It's in the Apocrypha. Then God made Eve out of Adam's rib — both stories are in Genesis, first the dust one, then the rib one — and she was a dear little homebody who thought the sun shone out of her old man. So now there are two possible ways of being a woman, depending on whether you happen to be descended from the first wife or the second."

"It's a nice idea," Mary said. "Except that I'm not really convinced that there's more than one way of being a woman."

"Of course there is," Julia said. "Publishers don't make vast fortunes out of telling men how to be men. All a man has to do is give a reasonable impression that he's virile, and then he's okay and he can get on with other things. But millions of pounds and tens of thousands of people are used in producing magazines to tell women how to be women — how to think, how to feel, how to manage their men, how to do their hair, rear their children, run their houses, and scratch out the eyes of any opposition. They couldn't get away with that if the poor lambs didn't have to make this choice over what sort of women to be."

Mary laughed again. "The thing that astonishes me," she said, "is to find that you've thought about all this."

"How rude," Julia said. "I'm the Lilith type — I think about everything, in a superficial sort of way."

"Maybe you are," Mary said. "The thing I don't like about your wretched theory is that it places me squarely in the Eve class, along with Rowena."

"I doubt if it does," Julia said. "Rowena belongs there, and she has no doubts about her proper line of behaviour. Now you belong to the third class of women — the most mixed-up of the lot. Your mob are born of Lilith and reared by stepmother Eve, or vice-versa, so you want the best of both worlds. You want to make an Eve-like submission to your male, while retaining a Lilith-like equality and right to your own opinions. You expect a man to seem grown-up all the time, though nobody is, and to look admirable even when amorous."

"I've missed you," Mary said. "I've been away so long that I'd forgotten how absolutely idiotic most of your theories are."

(To be concluded)

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

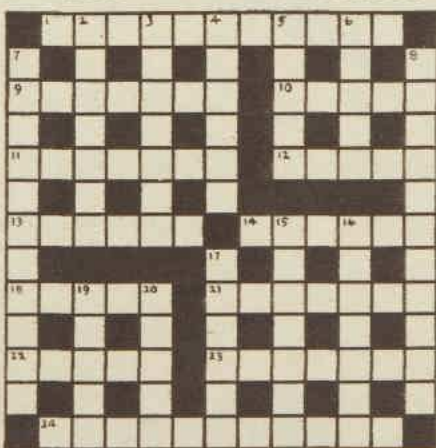
JOAN discovers that her "ghost lover" was an image from outer space. He broke a rule by letting Joan see him, and faces punishment. Joan pleads with space emperor Magnon, who says he will help. READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. You can get round with two of them (11).
9. Utilise a former pilot (7).
10. Fire on the hearth with leg in (5).
11. European language, spoken in Asia, too (7).
12. Record with a nankeen rolling-pin (5).
13. He carries his goods on a street barrow (6).
14. With this part of the house you gain an Arab vessel (6).
18. Move easily with blame (5).
21. Surrounded by water, or prejudiced, or can be both (7).
22. Choose by vote (5).
23. His pest became the father of Greek tragedy (7).
24. Let Mall rest with this character (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Leaves unprotected despite the posse it contains (7).
3. Love to excess (7).
4. Purpose in temporary shelter (6).
5. Much in everything forms the spine (5).
6. When you see a German he is inwardly keen (5).
7. Precise date (anagr., 11).
8. Broken powers between yells (5).
15. Examine, mostly with an insect (7).
16. Sink a backward pal in broken seed (7).
17. Tell in the part of the house over the door or a window (6).
19. This is a fish (5).
20. Praise enthusiastically (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

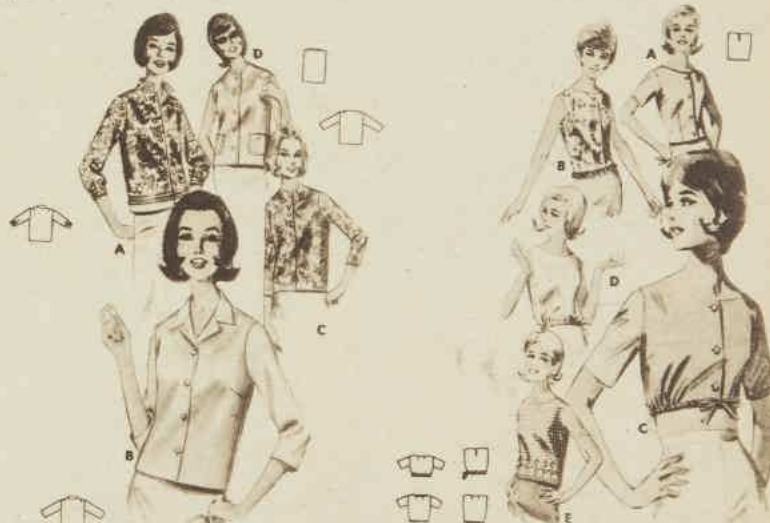
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2276—Quick-and-easy dress. (A) Striped with bias-cut bodice and gathered dirndl skirt. (B) Wrap-around sash, matching bodice, and contrast skirt. (C) Straight grain bodice. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2276, price 5/3 includes postage.

2709—Attractive beach or house dress. (A) Slim dress with three-quarter sleeves. (B) Sleeveless. (C) Flared version with patch pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2709, price 5/- includes postage.



2683—Convertible collar or collarless overblouse, three-quarter sleeves or sleeveless. (A) Border print. (D) Patch pockets, top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2683, price 5/- includes postage.

2712—A "go anywhere" blouse. Make it with short sleeves or sleeveless, front-buttoned or pullover. (B) With fringe trim. (C) Midriff drawstring. (D) With drawstring at waist. (E) Cross-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2712, price 5/- includes postage.



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2707—Leisure-wear separates. Waist-length, below waist, or hip length overblouse with short shorts, Bermudas, or long pants. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2707, price 5/3 includes postage.

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HERS

Materials: 14 2oz. balls Struts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 2 white; 2 pairs knitting needles (Nos. 10 and 6); 3 large wooden buttons; 4 small wooden buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23in.; length of sleeve seam, 17in.

Tension: $\frac{1}{2}$ sts., 1in., 6 rows, 1in.

Note: It is advisable to slip first stitch at beginning of every row when making this garment.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 78 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 6 needles, and work in st-st. until

work measures 15in. or required length. Shape for raglan armholes as follows:

1st Row: Sl 1, k 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows until dec. to 20 sts. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work as for back until work measures 14in. or 1in. lower than required length.

Next Row: K 34 sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle, turn, cast on 10 sts.

Cont. on these 44 sts., keeping 10 border sts. in rib of p 1, k 1. When work measures 15in. or required length, shape raglan armhole as for back until dec. to 23 sts. Cast off 12 sts. at

neck edge of next row. Cont. to dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 2nd row, and dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 3 rows. When dec. to 2 sts., k 2 tog. and fasten off. Join cotton at front opening, and work other side to correspond, commencing border with k 1, p 1, instead of p 1, k 1, and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above opening, and 2 more evenly spaced about 3in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Rib 5 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 5 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 5 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on

Continued page 2

LETTERS

Home not only place for women

AS a fifth-year schoolgirl, planning to do an Arts-Law University course, I am appalled at the groundless discrimination against women in most professions and every traditionally male field.

The Australian male, an outrageously conservative species, believes that "a woman's place is in the home," and I don't deny for a minute that this is a traditionally woman's field.

But in this modern world it is not her only field. She is offered the wonderful chance of two careers at one time — married life and a job. Yet as often as not she is persuaded not to take the latter because it's "too hard for a girl."

As a result of the discouragement of girls leaving school to enter the professions or skilled fields, most waste their talents on a clerical job, and deny society the benefit of their real talents.

The time has come when men must realise that half the potential talent of this country is female and allow competent, talented women to work in all fields of activity.

Just how long can developing Australia afford to waste the potential of graduating high-school girls? — *Julie Ewington, Turrumurra, N.S.W.*

Travel problem

FOR nine years I have been planning to travel overseas with a girl-friend, and the year chosen as most suitable for both of us is 1967, when I shall be 22.

I have been saving up ever since I started work, and my bank balance is creeping up, but lately I have started to wonder whether it would be better to give up my idea of a European trip and spend some of my earnings on seeing Australia, which I would very much like to do.

If I did this I would be certain to travel, whereas if I wait four years, something might prevent me from going overseas, with the result that I might miss out for good. Is the chance worth taking? — *Marlene Good-hew, Wahroonga, N.S.W.*

Next week

• Ann-Margret and Bobby Rydell, two of America's top recording artists, who are starring in the film "Bye Bye Birdie," make a double pin-up on our cover next week. We will also have some super supper recipes for a summer party.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Exam fees

AUSTRALIA needs a skilled and educated working force, but expensive text-books and other fees for such an education discourage many from continuing on at high school.

I have paid £5/5/- to sit for the Intermediate examination, but this fee is eclipsed by my sister's Leaving Certificate fee, £6/15/-.

I don't think my Victorian student friends like this interpretation of one of the basic tenets of the Australian way of life, "that education shall be free." — *"Student," Warrnambool, Vic.*

Making friends

COULD any readers please suggest a way of making new friends?

Having just moved to another suburb, I have no friends living near me, and feel quite lost. Before moving I attended a youth club at a local church, but distance has made this impossible, and no one seems to know where the church is in my new suburb.

I travel to school by train, but the people are not friendly.

To make matters worse I suffer from an inferiority complex because of overweight, and find making friends and meeting people a hardship, although after knowing them a while I feel quite relaxed. — *M. K. Jones, Bass Hill, Sydney.*

Washing-up

RECENTLY we had a student from Ghana staying with us. He was an ideal guest except that he never helped with the washing-up or any other kitchen chores. He explained that in Ghana a man never did any washing-up if there was a woman present. In fact, if a man went into the kitchen he would be politely told to leave. But if there was no woman present, it was the duty of the youngest man to wash up and tidy the kitchen.

On the day when the men were alone, our friend washed up, and was most offended when my father offered to help. He wouldn't even let him pick up a tea-towel, and Dad was chased out of the kitchen. — *Sue Eggleston, Southport, Qld.*

Good sportsmen

SOME weeks ago I was fortunate enough to witness the first-ever Rugby League Test between N.S.W. and New Zealand schoolboys teams.

The match was played in atrocious conditions, but the boys played a game that was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone in the large crowd.

As well as playing good football, the N.S.W. team should be congratulated on their display of sportsmanship and behaviour which set a high standard indeed for future teams. — *"Teenage Fan," Christchurch, N.Z.*

Golden silences

WITH the world as noisy as it is today, I take great pleasure in silence.

Here are some of my favorite silences: The silence that surrounds a small boat when the wind drops... the silence that surrounds a sleeping baby... the friendly silence of two people engrossed in reading... the satisfied silence when a family has just finished a good meal... the luxurious silence when you wake an hour before you need to get up. — *Jan Taylor, Double View, W.A.*



Teen definition

"APPRECIATIVE," who said (T.W., 4/9/63) how lucky teenagers of today were to be able to express their views in public — and be listened to — reminded me of a definition I once read of a teenager: "One who is expected to act like an adult and be content to be treated like a child."

It would seem that this state of affairs is (thankfully) receding into the dim Victorian past. — *"Twentieth Century," Toorak Gardens, S.A.*

More trust needed

SO many parents will not give their children a chance to try their wings. They keep a tight rein on them and dare not let them prove themselves worthy of trust. Is it because they are afraid to trust them, or that the big cruel world will not be kind to their children?

Surely it's better for children to be allowed to try their wings, knowing that if they are not strong enough they are always welcome back in the nest. — *Jan Teagls, Kapunda, S.A.*

COTTON KNITS FOR SAILING

continued from p. 1

44 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Make buttonhole in next 2 rows as follows, on thumb side of cuff:

1st Row: Sl. 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, cast off 2 sts., rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib to last 5 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib to end. Cont. in rib until work measures 2½ in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 8th row until inc. to 64 sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 in. or required length, shape raglan sleeve as for back until dec. to 6 sts. Cast off loosely. Work other sleeve to correspond, reversing buttonhole.

COLLAR

Join sleeves to back and front. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 101 sts. round neck, commencing and ending 4 sts. in from edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½ in. Change to No. 6 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 4½ in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth or steam iron. Sew up side and sleeve seams, leaving an opening of 4 in. at cuff. Sew on buttons at front opening. Sew on cuff buttons 1 in. apart so cuff can be adjusted to suit wearer.

HIS

Materials: 18 2oz. balls Struts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 2, white; 2 pairs knitting needles (Nos. 10 and 6); 3 large wooden buttons; 4 small wooden buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 26 in.; to fit

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work to last 10 sts., rib 3 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib 5 sts., cast on 2 sts., work to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Make buttonholes on next two rows as follows, on thumb side of cuff:

1st Row: Sl. 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, cast off 2 sts., rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib to last 5 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib to end.

Cont. working in rib until cuff measures 2½ in. Change to No. 6 needles, work in st-st., inc. 6 sts. evenly across first row (56 sts.), and inc. 1 st. each end of every following 8th row until inc. to 78 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19 in. or required length, shape raglan sleeve as for back until dec. to 4 sts. Cast off loosely.

Work other sleeve to correspond, reversing buttonhole.

COLLAR

Join sleeves to back and front. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 117 sts. round neck, commencing and ending 6 sts. in from edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½ in. Change to No. 6 needles, and cont. in rib until work measures 3½ in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth or steam iron. Sew up side and sleeve seams, leaving an opening of 6 in. at cuff. Sew on buttons at front opening. Sew on cuff buttons 1½ in. apart so cuff can be adjusted to suit wearer.

Golfer scores hole in one twice

Favorite sport is now his career

By KERRY YATES

● Every golfer's dream is to score a hole in one, but to 21-year-old Russell Easton the fact that he's done this twice doesn't make him think that he has conquered the game yet.

THOSE holes in one were really just luck," he said. "Especially as it saved me putting, and that's the worst part of my game."

Russell, a professional golfer whose job is mainly teaching golf, was quick to point out his own faults.

"Even my lucky putter stick which I've kept for four years," he said, "isn't much help sometimes in those final strokes on the green."

But Russell shouldn't worry. He plays off a one handicap already, and for the non-golfer that means he's really top-class.

Besides, Russell admitted that his putting is improving all the time now. And no wonder. In his job as the pro golfer at Kempsey Golf Course (about 300 miles north of Sydney) Russell plays an 18-hole round every day.

"It keeps me in the swing of things," he said, "and it's such a fit way to start work each morning."

As the Kempsey Club's professional for the past seven months, Russell has run the pro shop at the course, ordering and selling all golf equipment and repairing golf clubs.

He also organises the club's competitions.

"I give about 40 private lessons a week," he said, "and usually work a seven-day week, taking a few hours off whenever I can."

At present he gives all his lessons at Kempsey, but is planning to become a travelling pro as soon as time permits. Then he'll teach golf at other nearby clubs as well.

Won schoolboy championships

Russell said that his job paid very well. "The club pays me a retainer and commission on everything I sell in the shop," he said, "and people pay me 15/- for lessons."

Golf has been Russell's favorite sport ever since he earned pocket-money caddying for golfers at Gloucester (200 miles north of Sydney), where he grew up.

"When I was about eight I used to borrow old clubs to have a swing," he said, "and I had my first set of clubs made when I was 12."

He started playing competitive golf at high school and

won many schoolboy championships held in the country and in Sydney.

Golf was still just a sport to him when he moved to Sydney at 15 to study woolclassing.

But a year later, when he was playing with a friend at Beverley Park Golf Links, the professional there, Bill McWilliams, asked him if he would like to become a pro.

"I was very lucky to be offered the job," said Russell. "There are not many opportunities to make a career in golf."

Learned to make, repair clubs

So for the next three years Russell served an apprenticeship, learning to make and repair clubs and other golf equipment, teaching golf, and playing in tournaments.

Russell told me tournament golf was the way many professionals make big money (often in hundreds of pounds each game), for there was usually prizemoney for the first ten or so placegetters in competitions.

Although he hasn't won any in Australia yet, he plans to go overseas in a few years and compete in pro tournaments in Japan and America.

Russell preferred not to talk about his talents, but experts say he always plays a good steady game with consistent below-par scores. He hit his two hole-in-one shots at the Gloucester and Beverley Park courses.

"People often ask me why I made golf my career," said Russell. "The only real reason is that I like the game."

Pro golfers are usually sponsored by a sporting firm, and Russell receives a new set of golf clubs each year and a dozen balls a month from a Sydney company.

"The balls are really appreciated," he said, "as I use a new ball for every game I play."

When summer comes, there's no suit, white shirt, and tie for Russell—he works in cotton pants and casual short-sleeved shirts.

And, speaking of dress on the golf course, Russell agreed with the rule on most courses that women must wear skirts and not slacks.

"It's golf-course etiquette," he said, "and most girls find it much easier and cooler, anyway."

As a professional, Russell can use his sport for publicity jobs (amateurs are not allowed to do this). He recently worked as a model playing golf in food advertisements.

Away from the golf course he keeps up his other interests—weightlifting and surfing. He's a member of the surf club at Crescent Head and plans to buy his own surfboard this summer.



RUSSELL EASTON, who started caddying for golfers at eight, is now a successful professional at 21.

GOING STEADY

BEGINNERS, PLEASE! (6)

By Sheila Sibley

● The pattern is nearly always the same. Here at Teenagers' Weekly we get letter after letter: "I am 16, and I am very much in love with a boy of 17. My parents used to welcome him to the house but now they don't any more. They say I am too young to have a steady boy-friend."

AND the writer usually goes on to say she is meeting Claude behind the rhododendrons every Friday, anyway. "I don't want to disobey my parents, but they don't understand."

Dear heart, it's not that they don't understand, it's that they're two jumps ahead of you. They know that if you keep on seeing one boy constantly, day in and day out, you'll want to get married.

And they don't want their pretty little girl to throw herself away on the first comer, even if she does think he's the only boy in the world.

They know it's a great big world and it's full of boys, and some of those boys may be far more suitable for you than the one you've got now. They know you'll change so much in the next five years that Claude may no more fit your way of life than your baby shoes fit you now.

Today Claude's your hero; two years from now he may seem something of a prawn, and who wants to be married to a prawn, and pushing a prawn baby round in a pram?

Until you've met a lot of other men, you can't be sure that Claude is the only man for you. You can't believe you'll ever love again? Well, then, ask any woman you know about her first boy-friend. Her brow will knit, she will think back, and then she'll say, "Oh, yes, Fred." She will giggle at the memory of poor Fred. "What I saw in him I'll never know!"

You're due to wonder what you ever saw in Claude, or Jim, or Bob, or Jack. Because you'll change so much as you get older. You'll get more discriminating, harder to please. Then, when you find the man who pleases

your adult self, you'll stick to him like glue, because you'll know he's the right one.

Perhaps you're a bit sick of Claude already, but you're still clinging doggedly to him? Gruesome as the thought may be, I know girls who "go steady" because the somewhat spotty bird-in-the-hand is better than staying home of a Saturday night.

This is a short-term view, if ever there was—as short as from now to next Saturday. You'll be stuck with Claude, you know, because no other boy will ask you out while you are firmly labelled "Claude's girl."

There'll come a point, too, when you are sick of him taking you for granted. At your age you should be getting flowers and chocolates, going to dances and parties, meeting lots of new faces, having fun!

Then why are you and Claude trudging along like a married couple with their golden anniversary coming up? Play the field, my girl—you won't be able to do it when you're married!

Your very last worry is being left on the shelf. There are many more boys than girls in your age group in this country. This broad, brown country simply boils with boys!

There are boys who will be teachers, journalists, lawyers, doctors, physicists, statesmen, boys who are simply itching to grow into the men who'll strike oil and build fishing fleets and construct skyscrapers, boys who are planning to push, and pull, and jerk this muddled, matter-of-fact country towards its full forceful maturity.

The men of tomorrow—your tomorrow—will be the most exciting and powerful Australia has ever known, so I don't know what you're complaining about.

Stick to Claude if you can't do any better—but can't you?

COLLEGE FASHION



● *The Emily McPherson Fashion Stakes*, showing fashions for Melbourne Cup Week, was one of Needlecraft students of Melbourne's Emily McPherson Domestic Economy. On these pages we show the clothes they made themselves to wear at the activities. The three-year course covers dressmaking, sewing, decorative needlework, fabric printing, millinery, fashion drawing, English, and bookbinding. At the end of the course, some students enter the trade as dressmakers, while others, after a compulsory two-year period, become teachers. The college also has a special four-year course for overseas students, the only one of its kind in Australia.



HELEN NOTT, 18, is a second-year student of needlecraft. Her full-length evening gown, which she designed herself, is strapless with two shades of blue chiffon intricately draped in the bodice and falling to a softly gathered skirt. On completing her course, Helen will spend two years in the trade before starting a teaching career. All pictures by Jim Ellard.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 23, 1961

STAKES

annequin parade featur-
recently held by Diploma
McPherson College of
ten of the girls in the
raring Race Week fes-
ting and designing, tailor-
ing, weaving, leatherwork,
sewing, and designing. Many of the girls
as designers, dressmakers, and
appears in the trade, become
al year-year domestic-science
and its kind in Victoria.
— Scarth Flett



FLORENCE CAMERON, 19, plans to teach needlework. Her slim wool frock has a tab front trimmed with buttons and a floating back panel. Her hat, designed and made in the millinery class, is of felt with a grosgrain bow.



IVY KOK, 20, will teach domestic science when she returns to Malaya. She wears a short, strapless evening gown of Thai silk beaded on the bodice, the hem, and a front panel. With it Ivy wears an attractive coat of organza.



FAYE COX, 18, is in final year and hopes to be a cutter. Her silk frock, worn with a pale organza coat, has a cowl back, velvet straps, and bow at the waist.

KITTY LEONG, 20 (right), from Fiji, and ANGELA NG, from Hong Kong. Kitty's evening gown has a simple caped bodice of re-embroidered guipure lace. With her hat of shantung, Angela wears matching organza coat.



JANET JONES, 18 (left), and CAROL MACKLEY, 19, both chose long evening gowns. Janet's, of delustrated satin, has a low back and is beaded on the waistband. Carol designed hers in pale silk shantung, hand beaded on waist and midriff, with long-ended velvet bow.

JENNY TAGGART, 18 (left), and ADELE BURATTO, 17, are both final-year students who plan careers in designing. Jenny's skimmer frock and jacket are of tissue michel, the wrapover jacket fastening on side with a loose tie. Angora was used by Adele for her outfit.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Smitten, but shy

"I AM a very shy boy of 16. For the past six months I have been desperately in love with a girl who works in the same office, although it seems she couldn't care less about me. She is about a year older than I am and seems to have lots of boy-friends, because I hear her telling the other girls about them. She laughs and jokes a lot when we are together at work, but never seems to take anything I say seriously. I'm too shy to let her know how I feel. Do you think I could ask her out one Saturday night to the pictures? Would she think I am silly as I'm so quiet, and do you think she'd mind the difference in our ages? I want very much to make her like me."

J.S.R., S.A.

1. Why not? If she doesn't accept, ask her again in a little while, maybe to something else. She may not be a film fan.

2 and 3. She shouldn't if she's a sensible girl.

Alps not fair

"I AM a heartbroken boy of 17. I have been taking a girl out for six months and I am very fond of her. When I could not see her I would phone her. Recently, when I have asked her to go out with me, she has refused. Do you think that my going out with another girl to try to make her jealous would be wrong?"

G.S.C., Tas.

It wouldn't actually be wrong — but it would hardly be fair to the other girl, would it? (Unless you know one sporting enough to go out with you just to help you win your girl back.)

If your former girl-friend refuses to go out with you without giving you any reason, why not take other girls out to enjoy their company, and to help you forget the first one?

Office Romeo

"WE are three girls in one small office and we are very much in love with the same boy, who is unhappily married. He has asked each of us out in turn, but we do not feel we should go out by ourselves with him. We told him this and he suggested getting two other chaps. Would it be all right to go out in a threesome?"

"Anxious," Vic.

I don't think a treble date is a good idea at all. Tough on the other two boys to have you three all vying for the attentions of this office Romeo!

Always take that "unhappily married" line with a grain of salt. It's pretty obvious that a married man who tries to date three of the girls in his office is only looking for adventure. Be sensible, and present him with a united cold shoulder.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Sloppy sister

"I AM a girl of 15 with two sisters, one 18, the other 17. My problem is my 17-year-old sister. She is a very nice girl and I can honestly say I appreciate her company, but she embarrasses me quite often by the way she dresses, talks, eats, etc. When she goes out she wears any old clothes and does not really care what she looks like. When she talks to people, she talks about uninteresting things that do not concern anyone but herself. Her hair is always untidy and she eats in a very awkward way. I have tried hard to improve her by telling her what clothes to wear and asking if I could do her hair, but somehow it doesn't help much. She is not really like a teenage girl, because teenage girls today are interested in new clothes, but she is not. Also, she does not know how to apply make-up. You may think me horrible for saying all this about my sister, but I feel badly when we are among our friends. Please help me, because my sister could look very smart if brought to her senses."

"Sister," Vic.

I'm not surprised that your efforts to "improve" your sister haven't been very successful. She might take some notice of an older person (say your mother or eldest sister), but unless she is extremely good-natured she's likely to resent criticism of her dress and manners from a 15-year-old sister.

Learning to accept people as they are, without too much concern for what others may think, isn't easy, but it's something we should try to do. Granted you'd like to feel proud of your sister's looks and behaviour — but have you thought you might have qualities SHE doesn't approve of, too?

Try not to let her sloppiness worry you too much. One of these days she'll probably become interested in some boy and that should cure it. In the meantime, if she wants to look a bit beat, it's really her business, isn't it?

Too much, too soon

"I AM an attractive, well-developed 12-year-old girl. I mix with a 17-and-18-year-old group, as I find that I enjoy this company more than that of my own age. I have been going out with boys from this group, most of whom have cars. Of course, my parents don't mind these dates. Recently a 15-year-old boy from school asked me to go to the school dance with him. I am afraid that his company will be too young for me and I'd have an utterly boring evening. How can I refuse his invitation politely?"

"Polite," Vic.

You are playing at being grown-up long before you really are. It seems to have developed your conceit — but not your character.

It would be kinder to this boy to be frank with him and tell him you prefer dates with older boys with cars. It might give him some idea of the boring evening HE'D have if you did go to the dance with him. There's nothing so boring as a bored person.

Pocket-money

"I AM a 12-year-old girl and would like your advice about how much pocket-money a week I should receive. My fare to the pictures and almost anywhere I go is paid by my parents. I am not given any extra money to buy the odds and ends I require. Would you please suggest what you consider a reasonable amount?"

C.Mc., N.T.

How about suggesting to your parents that they give you 5/- a week, on the understanding that you do not ask them for money for sweets, ice-cream, and other small items? Point out that although they look after your everyday requirements you'd like to be able to buy something (like birthday cards) out of your own money. You should also be learning to handle some money of your own.

When you need more money for something special, it's a good idea to earn it yourself, if possible. You'd probably find your parents willing to pay you for extra jobs around the house or garden after school or at weekends.

No special girl

"I AM a 17-year-old boy and have been working now for the past six months. I have always been able to get on with girls and have always been popular among them. Despite this I have never had my own 'special' girl-friend, although most of my friends have one. Can you tell me what to do?"

S.D., Qld.

Why the big hurry to find a steady? Surely not just to be in line with most of the other boys! Make the most of your popularity and take different girls out for a while. You'll find the one you want as your special girl-friend sooner or later that way.

A word from Debbie

• Smart girls are really smart when they know how to play pretty tricks with a scarf. Here are some to attract that second look from the boys.

SWEET SIXTEEN: Tie a cotton or gingham scarf cheekily under your chin. Place on top last year's summer beach hat or boater with the crown removed — just leaving the brim.

TOGA TOP: Straight from the set of "Cleopatra." Simply sew two scarves together at the shoulders and sides, leaving enough room for your head. Perfect with slimeroo jeans.

YARDS OF ROMANCE: An ethereal stole from three yards of chiffon, to float romantically in the summer breeze. Roll and hem the edges.

HOBOT BEACH BAG: One large cotton scarf, with opposite corners knotted together — to hold cosmetics and miscellaneous articles.

MUU-MUU: Four extra-large cotton or silk scarves of the same pattern, joined together at waist, sides, and shoulders. Add a leather belt and it's straight from St. Tropez.

COLOR ACCENT: Buy a man's kerchief-sized square in dazzling gold, red, emerald, or peacock. Tie to corner of your straw handbag or tuck into pocket of a tailored frock. Wizard with white.

Beauty
in brief:

UNDER THE SUN

ESSENTIALLY a suntan should be attractive, and can be sensational. To achieve a sensationally attractive suntan without sensationally uncomfortable sunburn needs some preparation and forethought!

The most important thing to decide before you so much as put your nose out of doors this summer is how tanned you want to be, how flattering a deep tan will be for you, and what kind of skin you have (which dictates up to a point how tanned you can get).

A good tan depends on a substance in our skins called melanin pigment.



This pigment is there all the time, but reacts only when exposed to the sun; then the melanin in the top layer of the skin begins to darken and, as the sun becomes stronger, more melanin comes up to the top surface of the skin from the lower layer to darken in its turn.

Generally speaking, brunettes have more melanin pigment in their skin and will brown faster and more easily than blondes, who in turn have more melanin than the titian-haired.

Try to remember before rushing out into the sun that you have only the one skin, and it has got to last you a lifetime, so don't let it burn.

If it does burn, the skin loses its suppleness and eventually becomes dehydrated — therefore, make sure you tan, but don't burn, by using the correct suntan preparation.

What you need is a sun product which is going to screen out the harmful rays which burn while your skin adjusts to exposure and begins to build its own tan. And don't believe that just any oil will do.

Coat yourself with olive oil and, if your skin is at all sensitive, you'll just fry like an egg. No, you need an oil, lotion, or cream which contains one of the chemicals which absorb the sun rays that burn.

— Carolyn Earle

LISTEN HERE—with Diane Roberts

Exams interrupt girl's career in television

● Norma Shirley, a young Sydney girl, has a very sensible attitude toward her chosen profession — singing. She's staying at school next year to pass her Leaving Certificate exam before flinging herself into the precarious world of show business.

HER full name is Norma Shirley Stoneman, she is 16, is in fourth year at Cremorne Girls' High School, and has already chalked up an impressive list of TV appearances.

She has sung on "Comedy Capers" 10 times and on "Saturday Date" and "Bandstand."

"But I've tapered off my television work for a while," she said, "because of my exams coming up."

"I think it's a good idea to have as much education as possible, for general knowledge helps you in any walk of life."

Norma was born in Kent, England, but has been in Australia 13 years.

She won all her TV appearances in a matter of a few months.

"I decided to go to TCN last February for my first audition," she said. "My parents were very much against it, but they let me go and try, and when I was booked to appear on 'Comedy Capers' straight after my audition I think I was more surprised than they were."

Norma has never had a singing lesson, but plans to start learning music and singing soon. "Even if you have a naturally good voice, it still needs developing and training," she said. "I know I do a lot of things wrong, and now that I'm singing professionally I want to correct myself."

Her father, who teaches mathematics at her school ("he doesn't take any of my classes, but he's a great help at home," she said), plays the piano, and it's from him that she has learned the basics of piano playing.

"I play by ear," said Norma. "I



NORMA SHIRLEY

love sitting and tinkling away. I have composed a few songs, and I work them out as I play. As I can't write music I just scribble out the lyrics and remember the tune. Next to singing I'd like to write songs for other people to sing."

Norma nearly always gets an idea for a song when she is under the shower. "It's a terrible nuisance—I have to rush out all dripping wet and sit at the piano and work it out before I forget it," she said with a laugh.

As well as her composing and singing plans, Norma intends to take up acting when she leaves school.

"Singing involves quite a bit of acting," she said. "I hadn't realised how much you had to give when you sang until I started doing television work."

"My parents and older brother Nigel watch my work and criticise me, which is very helpful."

"The biggest problem I have

to overcome is my shyness. I feel very self-conscious and a mass of nerves when I start to sing, but I guess with experience I'll get over that."

I LIKE the latest single from The Escorts, "You Can't Even Be My Friend," backed with a cute gimmicky number, "Itchy Coo," which has a vague "eeefin" sound about it (R.C.A.).

THE alive sounds and personality produced by Floyd Cramer at his piano on his album "Comin' On" (R.C.A. Dynagroove) makes this a great party album. If it doesn't make your guests get up and dance, nothing will.

WHEN I first heard the music from the soundtrack of "Cleopatra" I felt it was just another movie theme, but when I played "From Rome — The Theme From Cleopatra" (R.C.A. Dynagroove), presented by the Rome Sound Stage Orchestra, I found it an immensely stimulating and exciting album.

Under the direction of Riz Ortolani, the orchestra brings to life this magnificent score and makes it a piece of music that stands by itself.

A FESTIVAL album, uncomplicated and straightforward and very pleasant, is sung by a simply named guy, Bill Anderson. The disc is named after a song he wrote, and which was in the charts not so long ago, "Still." He also sings "Little Band Of Gold," "From A Jack To A King," and "Take These Chains From My Heart."

ALLAN SHERMAN has a clever and deliciously funny album, "My Son The Nut" (Warner Brothers). With lyrics he wrote himself, he has satirised old favorites such as "Rag Mop," "C'est Si Bon," and "You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me." One of the tracks from this album, "Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh," is still in the charts.

THEMES from television shows don't always sound great on disc, but "The Theme From The Dick Van Dyke Show" (20th Century-Fox) is a perky little number that is very danceable when presented by Lionel Newman and Orchestra. The flip, "Jose Ole," is a fast-moving Spanish-flavored number.

CHET ATKIN'S latest album, "Teen Scene" (R.C.A. Dynagroove), hasn't got his usual magic touch, despite the fine quality of the recording. Some of the tracks are "Sweetie Baby," "I Will," and "Walk Right In."

— Martin Long

WORTH HEARING

JOHN DOWLAND: Songs

RECORD collectors, if they are at all enterprising, have a much better chance of getting to know music outside the standard repertoire than the average concertgoer has, and this applies particularly to the music of earlier times.

It is delightful to see a record (from Argo) entirely devoted to the music of John Dowland, one of the two or three finest English composers in the greatest age of English music — the time of Shakespeare.

This is a record of "Ayres for four voices" — "ayre" in this archaic spelling denoting short, uncomplicated song which would be sung as a part song or as a solo song with instrumental accompaniment. Here they are sung, with a lively sense of style, as part songs by the Golden Age Singers, an English group led by soprano Margaret Field-Hyde.

Dowland was a splendid songwriter, who fully deserves to rank beside the more familiar song composers of the 19th century — Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf.

He depicted himself as a very gloomy fellow, and he certainly excelled in expressing moods of intense melancholy. But it has been pointed out that more than half of his works are in fact quick and cheerful; and on this record wistful songs alternate, more or less, with brisk ones.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 23, 1963

'PON MY SOLE!

● I see that lovesick herrings fall easier prey to people after them.

PROFESSOR KALLE, of the Hamburg, Germany, Hydrographical Institute, says this.

Professor Kalle says that herrings in love begin to swim until they are dizzy and lose all common sense.

The expert's claim is herring-raising — literally — all right. But other human males have known about it for years.

They know that a poor fish who gets dizzy over a dame is easily cod.

There is no time to mullet over.

The net result is rather a shark to the system. He's hooked. Hence the expression, the landed gentry.

By then, of course, it's too late for a guy to want to restore the squid pro quo.

Yes, if a bloke in love thought he could call the tuna, he couldn't have been morwong.

Few human males, after they are landed, will feel much sympathy for a herring in love.

A bloke might well say, sardine-ically, "Am I my brother's kipper?"

I ALSO see that a pair of young cave explorers in Europe were recently married 400 feet underground, in an old coal working.

Such things are usually stunts by entertainers. But this was for real.

There's no abyssness like show business, you might say.

As in the marine world we've studied above, it's quite clear that a male is no match for a female when they're pitted against each other.

Nevertheless, the groom could, no doubt, proudly proclaim, "She's mine, all mine."

— Robin Adair

NEW LP'S RELEASED THIS WEEK

Paris Eternel — A collection of French popular songs such as La Mer, Parlez Moi d'Amour, La Vie En Rose, etc., sung by such artists as Jean Sablon, Josephine Baker, etc. Columbia. 330SX.1475. Price 52/6.

Big Ben Salutes Irving Berlin — Big Ben Banjo Band play Irving Berlin immortals, Cheek to Cheek, Let Yourself Go, etc. Columbia. Mono-330SX.1488. Stereo-SCXO.3468. Price 52/6.

Born Free — Australia's own Frank Ifield with fine songs including Riders in the Sky, Wolverton Mountain, Daybreak, etc. Columbia. 330SX.1534. Price 52/6.

Bobby Rydell's Biggest Hits, Vol. 2 — Bobby sings That Old Black Magic, The Cha Cha Cha, Lose Her, etc. Columbia. 330SX.7698. Price 52/6.

Lake Tahoe Prima Style — Louis Prima in his own unique style plays and sings Hello Lover, Scuba Diver, Lady of Spain, etc. Capitol. T.1797. Price 52/6.

The Kingston Trio, No. 16 — Back again and better than ever with Rev. Mr. Black, One More Round, La Bamba, etc. Capitol. Mono-T.1871. Stereo-ST.1871. Price 52/6.

Good Time Piano — Here's popular pianist Jimmy Pruett playing all the old favourites, Bye, Bye Blackbird, For Me and My Gal, Shine On, Harvest Moon, etc. Capitol. T.1822. Price 52/6.

Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer — Nat King Cole sings as only he can, the old favourites — After the Ball is Over, In The Good Old Summer-time, etc. Capitol. Mono-T.1932. Stereo-ST.1932. Price 52/6.

Please Please Me — The Beatles, bring you Anna, Twist & Shout, Boys, A Taste of Honey, etc. Parlophone. PMCO. 1202. Price 52/6.

The Power & The Glory — Voices of the Heavenly Choir with sacred music including Bringing In The Sheaves, Onward Christian Soldiers, Take My Hand, Precious Lord, etc. Liberty. LRP.3271. Price 52/6.

Something Old, Something New, Something Blue, Something Else — A new LP. from The Crickets includes Blue Monday, Love is Strange, What'd I Say, etc. Liberty. LRP.3272. Price 52/6.

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

A colt with potential

● There was no chance of keeping 17-year-old Doug Walters at home on the farm once his dreams of hitting the big time in cricket began to look like coming true.

FOR though Doug loved his life as a dairy farmer on the property his father share-farms 13 miles from the small country town of Dungog, N.S.W., he loved the idea that one day he might win an Australian cricket cap even more.

And to help achieve this ambition the shy boy, who last summer became the second youngest player ever to represent N.S.W. in Shield cricket (only Ian Craig was younger), recently moved to Sydney.

He's taken a job and has signed up with the Cumberland Cricket Club.

Up till now, most of Doug's cricket has been played on rough bush pitches and rarely against top-class competition.

Despite this he proved good enough to be selected to play for his State on two occasions. And the poise and skill he displayed in both these matches impressed even the most hardened critics.

They figured that, if "the boy from the bush" had enough

By Cynthia Robinson

natural ability to crack top-flight bowlers to the boundary with the nonchalance of a veteran, he must surely develop into a Test star once he'd had some training and hard match practice.

Doug began "playing around" with a cricket bat and ball when he was six or seven, and by the time he'd reached 14 he was a member of the Dungog First XI.

At 16 he was chosen to play for a combined country team against a Sydney metropolitan XI, but his 20 runs and two wickets didn't warrant any headlines.

To most people, then, it wasn't really surprising when Doug didn't even make the State colts' squad of 30 promising young players at the beginning of last season.

Soon after, however, he played in a country team at Maitland against Jack Chegwyn's XI (a team which tours the country each season). He impressed by scoring 50 not out in the second innings, and with his medium-pace swingers

he captured several wickets, including Norm O'Neill's.

As a result, he was a last-minute choice for a N.S.W. colts team which played against Queensland last November. He took his big chance by scoring a classy 140 not out.

He then played for the State Second XI, and on Christmas Eve received the "best present ever" when his name was announced for the Sheffield Shield side against Queensland.

In this and a later match against Victoria, Doug more than acquitted himself.

The hard-hitting, right-hand batsman is also a brilliant fieldsmen, who keeps in throwing and catching form as a member of the Newcastle first division baseball team.

Doug hasn't yet seen a Test match, and the only two Shield games he's seen are those he's played in, but the experts know he has real Test potential.

If luck sticks with him, he could play against the South Africans this year — certainly for his State, and possibly for Australia.

Next week: Wayne Vincent.



DOUG WALTERS, who last summer became, at 16, the second youngest player ever to represent N.S.W. in Shield cricket, is regarded by the experts as having a chance of Test selection within the next few seasons.

TEENA *by Linda Terry*

THE KINDA MAN I WANNA MARRY IS SOMEONE WHO CAN AFFORD TO BUY THE BIGGEST HOUSE IN TOWN—



AND BESIDES THAT, A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY FOR WEEK ENDS, WITH GUEST ROOMS FOR ALL OF OUR FRIENDS—



—AND A SKI LODGE FOR WINTER, AND A BEACH HOUSE FOR SUMMER, AND—



TEENA! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT ROOM OF YOURS?



RIGHT NOW, MOM... VERY WELL, BUT DON'T LEAVE WITHOUT CLEANING UP THIS ROOM FIRST!



—AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT, I WANT YOU TO CLEAR AWAY THE MESS YOU LEFT IN THE DEN LAST NIGHT — AND YOU NEVER DID STRAIGHTEN OUT AFTER YOUR PARTY IN THE RUMPUS ROOM—



YOU'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT LITTLE ROOM YOU'RE USING IN THE ATTIC, TOO—

THE KINDA MAN I WANNA MARRY IS SOMEONE WHO CAN JUST BARELY AFFORD A ONE-AND-A-HALF-ROOM APARTMENT.

